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TORONTO

RECOLLECTIONS

BY

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IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1917

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Set up and electrotyped. Published November, 1917.
Reprinted November, December, twice, 1917.

Norwood Press
J. S. Cushing Co. — Berwick & Smith Co.
Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.

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BOOK III

(Continued)

CHAPTER VI

MINISTERIAL CHANGES

What a wonderful incongruity it is for a man to see the doubtfulness in which things are involved, and yet be impatient or vehement in it. — BUTLER.

I

WHEN the Bill had met its fate, its author began silently to revolve the question of his own continuance in command. A sharp controversy within the Cabinet brought the question to an issue. Naval estimates were proposed by Lord Spencer. The Prime Minister judged them to be grossly excessive. The Admiralty was urgent, and Spencer was by temperament obstinate. He carried a decided majority of the Cabinet with him. Time passed; a series of singular perplexities ensued.

We had a Cabinet on January 9, 1894. Accommodation on Navy estimates seeming to be out of reach, was the decision on the ulterior consequence of the fact capable of delay? Could this be postponed until February 15? It was decided to adjourn, and we were informally to consider this point among ourselves. An item or two from my Diary may record the course of incident:

"Rosebery took me up to B. Square in his brougham, and Asquith followed. We talked away

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without saying anything, as men are so curiously able to do. The view undoubtedly was that now is the accepted time for our chief's resignation; that it would be against Mr. G.'s honour to remain at the head of the Government while the estimates of which he disapproved were actually being framed; that the delay in reconstruction would fatally mutilate the new session; and all the other arguments.

"To H. of C. A good many Irish questions, which I answered as I best could. Mr. G. on the bench, in a perfectly matter-of-fact humour to all outer seeming. He said to me, 'Pray, come and dine to-night, if you can. Only the family, and I will tell you my estimate of the Cabinet.' Much buzzing among the Cabinet men, coming to my room and talking things over and over. Most of them were at this stage of affairs *This-Weekers* and not *Next-Monthers, i.e.* for a definitive Cabinet on Thursday or Friday followed by the Prime Minister's immediate retirement. Only one minister, L——, was willing to entertain Mr. G.'s own plan, or to go against the Admiralty figures. Presently it came rather more into our minds that a ministerial crisis and the withdrawal of Mr. G. might let in Lord Salisbury. The Q. might send for him and he might dissolve, leaving our Parish Councils Bill planted. Or he might be emboldened, even if we remonstrated, to spoil the Bill. That argument began to spread a little. Still, I don't think it substantially diverted the current in favour of resignation this week.

"To dine in Downing Street. Armitstead and Lord Ronald Gower, the only other guests. Mr. G. not in his gay mood, but still perfectly cheerful and full of talk, only no flow; it was an atmosphere of

preoccupation. R. G., by the way, asked him whether it would not be worth while to publish a life of his uncle, Lord Morpeth, afterwards Lord Carlisle, the Lord Lt. of Ireland. Mr. G. politely snuffed the notion out. 'A biography, unless it is of some very great man indeed, is only sure of a public at the time of the man's death.' He cited the complete lack of interest in Sir Robert Peel's papers, just edited and extremely well edited by Charles Parker.

"After dinner, in the drawing-room, he at once sat down to backgammon with Armitstead. Mrs. G. carried me to a sofa behind an ornamental glass screen, and I then found with a minute of consternation that I was to tell her the fatal news. Mr. G. had said to her, on his return from the House, that I was coming to dine; that he was fagged, and that I would tell her how things stood. It was as painful as any talk could be. However, I had no choice. I told her that the reign was over, and that the only question was whether the abdication should be now or in February. The poor lady was not in the least prepared for the actual stroke. Had gone through so many crises, and they had all come out right in the end; had calculated that the refreshment of the coming journey to Biarritz would change his thoughts and purpose. I told her that language had been used which made change almost impossible. Well, then, would not the Cabinet change, when they knew the perils with which his loss would surround them? I was obliged to keep to iron facts. What a curious scene! Me breaking to her that the pride and glory of her life was at last to face eclipse, that the curtain was falling on a grand drama of fame, power, acclamation; the rattle of the dice on the backgammon

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board, and the laughter and chucklings of the two long-lived players, sounding a strange running refrain.

"This, however, was not the end. The final stage did not arrive for several weeks. Three or four of them he passed at Biarritz (Jan. 13–Feb. 10), but with little gain of composure. His colleagues in Whitehall were in dire perplexity, as the session rapidly approached. Some of them regaled themselves with verse. One recalled Johnson's fine lines on those fortunate men 'who sat unclouded in the gulf of fate.' Another replied to him as more to the point Blair's verse: 'Behold him in the evening time of life. . . . By unperceived degrees, he wears away. Yet like the Sun, seems larger at his setting.' The Prime Minister himself suggested an immediate dissolution. It was curious enough, he argued, that if it was really desirable that he should appear before the country at a dissolution, and that should be now, the Lords had taken the steps that might bring it now. A prompt submission to the nation of a group of questions which, taken together, amount to this, whether the people of this island are or are not to be a self-governing people. General disfavour greeted this idea among us at Whitehall.

"I came back from Ireland to meet him on his return from Biarritz. I went to him at once. It was a Sunday afternoon. There the old fellow was, doing what old fellows have done for long ages on a Sunday afternoon, reading a big Bible. Open on the table was Taine's final volume — the pages on the Church. He complained that after three pages of it, his eyes were done. I thought him looking extraordinarily well — quite different from what he was when I saw him off at Charing Cross.

"He revived the notion of a speedy dissolution. I said I was against it, mainly on the ground that electoral reform was the best field on which we could try a good square throw with the Lords. Everybody understands registration and the rest of it; such things come home to electors. He admitted there was some force in this, but thought that the wrecking of the work of a whole session was a neat compact sort of crime, to make the foundation of a grand charge. Thought the prospect of our living through the session extremely doubtful. I demurred. How are they to turn us out? He could only say that we should surely find something of a peace party, and if so, a clever Tory amendment might ensnare them. I said that I didn't believe this. About my own position, I put it plainly once more in this way: 'I stay, because if I were to resign on ships, you would have to resign on ships too, and that would wreck the party. If I resign on ships, you cannot resign on eyes and ears. But that is what, exactly to save the party, you desired to do. Therefore, on Irish grounds I stay. . . .' About France he said: 'If I had a confidential French friend, I should say to him that I regarded you as holding identical opinions with my own on France, and her relations with us, and on foreign policy generally.' After an hour, I went into the drawing-room. No politics, only weather. After a few minutes Mr. G. came and took me back for one more point. It proved to be an explanation of what line he should take as member of the H. of C. He did not feel that the same considerations of eyes and ears which warranted him in leaving office, bound him to leave Parliament; he should not attend often; if his opinion were challenged, he should say

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he was only answerable to his constituents, and so on — a very perilous outlook, I should say.

"We all knew how sure it was to come out that he was for dissolution, and it was the Cabinet who feared it. It would of course be said and believed that he was edged out by the ambition and restlessness of colleagues. Asquith warned me that I should be shot at first and foremost — his own familiar friend — the depositary of his counsels — the sharer of his deepest thoughts and policies — the man who agreed with him as to this very issue of the ships and the millions and the European peace. I suppose that will prove true, and that I shall be charged with deserting him and sacrificing my convictions for office. Well, they may say what they like. I have to go on living some years, D.V. How could I face the memory of having a second time been his active coadjutor in breaking up the party? And how should I feel as to Ireland? Ireland, that is my polestar of honour, even if I were to know that I am driving straight on to failure.

"On February 1, the Irish view of resignation was presented to me by one of the leaders. He drew a terrific picture of the pain and anger that Mr. G.'s retirement would create in Ireland. Helps one to realise what he is to Home Rule and to Ireland. 'It is not the Bill. It is the man. He is the personification of their cause before Europe and the world. For him deliberately to step down and desert them will be regarded as the crowning betrayal of Ireland by England. By their cause, I don't mean a Parliament on College Green. It is resistance to the bullying agents, swaggering landlords, braggart Orangemen — that is the cause. His voluntary dis-

appearance would be the triumph of this whole gang of oppressors.'

"A fortnight of curious interludes came next. There was a Cabinet dinner (Feb. 17). It was expected that the Prime Minister would tell us that he was going at once to resign; on what day; was going to say; what we were to set about doing or not doing. I met a political lady in the afternoon, driving out of Downing Street. 'Don't you remember,' she asked me, 'the last scene in *Lucrezia Borgia;* they were all feasting and singing, *Il segreto per esser felice,* and in rushes Lucrezia, telling them they are all dead men?' Things did not run out altogether so. We ate our dinners expectantly; the coffee found the oracle still dumb; and in good time a crestfallen flock departed. Six days later (Feb. 23) a Cabinet. At the close of the business he said in a quiet, ordinary voice something to the effect that when the prorogation speech was settled it was understood that the moment would have come 'to end his co-operation with the members of the Cabinet.' The words fell like ice on men's hearts, there was an instant's hush, and we broke up in funereal groups. The end came a week later, and the last Cabinet was held. When the business was over Kimberley, as our senior, said his words of farewell. But almost in an instant the honest fellow's voice gave way; he bravely forced out a few broken sentences — good honest sentences they were — and not without tears he came to a stop. His unaffected and manly emotion touched every one of us to the core. Harcourt followed in words expressive of his feeling of the privilege he had enjoyed in lightening Mr. Gladstone's toil, and the grief with which he should realise that

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the congenial task was at an end. Mr. Gladstone, who had sat composed and still as marble, closed the scene in a little speech of four or five minutes — the sentences of most moving cadence, the voice unbroken and serene, the words and tones low, grave, and steady. He referred to differences upon a question of vital moment, and upon a decision which he could not but regard as fraught with disaster. But 'those who could no longer co-operate with honour, could at least part in honour.' He was glad to know that he had justification in the condition of his senses. He was glad, too, to think that in spite of vital difference on a public question, private friendship would remain unaltered and unimpaired. Then he said in a tone hardly above a breath but every accent heard, 'God bless you all!'

"The ceremonial of changing seals at Windsor has often been recorded, and Lord Rosebery kissed hands as new head of the Government.

"We all, or most of us, met the same evening at an official dinner given by Kimberley as Lord President. No discredit to the host, his kitchen or his cellar, the meal was not convivial. We were out of a prolonged and severe ordeal, and even those of us whose rule of life was never to look back upon action that could not be revoked, may have mused over the chances of a future ordeal severer still."

II

The choice of a successor made an episode that no one of the prominent actors in it could or can pretend to look back upon with unalloyed satisfaction. I saw Mr. Gladstone on the afternoon when

he was starting for Windsor to tender his resignation (March 2). He had some reason to suppose that the Queen might ask him for advice as to his successor. "If you were in my place, now, whom would you advise?" *J. M.* If I were in your place, considering the difficulties and embarrassments of personal questions, I should be disposed to decline advice. *Mr. G.* No, I could not do that. It would not be consistent with my view of my duty not to advise if invited. *J. M.* Then I am bound to say that, though it is not ideal, and has many elements of danger to policies that you and I care for, I should advise Rosebery. *Mr. G.* I shall advise Spencer. These were pretty nearly the exact words used by each of us, but of course there were longish pauses, and the delicacy of the matter made us deliberate.

Reconstruction of a ministry necessarily turns upon personalities, and therefore cannot always be edifying. For us to throw down the reins would be as cowardly as it was in Pitt's colleagues, on their leader's death in 1806. We were under a special moral obligation to the Irish, because it was reliance on our fidelity and honour that had induced them to part company with their own chief. The difficulties were obvious. When Lord Derby retired from his third premiership in 1867, Disraeli was leader of the House of Commons, and for other reasons there could be no dispute as to the succession. Mr. Gladstone left no leader in the Commons. Harcourt had now no rival in experience of public life, in force as a debater, in mastery of parliamentary tactics, in unflinching devotion to his party, in constant attention and industry. "You and I," he once said to me, who only half deserved the compliment, "are

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the only regular professional politicians in our camp." His conversion to the new Irish policy in 1886 had been as rapid as the conversion of other people; his adhesion to it in the Cabinet had been undisguisedly chilling.

It would be unjust to Harcourt to compare him as a colleague with Brougham, though they had common traits. Some detached observers bethought themselves of an incident in the life of the wayward Lord Chancellor of the old days. Brougham, after he was left out of Lord Melbourne's reconstructed government in 1835, made a speech in the House of Lords of such extraordinary vehemence and power that Melbourne followed by asking how a man endowed with the singular qualities that made him capable of such a performance was yet not deemed by his colleagues of value enough to be retained among them! How ill, then, must our own strong parliamentarian's cards have been played since the opening of the Parliament in 1892. At that moment colleagues had begun with every good feeling towards him, with the natural expectation that as the senior, the most experienced, and the most competent for parliamentary purposes of all the men sitting with him on the Liberal front bench of the House of Commons, his succession was naturally to be expected. Yet with full consciousness of the obvious disadvantages of a premier in the House of Lords, still they could not agree to take service under him. How came such gifts, claims, and work as his to miscarry just when the prospects of his most natural ambition were so promising? The short answer is that, though he was a large-hearted man and a warm-hearted man, and a man of commanding

parliamentary power, he was daily liable to moods that made him difficult. The parliament was not to his mind, still less was the size of the majority; he was not sustained by enthusiasm for the main article of policy; he missed old stable companions, and did not take to all of the new. Though conscious of excitability of temperament in himself, he was not tolerant of either excitability or of the sluggish lack of it in others. Nobody will wonder if all this was found especially disconcerting and gratuitous, in the very hardest weather against which any set of British ministers ever were forced to put to sea.

Nothing could go more against the grain with me than to record these events, but what happened and why it happened were questions that drew much comment, and may again. He and I had incessant conversations of perfect candour, not, I believe, in the least discreditable to either of us. I reminded him of Burke's pithy and sensible saying that the complaints of a friend are very different from invectives of an enemy. I reminded him also of what Scott said of Canning in 1827, that with his immense talent, wit, and eloquence, he unhappily wanted prudence and patience. It does not need the genius of Scott to tell us that a cloudless temper is a wonderful asset in the cast of political parts. It needs no profound observer to realise that public life upon the summits is apt to have its cruel hours. "Oh, I know," he said, "but you must blame Nature; *tamen usque recurret.*" *J. M.* "I don't presume to blame either gods or demigods. But business is business; and, as some sage has observed, Nature says, take all but pay." He insisted that honestly he did not want to be in the first place, or head of

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the Government. In fact it was quite true that in the sagacious depths of his mind he felt that anything like party strength and unity was irrecoverable, and why should he enter into vehement competition for the first place in association with the wreckage? Still, one knew that the ordinary superficial ambitions are apt to outrun sagacious depths. The leader of the House of Commons, he said, must be the real head of the Government when our party is in power, whoever be the titular head. The reality of authority must be there. At the same time he did not at all deny the advantage of the leader of the House of Commons being also the titular leader of the party. If it were not that it would sound like advocacy of personal claims, he should have a vast deal to say on this: the enormous difficulty of keeping our groups together, which is barely overcome even by Mr. Gladstone himself, would be increased tenfold, if there were not plenary authority in the leader. The new leader of the House of Commons will have an almost impracticable task at best. At any rate he was old, and knew how to distinguish tinsel from substance. *J. M.* "My dear Harcourt, forgive me for being frank. But you deceive yourself. You do want to be leader. You are a proud man. You are aristocrat to your finger tips. People may say *Stemmata quid faciunt* if they like, but your *stemma* interests you immensely. [What is the use of genealogies?] Quite right too. You have had a Chancellor in your family, and a Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and you'd like to have a Prime Minister in your family, and no earthly blame to you. The thing for us and for the party has a double aspect, how we can best carry on our fight in the House of Commons between now and the

dissolution, and how we can offer the best front when the election comes. From the first point of view you are neither more nor less than indispensable; from the second, the advantages are with Rosebery."

This was undoubtedly the dominant view of the leading junta inside the Cabinet — I mean Spencer, Asquith, Acland, and myself — though, as was to be expected amid so much uncertainty and distraction, feeling wavered from day to day. But the tremble was slight, and the hand of the barometer returned to a steady point. Rosebery, in spite of what would have been a perfectly natural and justified ambition, was far too acute not to be fully alive to the difficulties with which any Liberal prime minister in the Lords would have to grapple, and far too careful by temperament actively to covet such a post. It fell to me to see him constantly through this agitating time. Clearer than any of us, he saw and felt the force of the various changes in our continental relations, and the immense difficulty of adjusting them to the temper of our party. It was wide insight and no pusillanimity that made him slow to yield to our pressure. From Mr. Gladstone's last Cabinet, Rosebery, Spencer, and I walked away together, on our way to Berkeley Square, where Asquith and Acland joined us and we had our luncheon. I had already written to Rosebery in the morning that he must really let us know *firm*, whether he was prepared to form a Government at all costs. It would never do for me to lead the Irish in a certain direction, if after all my pains we were in that direction to be left in the lurch. Spencer now pointedly put this to him, and Acland pressed it home. Asquith was of the same mind. Rosebery at last definitely

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accepted the obligation, and agreed that he would under any circumstances undertake to go on with the task, if the Queen sent for him. Our satisfaction at this advance towards daylight was somewhat alloyed the same night by news from the House of Commons. There was a revolt; a certain group of Liberal members, with a chartered malcontent at their head, had come to the senior whip to make a protest against a peer premier. Asquith and I thought it of little significance, but Tweedmouth, the whip, though one of the most courageous of men, was considerably perturbed.

In these trying days I had many visits from the most confidential emissary that Harcourt could possibly have chosen — in many ways cleverer, neater, more astute, diplomatic, and far more resolute than Harcourt himself. He assured me that if my mind turned that way, nothing would be more exactly what the Chancellor desired than that I should go to the Exchequer, and I could either bring in the budget myself or, to begin with, play the part of Goulburn to Peel. In this case, if I became the second man in the House of Commons — the first man, moreover, being eleven or twelve years older — that was a clear gain for the cause of Home Rule, and the Irish would be quite sharp enough to see it. Under all the circumstances the political reader will agree that this was a completely honourable and fair-minded proposal of Harcourt's, and neither calls for nor in truth admits a word of cynical comment. It was very much the arrangement that had seemed most natural in our Malwood days, before their harmony was impaired by the untoward experiences of 1893–94.

Sunday, March 4. — A curious move now began

from the Exchequer. By nine I had a note from Harcourt begging me to go to see him about our action in respect of foreign secretary in the Lords. I replied that I was going to use a day of Sabbatic calm in viewing the whole position, and that I would come to see him later. By eleven there came a line from Loulou, urging me to go soon, as his father was to see Rosebery very shortly. This was to secure the point that the leader of the H. of C. was to see all telegrams and dispatches of the F. O. It was important that he and I should meet first. It would be better, I said, that we should take independent action. Harcourt at once drove up to B. Square, surrendered the point, and generally fell in with a Rosebery premiership. No doubt, if I had joined him in making a protest against a foreign secretary in the Lords, with a definite refusal to join unless that point were conceded, this, as R. afterwards told me, would have broken off the plan, and he would have thrown up his task. It seems curious that none of us realised how essentially fatal to the very idea of a sound and workable arrangement was the difference between two schools of imperial policy.

That imperfectly considered step once irrevocably done with, I enjoyed some hours of peace and solitude. I walked round to see a political neighbour, a shrewd and cool head, with some kind feeling for me, and capable in spite of shrewdness and coolness of imagination and ideals. I said bluntly, "Shall I give up the Irish office?" At first he took the commonplace point of view, that having gone in for politics, I ought to follow the rules and take every upward step that came. Gradually, however, we worked away from this; began to glow a little; and at last

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took fire, and I walked away full of virtuous resolve to stand to Ireland.

Towards four in the afternoon Spencer came. Much alarm felt at B. Square and by himself at the news brought by Acland that I would not join if the F. O. arrangement for Kimberley were persisted in. We argued the matter pretty closely. S. leaned heavily on the personal point, that Kimberley ought to be compensated for his supersession as leader in the Lords. I resisted this. At length he said that if I did not join, neither would he. I protested against this responsibility being cast on me, and began to waver. He proposed that we should go to Rosebery. R. would have been to see me, but was beset by business. Just before we started, in comes Loulou to say that his father had seen R., had discussed terms, and had joined.

Meanwhile off went Spencer and I in a hansom to B. Square. R. very pleasant. Others came in. He and I withdrew to the inner room. We discussed the matter of the F. O. Rather than have a Harcourt government, I gave way, partly on the consideration that Kimberley would be a good enough minister, but mainly because I could not break up the best scheme of a new administration on a narrow and not popularly intelligible, though substantially an important, point. He then asked me whether I would stay in Ireland or go to India. I said that frankly I was divided. The Irish would really not thank me; would not be at all sorry for a change; Ireland tosses on her bed and finds relief in change; restive and restless; would be all the better pleased to find a more malleable man. "Would you come and dine to-night," he asked, "and we can talk it over?" I

agreed. Meanwhile went to make a call at Downing Street: Mr. G. gone to church. I said that I rather wanted to ask him a question which I was pretty sure that he would peremptorily decline to answer.

Home to dress. My wife urgent that I should leave Ireland. Pursued me even to my dressing-room, and plied me with friendly appeals. When I left the house, I was pretty well fixed for India. Who would thank me for staying? Who would think the worse of me for going? That way the balance inclined. Political instinct, as I told Asquith yesterday, beckoning one way; weariness of the flesh tugging me in the other.

I found R. already at table with his two girls, taking their supper: all absolutely easy and as usual. The girls went, and we talked over the incidents of the day and of other recent days. *R.* "And now about Ireland. I do hope you will not leave your post." *J. M.* (head plunged between his hands). "Do not ask me that." So we drove into the arguments, threadbare by now. He naturally looked at nothing but the convenience and interest of his government. I cannot blame him. I told him I had left tears of vexation in my home at the thought. He offered that I should be Lord President or Privy Seal, if I thought that would add lustre or importance to the Irish post. *J. M.* "No, no, if I take the post, I want no artificial decorations; if I take it, I take it. If I take it," said I, "you will understand that I bargain that I am not to be asked to take part in any un-Irish debate, nor to make one single speech in the country; I will lock myself fast in the Irish back-kitchen." And so, ostensibly and superficially under pressure from him, but fundamentally because con-

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science and instinct were pulling me by secret and resistless force the same way, I agreed, and the decision was made. He ordered his phaeton, and off we drove in the darkness and east wind to my house, talking about all sorts of things. His last word, as I got to my door, was that he could not tell me how grateful he was for the service I was rendering and the sacrifice I was making. I replied that in affairs of this gravity and moment, it was no question of gratitude. He had previously said that he would write to my wife to explain and to palliate. To which I also replied that these concerns of State were not to be settled on the principles of the domestic affections. R. said it would be right to put it in the newspapers next day, that I might have been a Secretary of State if I liked. "Do no such thing, I really beg of you," cried I, with half-angry sincerity. My protest notwithstanding, the thing was officially in print next day; that though offered a Secretaryship of State I had felt it my duty to decline any post which at this juncture might separate me from the cause of Ireland. I found R. and G. sitting up. They knew very well what to expect. "It's precious hard lines," cried G. with youthful vehemence. "I knew you would," said R. with profound vexation in her voice.

The new Government sailed out on the crest of the wave, and the very next day found itself in the trough of a boiling sea. The new Premier had let slip to the Lords a sentence about England being the predominant partner, whose assent was requisite for Irish self-government. This made it certain that our Irish friends would bear down upon us without loss of an hour.

March 13, 1894. — At one indued myself in uniform for the Levee, and so to Berkeley Square. R. not particularly agitated, though he knew pretty well that he had been indiscreet. "I blurted it out," he said. "For Heaven's sake," said I, "blurt out what you please about any country in the whole world, civilised or barbarous, except Ireland. Irish affairs are the very last field for that practice." *R.* "You know that you and I have agreed a hundred times that until England agrees, H. R. will never pass." *J. M.* "That may be true. The substance of your declaration may be as sound as you please, but not to be said at this delicate moment." Neither of us made any fuss about it, but discussed coolly as we drove down to St. James's what might be the proper form of extrication. The D. of York's first Levee. A great number of nauticals. A few words with Balfour. He told me that Randolph was going to make a speech two hours long. "What about?" I asked. "Heaven only knows," he said. I then told him that a lady who was a friend of his in the gallery last night had told me that what most interested her was my physiognomy while he was speaking — the look of pride as of an elder brother on one who knew his business and was doing it in good style. A. B. laughed most joyfully. H. of C. — The Irish in a wild state of perturbation, anger, and panic at the unhappy sentence in the Lords. I did my best *motos componere fluctus.* Was told Randolph had come on to this burning ground. Hurried into House. Found that Redmond was going to follow him, so made up my mind to forestall, and when R. C. sat down, I got up, got over the thin ice as I best could, and uncommon thin it was. As Goschen

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truly said to me later in the evening, it is much easier to get yourself out of a scrape of this sort, than to explain away another man. However, I skated along, listened to with close and painful interest, and after winding up with a good strong deliverance about H. R., I sat down amid plenty of cheering. Not a nice task, but everybody seemed to feel that I had made the best of it. Redmond followed me in a very able, slightly wicked speech. We went to Labouchere's amendment upon the Address, protesting against the continuance of the legislative powers of the House of Lords. This of course was a demonstration in favour of Harcourt against the new premier. Ministers were defeated by 2, amid wild exultation of Radicals and Irish.

Wednesday, March 14. — Cabinet at H. of C. at 11.30. Settled the way out of the scrape of the rejected Address. In the House Harcourt too solemn. Balfour in a vein of admirable raillery. Harcourt moved and I seconded the new Address — a very unexpected ray of parliamentary glory! The Parnellites *plus* T. W. R. pounding into me all the afternoon. Quite like old times.

Thursday, March 15. — Cabinet at noon in the old room at Downing Street. At Rosebery's desire, I sat at his left hand. Next to me Asquith. Harcourt explained Budget. A trifle long, but excellently clear. Took about an hour. Message from Rosebery to go to him in Whips' room. Took my hand and kept it for a minute, thanking me with real feeling for standing up for him. "Tush!" said I, "that's one of the few true delights of political life." He wanted me to go out with him, but I could not leave the House. As he fared forth alone, I wondered how it

was that all of us who pressed him into it against his own judgment, had failed to realise the isolation of a peer premier — our lobbies all seething, fermenting, and buzzing. There is another plausible side to it, though! A man's judgment may be none the worse for being away from it all. As is mostly the case in political questions of this sort, there is no more to be said than that all depends.

CHAPTER VII

VISITS IN IRELAND

We govern men, and we do not know them: we do not even endeavour to know them. — LORD SHELBURNE.

I

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LIMERICK, *Sunday, July* 30, 1893. — Awoke at six or so. Applied myself to a bundle of papers and dispatched them after breakfast, thus starting with a clean sheet. Glorious morning. Car at the door with extraordinary punctuality. Indeed, in the matter of inns and cars, I must say the Irish are as punctual as nations with a better name. We had about thirty miles before us, and I have not often enjoyed a day more keenly. The sky brilliant, the air keen and fresh, the green of the fields and woods wonderfully radiant after parched England; the landscape of eastern Clare pretty, the people tidy, the knowledge of what lies under the social surface rather exciting, and the consciousness that one was doing duty and business all very conducive to contentment. The D. C., steady, well-informed, and kind. The car-driver told us of some rough work at Bodyke the day before. He had driven the agent and his men to make their seizures, leaving Limerick at three in the morning; it is he, too, who takes out their supplies to the constables and the police at Bodyke. The

consequence was that, as we approached, the women who passed us on the road in their Sunday best jeered and mocked at our friend — not at all ferocious — rather good-natured than otherwise, though I daresay the language was unpleasant enough if I could have understood it through the brogue. He assured us that he never minded, but I fancy he had human nature enough not to relish it much. How should he? At the entrance to the disturbed region, saw a vedette of a couple of constabulary on a low hill, one holding his rifle, the other scouring the neighbourhood with his field-glass. Then we came on walking patrols — then on two or three cycle patrols. Every thing looked like alertness and vigilance. Got down at the Knocktara protection post, where some eight of our men were engaged in protecting a couple of people. The sergeant in charge, wonderfully smart, erect, intelligent — quite young. Looked at their patrol books. Recalled all the trouble we had about this post in the winter. At the barracks met the D. I., a youngster of seven or eight and twenty, with clear open eyes and sharp ready bearing. Heard afterwards that he has the faults of his qualities and his youth; is too sanguine, not close enough in details, and like Joseph II., and a good many thousands of other persons alive and dead — apt to take the second step before he has taken the first. Had some bread and butter at his little house at Tulla. Passed H. C. on the road, and had some talk. He has charge of the patrolling here. A good, strong, firm jowl and a direct eye — a civil, experienced man, looks as if he were well up to his business, and as if he minded that before other things — the beginning of virtue in

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this world. Saw the low hills from which the people fired on the sheriff last autumn. Met an old gentleman of venerable mien in a white hat, taking his Sunday afternoon's walk, with a couple of constables with loaded rifles close at his shoulder. Proved to be a certain Mr. ——. Saw the place where the one really bad outrage in my reign was attempted. A Dublin agent was on his way to collect some rents. Nothing wrong on the property so far as we can learn. As he drove along, four successive shots were fired at him by men posted on the left-hand side of the road, and when he had run this agreeable gauntlet, two more by men on the right hand. He was wounded, and so was the horse. One house was close by. Several others not much farther off. The assassins must have been six or eight in number. They must have been for some time in ambush, in full view of these houses. The hour was about noon. They must have scampered off over the fields in full view. Yet nobody would admit that they had seen anything or heard anything. As the operations were being explained to me, three wenches in their Sunday frocks came out of the house, and giggled in our faces, as if to say "What fools you are! You'll never find it out." We have two prisoners for the affair, but the evidence is weak.

Called at —— House, where —— was taken after the shooting. It belongs to his family, and is now opened by Colonel M., who is guardian for a minor. A delightful park, rather recalling Panshanger, and a good house. The Colonel, who had come to see me in London at the time of the attempt, was most cordial, and he and his ladies pressed tea. But we had no time. He never leaves his gate without protection. I could not make out what he had

done wrong, even according to the law of the League. He is only there for the summer. No wonder if he'll be glad to find himself at Bath or Bayswater.

Next came upon Mr. ——'s place. He has been fired at several times — one of them only a few weeks ago. A protection post of some eight men, with a sergeant at their head, one of the most candid, keen, intelligent, and attractive young men I ever saw in my life. On his shelf I saw *Vanity Fair*, Macaulay's *Essays*, and something of Carlyle. Mr. —— came out to see me. An old man with white beard and dim eye, but full of pluck; would like to have a chance of a good shot at his enemies. "We shall do no good," says he, "until we kill one or two of 'em out of hand." I have not time to write his story. 'Tis as bad as a Corsican vendetta. His shutters and doors protected by sheet iron, and he has a hole made by a bullet in his armchair, as he peaceably sat there one night. It makes one's blood boil. On the other hand, don't let us forget that some Clare landlords have been abominable tyrants.

As we neared Ennis, I got off the car and walked in, a pleasant sergeant keeping me company. He had come out with a note to ——. It was from the C. I. to warn him that I ought not to put up at the County Club. The rough squireens would be sure to make it unpleasant for me. I am not at all sure that they are right; but I could not defy their advice, so went to the —— Hotel, where we arrived about 5.30 or something of that sort. Ennis, as I have always heard, has two inns; it matters not to which you go; before you've been there five minutes you'll wish you had gone to the other. Certainly not inviting. The paint worn, battered, and foul; but

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let us be just — a clean bed, and a tub with plenty of clean water and towelling.

I dined alone: an honest joint of roast beef and a good apple pie. The C. I. came in later, and also H——, the R. M. We had a good law-and-order talk, and much planning of the next day's route. The long drive in the fresh air made me desperately drowsy, and I retreated in good time — not without nameless misgivings. I slept a dreamless sleep.

Monday, July 31. — Another noble morning. Started about 10 to call on the Bishop of Killaloe, who has a pretty place a couple of miles out of Ennis. The horse-fair in progress. The men all clean, tidy, and wearing a self-respecting look, though a trifle dour. No noise nor cheerfulness. The Bishop, who remembered that he had met me at dinner at Archbishop Walsh's two or three years ago, was very cordial. Talked about the state of Clare. Told the old story: conversion of tillage into grass; the tremendous deportation at the famine; violent ill-will consequent; strength of Fenianism in Clare in 1867; hence the Land League found ground very ready, just as some find it ready now — a state of things with which neither priest nor police can cope. This gave me my opening. I said that I had always, though no Catholic, looked on the Church as one of the few things standing in Ireland; its power in spiritual matters undisturbed. Clare is the most intensely Catholic county in Ireland. Am I to believe that along with spiritual supremacy there is no moral authority, and no control over violence and murder? I dwelt on the terrible social disorganisation disclosed by such an incident as the attempt to murder Molony. The Bishop was a soft, smiling sort

of man; he evidently took a fatalist view of the moral state of his flock. I wonder if an energetic bishop with nerve could do more? Dr. O'Donnell of Raphoe put down the stills in Donegal. Why cannot Dr. M—— put down moonlighting? There's a difference, I admit. Everybody knows and admits that stilling is wrong; but moonlighting has been the grand protection of the peasant against the grinding screw of the agent and the landlord, by terrifying one man from taking another man's farm. The moonlighting in Clare just now does not, it is true, seem to be agrarian. The association, however, remains, and in the minds of the people it is always innocent, and often laudable. At present it is for the most part a mere form of petty intimidation. Two men are after one girl: the one who is getting the worst of it gets a friend to fire a warning shot under the window of his rival.

On parting, the Bishop presented me with a history of Clare written by a priest of his diocese. Not very good. Then we drove to Corofin, a rough spot. D. I. a fresh, hearty, intelligent young man. Had formerly been in Kerry. Enlarged on the difference between the Clare man and the Kerry man: the latter all open, talkative, gay, irrepressible; the former dour, silent, close as wax, not a hint to be squeezed out of him. The D. I. took us to see a lovely little lake at the foot of noble, wooded slopes — a charming scene, midnight murder apart.

By train to Ennistimon. The D. I. a stout, hearty, jolly fellow. Drove on with us to Kilfenora — a pretty name for an ugly, lawless place. Saw one M. driving off into Ennistimon, with his wife bearing a defiant red parasol. A police-car pelted after him

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with a couple of men armed with rifles, and a driver with revolver in his pocket. M——, a man of some means, has taken a property whose tenant was a popular character, having sided with the people in the League days. I went to see it. The house a considerable one. The spacious hall unfurnished. A dining-room and a drawing-room with an open piano. A large back drawing-room, where the police slept — their neat fold-up iron beds, their arms hung shining on the walls, only signs of order in the place. The whole an impression of profound squalor, material, moral, social. M—— in extreme danger of a bullet from one of his predecessor's friends. Never out of sight of police. House patrolled by day and night. In the falling afternoon light, the effect was the dreariest I have seen in Ireland. Drove to Lahinch and refreshed myself by a good look and sniff at the Atlantic Ocean. Liscanor Bay is very pretty in its contour, and there are pretty links. A tipsy fellow came up and shouted some folly about releasing political prisoners. These blockheads, tipsy or sober, may be counted upon to shout for something which they know they won't get. They don't care what that may chance to be. Parted from Stokes at Ennistimon, he on his way to Milltown Malbay. A most sensible man. He told me that when the police saw that I had said the state of Clare was a disgrace to civilisation, they said to him, "The Chief Secretary is getting to know Ireland." The C. I., D. I., and the sharp little J. dined with me at my inn — soup, leg of mutton, apple pie, and Giesler! The carpet still unswept and the attendant unshaven, unwashed, with a look as if he had slept in the stable, but the wine, strange to say, worthy of the Trois Frères!

Tuesday, August 1. — Sauntered about Ennis all the morning. Looked over the police barrack — a fine old house with pleasant grounds. Long talk with the D. I. — an Oxford man — keen and intelligent, genial and civil. Gave us the best argument for change of venue, that you can get a conviction where the evidence is police evidence. Otherwise, of course, the testimony of neighbours will no more be forthcoming with change of venue than without. Statue of O'Connell — from the pedestal of which Parnell made his famous boycotting speech of September 1880. Saw a rough squireen leaning over a bridge, filling his pipe. "That's Mr. ——," said my constabulary cicerone, "who was shot at a few months since." Saw a big, heavy, respectable-looking man smoking at a shop-door and talking to the shopkeeper. "That's Mr. ——, the poor-law guardian of So-and-so, whose house was fired into the other day." Such is life in Clare. Yet the little town had every look of peace and prosperity. No rags and no beggars. Substantial things in the windows — clothes, provisions, ironmongery. Three banks. It was again fair day. The streets pretty full. The farmers well-clad and well-looking. I had plenty of *monstrari digito*. I don't think more than three or four men raised their hats, or bade me the kindly Irish welcome. The Young Ireland Society (Parnellite) wished to present me with an address. I sent for the president, a publican of whom the police spoke well. He was a clean, smart fellow of say five and thirty: told me that he had served for some years in the Cape Mounted Rifles. He seemed straightforward, and to be sufficiently knowing without being too cunning. Said they would rather go without

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H. R. than be ungrateful to Parnell — meaning, I suppose, rather than co-operate with those who had been ungrateful. Say they would never forget that I was the one English leader who had never attacked Parnell. What should we do after the Lords had thrown out the Bill? They feared we should hang it up and go on to English Bills. I said we should see when the time came. What about "political prisoners"? I could give him no comfort here.

Then it was for me to take up the line of interrogation. What were they doing to put down moonlighting? Did he not see that every outrage in Clare was a nail in the coffin of the Irish cause? Why did he not remonstrate with the rough fellows, when they came into Ennis and came to his house? He assured me that he did his best; but as there was nothing at all like a general organisation for crime, it was not easy to reach individual offenders, or small local knots. The local members ought to come down. H. had told him at the Parnellite Convention in Dublin that he meant to come down and tell the moonlighters to be quiet. And so we parted. Meanwhile he at once rushed to a reporter, and told him something which he had much better have let alone. The Bishop, by the way, told me that the folk of Clare had been warmly Parnellite: of course because Parnellite is anti-priest. Parnell himself was not anti-priest, he was in fact indifferent; though when his catastrophe overtook him, the Romish prelates in Ireland like the nonconformists in England were bound to back the ten commandments against him.

Reached Kingsbridge at 6.30 to the minute, and drove in a swift car to the Castle. Found deputation of some forty gentlemen waiting in the Privy Council

Chamber, about the Queenstown mail. Heard their story; told them I was as good an Irishman as could be made out of an Englishman, and that I did not mean to let Ireland lose any sort of advantage by land or sea if I could help it. Then I went down to Kingstown, where —— and I dined together at the Yacht Club. Talked about Clare but nothing new to say, either of us. He said that what constabulary and all officials wanted was a chief who knew his business and their business; who could guide them in a fix and tell them what to do in an emergency; who could keep them out of scrapes. H. is certainly not a bit of a κόλαξ, but he remarked that it was no joke to follow a man of Balfour's calibre, and now in my second year without stumble or broken knee.

II

Nov. 17, 1894. — Was to have gone to lunch with Lord Wolseley, but the Castle pressure was too great, driving at it until time to start from Kingsbridge for Abbeyleix. Horrible journey. No wind, but drenching rain. Got there in time for tea. Long talk with Lady de Vesci before dinner. Plunged into the thick of Ireland in five minutes. Most interesting to see how the picture looks from the other point. She is quite the reverse of bitter; likes Ireland and the Irish; has never played absentee; spent ten months of last year here; de Vesci gives equally to Protestant pastor and parish priest; he has been eighteen years Chairman of the Board of Guardians. Most interesting account of the troubled times. It brings home to one what a storm means in Ireland. Of Irish

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"want of moral courage in these times" — "easy to talk about, but not so easy either for tenants or for landlords to practise, living isolated and apart, with gangs of men with guns stalking round your cabin or your mansion." Intelligent, moderate, fair, kind. If most of the Irish gentry had only resembled these good people, there would never have been our Irish question, though there might have been some other. Agreeable talk and music in the evening.

Sunday, Nov. 18. — Deluge of rain, but we got a walk in the afternoon. The land flat; some fine trees; the bog cut far off; the swift flood of the Nore the most interesting feature. Much talk with my admirable host and a rural neighbour of his about tenants' improvements, rents, subletting, and all the rest. Full of instruction. The thing becomes real and alive, not the *hortus siccus* of a blue-book.

Monday, Nov. 19. — Started at 9 from Abbeyleix. Met —— in the train. Told me at Ballyragget that we were in Jonah Barrington's country. Talked about our Land Report. They mean mischief, I fear. At Kilkenny. Met by the Divisional Commissioner and other officers. An interesting old city in a small way. The Castle, overhanging the Nore, finely placed. A gallery with some paintings of Ormonds of old and modern time, and other good works by Van Dyck, Caracci, etc. An old cathedral and a new one, the new one belonging to the old church, and *vice versa.* The Protestant dame who was custodian showed us the ancient Ionic chair, and told us how the Catholic primate had brought the new Catholic bishop and had solemnly seated him in the chair, and addressed solemn words to him, and regretted that he could not plant him there, crozier

in hand. Low mass going on. Thin, squalid flock. But the thing brought the poor dead town into relation with history, with faith, with Jerusalem and Greece and Rome, and far-off things long ago. Talk with the constabulary officers on business, as we trapesed in the mud from antique to antique, they wondering, doubtless, what on earth I found in such mouldering rubbish. Perhaps I hardly knew what I did find, except the pleasurable and most rare sensation of being able to piece Ireland on as it were to the main of Western civilisation. She usually stands out in people's minds in isolation, apart from the common association of Europe. 'Tis seldom Ireland strikes an Englishman's historic sense. A modern tablet, put up in 1888, to mark the spot where the Confederation of 1642 had met. Have forgotten about that. What's the use of a historic sense if you don't recollect your history?

III

Curragh-more.

Next to *Waterford*. The Suir a fine stream; big ships able to come up to the quays that line one side of the river, while on the other side rise wooded slopes. The day was murky, but I could see that in some lights the scene must be striking. More R. I. C. officers; extremely polite and pleasant.

Reached Fiddown station about half-past three; the Waterford carriage met me, and by five I was at the tea-table at Curraghmore. I took a great fancy to him [Lord W.]: fine, open, manly, observant, knowing one side of the Irish ground thoroughly. The best specimen of a dominant caste — the old masterful Irishman — but seeing that his power is

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gone, or as good as gone. We agreed vastly on the ground that the Irishman needs a strong hand — the Beresford name has stood for a strong hand of a sort in Irish government. We had a grand participation of ideas as to the clouds that overhang the Land Question. How will subdivision be prevented without the landlord? That was his one great and useful function. After dinner most pleasant talk with Lady W. The hostess had feared storm from this rencontre, as she is very excited against H. R. Lo, we got on divinely; talked about music — she composes and sings pretty things — about Irish character, and about the probability that the English are one of the lost tribes!! So happily did I dissemble my absolute want of earnest interest in the lost tribes!! If people have made up their minds to meet an unspeakable ogre, it is surprising how easily they are pleased. I had some instructive talk with her about the Irish. Her tone was deeper and severer than my hostess of yesterday. She had come over full of illusions; they had slowly been dispelled. Call the Irish imaginative! So they are on one side, or on the surface; in substance, they are not imaginative at all; they are sordid and prosaic. Look at marriage — love no part in it, 'tis an affair of so many cows; sentiment, not a spark of it! The woods in the park open for the public on summer evenings — do you ever see lads and lasses in lovers' pairs? never, never. They are actors, and they all know they are actors; and each man knows that the man to whom he is talking is not only playing a part, but knows that he knows that he is playing a part. They cannot help lying, and they have no shame, not merely in being found out, but in being known to be lying as the words come

fresh from their lips. Man, woman, and child, they are soaked and saturated in insincerity. I listened with the patience required by manners.

This terrible picture she painted without heat, or anger, or contempt, or desire for political moral one way or another. Her short, strong sentences went straight to the heart of the object. I remembered on the point of marriage and the lack of appropriate tenderness once being with M. O'B. at a cabin talking to the old dame dwelling therein. The usual catechism was put — how many acres, what rent, what cows for dower. A pretty, shy young woman was standing by, the bride of the son of the house. She modestly gave him the figure. "Cows d'ye call them?" screeched the mother-in-law with ferocious contempt; "bones of cows, ye mane." After dinner, Lord W. and I had much talk about the Land Question in the library; a cigar; pleasant chat from the ladies as they sat working. Telegram from Harcourt, that my presence at the Cabinet was thought by him to be necessary. So my visit here must be cut short.

Tuesday, Nov. 20. — At Lord Waterford's desire, as soon as I got up, I went into the bedroom adjoining mine to see the view. Most glorious. The sky was characteristic of this fair land and its volatile people: radiant with blue and sunshine one moment, dashed with black rain-clouds the next, and then all brilliant, glistening, verdant, smiling, gracious once more. In the distance, the lovely line of the Comeragh Mountains: noble woods rising in grand, embosomed slopes; and in the immediate foreground under the windows superb and spacious terraces, far surpassing any that I ever beheld before in England or abroad.

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They were planned by Louisa, Lady Waterford, of whom all the world has been reading in these days in the *Story of Two Noble Lives*.

After enjoying this glorious vision, I set to the prosaic work of a pouch from the Castle, which I despatched in capital style, as we did not breakfast until 10. Not many minutes were spent upon the meal, as Lord W. was anxious to drive me through the Park while the elements were still propitious, and a grander drive I should never wish. The weather splendid; the variety extraordinary and most pleasing; great woods, vast stretches of grassy lawn, mountains, the bright, swift-flowing Clodagh — a princely place. We were attended by my satellites on a police-car, for they had been told to keep a strict eye upon me. Lord W. an able, straight, frank, masculine mind. I enjoyed his company exceedingly. They say that he is of a dictatorial turn. Perhaps; I don't mind that; it does not prevent him from being a good observer, a man of sound, clear sense, and decidedly a fine fellow. His hearty, straight ways rather a relief after the ecclesiastical ambiguities of my last fortnight. He pressed again and again that I should devise an automatic apparatus for raising rents. This is the real thing — to save all this incessant litigation. It was effective in the Act of 1887: why not extend it? As for Evicted Tenants, I might be perfectly certain that the Lords would never stand compulsion in any form, nor would H.'s amendment suffice for them. Why should I go for compulsion? I had tried that plan; Parliament would not have it. Why not now go for the practicable, and the really practicable is the extension of Section 13? If I put that into the Bill, it would cover all

the effective cases, and with an automatic plan of rent-fixing, that would carry the Bill, in spite of other provisions which he and his friends might think objectionable. This was about the practical upshot of what he said, but it was full of interesting detail, and I naturally felt the value of a frank interchange of views. A sharp lunch at one, and then off. Waterford particularly cordial when he said good-bye. I shall never forget this princely theatre, with its accessories of useful politics, scenic surroundings. [Alas, the Cloaked Shadow was lurking very near.]

Travelled by the afternoon train from Fiddown, through the valley of the Suir, past Carrick-on-Suir (a place with many blackguards in it, as the District Inspector confided to me); Clonmel, Tipperary (scene of a too famous exploit of which I was once the unwise spectator); there joined by another D. I., who travelled with me to Limerick Junction — a capable fellow. At one of these places imprudently bought a newspaper, which told me that we had lost an election in Forfarshire. It was not good for enjoyment of the really delicious scenery. At Limerick Junction caught the limited mail from Cork; forged away at an admirable speed, until I found myself alongside the boat at Kingstown Pier at 7.30. R. met me with letters, and Dowdall with a question or two needing immediate settlement. All in desperate bustle. I was hungry and tired, so not sorry to find myself quietly seated in the saloon of the steamer, munching the familiar salt junk and cabbage boiled in sea-water. Soon turned into my bunk and asleep in a trice.

IV

BOOK III.

Monday, Oct. 15, 1894. — Called at 4.30. Spence Watson and I off by 5.20. Glorious daybreak at Kingstown. Just in time to see the Holyhead boat come forging in. Londonderry by 11.10. Grand approach up the Foyle. But the city unlovely in plan, buildings, colour. The Cathedral — very dull: a couple of old monumental tablets, and a big shell cast into the city during the siege. All the rest except the outer walls of the church brand new. Then we perambulated the famous walls. They ought to command a noble prospect, but factories, etc., have been built up to the walls, and all is unlovely. Saw over the barrack of the R. I. C.: chat with the County Inspector and his D. I. Lunch at Prof. Dougherty's, and long pleasant chat over the fire. Went over Magee College: tidy, but very small. Talked about education, how the priests aim patiently and steadily at getting it into their hands. At 5 to Letterkenny. Prettyish scenery in the soft falling light. The C. I. met us and dined with us. ——'s Hotel. Not bad, and not good. Planned our route bravely.

Tuesday, Oct. 16. — After breakfast to see the schools. Some Presentation Brothers in charge. Protestant children there, but all the rules of the National Board observed. The Administrator came in. Kindly, but the early morning razor much needed among the Irish clergy. Left card on the Bishop: from home. Started at 10 in a wagonette with pair of horses for Gweedore. Capital drive. Chat with R. I. C. on the road. Fine, smart fellows. Also with harvestmen returning from Peebles and other

Scottish places, after three months' absence. Cheery, quiet, responsive. We could not but contrast their free and fluent speech with a labourer in Somerset or Surrey. Call the Irish unthrifty! Why, they live as hard as hard, in order to carry their five or eight pounds home from Scotland or England. Met my friend, the Bishop of Raphoe, of all people in the world, travelling in apostolic fashion on the common car with a servant and her box for fellow-passengers. We stopped our cars and exchanged most cordial greetings; deplored that he could not show hospitality, and so forth. Got to Gweedore Hotel at 3. Clean, warm, and hospitable, with a most neat and willing handmaid. Hotel much patronised by salmon-fishers.

After excellent luncheon, set off on a car with a rattling horse to Derrybeg, a desolate spot on the shore, the home of Fr. Macfadden and the scene of the horrid death of the District Inspector, Martin, three or four years ago, of which the story has been already told. The famous little priest at home; showed us in detail the circumstances of the tragedy on the spot. A piece of pure insanity. The priest's sister — a homely, kind body — gave us excellent tea. Has never quite recovered her nerve since she saw the hapless man mashed to death at her door. Fr. M. told me that one of the four men whom I let out of prison had said to him: "Well, between ourselves, Father, we had famous times in the prison; always plenty to eat; never cold, and not much to do." In fact, this population never has plenty to eat, and often is close to starvation. Fr. M. keen for a railway to Gweedore. To my horror he let out that he and his flock were going to give me a demonstration that

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night with band. I begged him urgently to stop this: the grateful Moonlight Sonata would never have done. With quick excitement the little man seized the point, excused himself for a minute or two, and I presume passed the hard word among the sorry cabins on the shore, and thence onward through his district, that I was to be let alone. The sergeant, who came for an hour's chat after dinner, told us that the priest is an austere despot; won't let them go sitting and talking in one another's cabin of a night, as they would like to do — to smoke and tell of all the things that have happened in the world; won't let them have any balls or dancings. When he was locked up for his sins in Derry Gaol, his poor sheep went astray and had a dance or two. On his return he poured out vials of wrath upon them. One of the strangest scenes that I have ever beheld, these sorry cabins and rough patches of land and stretches of intractable stone, the ocean with its low moan, and the light all gone out of the grey sky, and the fiery, indomitable little priest. Then there was the thought of the slain man, and my share in bringing a glimpse of mercy and common-sense into the mournful place.

In the evening, the sergeant, as I have said. Such a fine, bright, handsome, well-mannered young fellow. A Catholic. Said they had one Protestant among the five in the station. Did religion make any difference? Seemed quite shocked at the bare idea. They never speak of it; sure it would never be permitted; sure it would never be thought of — fervent in his disclaimer. Such alacrity; such a merry eye; a famous young fellow. Then a Protestant parson, wanting something or other for his son. He, too,

had plenty of zeal and sacrifice. Last Sunday had twice crossed over to an island out in the sea there, and twice back, to preach his glad tidings to a minute congregation.

Most interesting day. Abounding in pictures for the inward eye. The green patches pushing up the mountain sides; the mournful tarns; the great wet bogs, with that soft golden colour of theirs, and dark brown cuts in them; the poor, dim little schoolhouses, where the rushlight of learning flickers. Women driving vagrant cows out of the cabbages. Girls plashing barefoot over the bog. Peaceful inlets from the sea running up into the land. The great floor of waters outside, mournful, wild, careless of poor man, the atom of a day.

Wednesday, Oct. 17. — Up at 6, start at 7. Errigal, with the thin mists hiding seams and scars of him, and turning him into the sublime and beautiful. The pale blue peat smoke curling up out of the cabins into the fresh morning sky; the moon still hanging high and silvery in her firmament; the air exhilarating as wine from banquet of the gods and demi-gods. Thin, light, sweeping showers for five minutes, followed by half an hour of glorious sunshine; and so on all through the drive from Gweedore to Glenties, the rain-drops glistening on the bog grass. Capital horses, sensible and friendly driver. By Dunglee, over the Gweebarra river. Talk with sergeants, D. I.'s, etc., on the road. All very quiet, they say, though secret societies may spring up any day. Lawless manufactures of poteen put down by the strong hand of the Bishop. The Rosses — a perfectly incredible tract of stone-strewn land. Yet here, too, people are thick on the ground fighting

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for bare life. "Grand heart must a man have," cried Watson, "to fight his battle here." [1]

At Glenties they had promised to send us an engine to convey us on the new unopened line. Stevenson and two or three directors met us with engine and carriage, the first ever seen in the Finn valley. One of Balfour's light railways. These must do good for civilisation like General Wade's roads in Scotland. Wanted us to go to Killybegs and stay all night. On reflection declined, as we were engaged to dine with Fr. Healy next night.

On to Strabane. Abercorn Arms: good, very. Dozed, dined, and read until 10. I turned over the memoirs of Castlereagh prefixed by his brother to the speeches.

At 10 got into the night mail. They had made up a first-class compartment for us, not uncomfortable.

Thursday, Oct. 18. — Dublin at 5. Hung about Westland Row until 6. At the Eagle of Killiney by 7 — the grandest morning that ever was seen. Lounged, chatted, and did a little work. At night dined at Fr. Healy. Excellent fare and witty interesting company.

[1] The reader may well turn to Miss Lawless's *Grania*, a story of these desolate lands — a masterpiece worthy of George Sand at her best. The feel of the sea as wonderful as *Toilers of the Sea*, though without Hugo's mighty drama of the elements.

CHAPTER VIII

END OF IRISH OFFICE — LITERARY POSTSCRIPT

I

THE parliamentary impression of my share in Irish administration was all that friends could wish. At the end of May 1894, when Harcourt seemed to be more serious than usual in his threats of retirement from leadership, I reported some of his language to this effect to Asquith as we sat upon the bench. "Then," he said, "you will have to take his place. That is clear." I deprecated any such conclusion. "No matter. You'll have to do it. The last two or three months have made it quite certain."

On the other hand, self-esteem was happily reduced to juster dimensions by proof positive in Irish prints that I had "completely failed to be either a Lincoln or a Bismarck." Why had I not overturned Dublin Castle until not one brick remained upon another? Not a brick had stirred. Why had I not flung down the reins, rather than allow a single man of the Royal Irish Constabulary to go to an eviction? As if even Bismarck himself, exalted from his Wilhelmstrasse to be Irish Secretary, could have refused to let police attend evictions, after the Queen's Bench had firmly warned him that if he did he would be attached for contempt in refusing force for executing decrees at

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night! And how could either of these two giants of history pull down Dublin Castle, without at the same time sweeping away the mass of vested interests guarded by Statutes, Treasury Minutes, Orders in Council, and all the other bulwarks and bastions of the civil service? And this drastic work was all to be carried through with a shaky majority of five and thirty in one House of Parliament, and loud obstinate defiance in the other as truculent as good manners would allow.

Liberal journals at home were better satisfied.

For the first few years of the Irish Secretary's parliamentary life, it seemed nearly everybody was agreed in ruling him out as a possible leader of the House. He had oratorical power, a turn for illuminating a situation by the spoken word, a character devoid even of the capacity for intrigue, and a temperament nervous and sensitive, but tending to harden under the workaday life of politics. In the House he was never at his ease, and, like the earlier Balfour, seemed to move apart from, and with much distaste for, his environment. This Session has undoubtedly witnessed a change. He has begun to speak with perfect ease and great fire, and with a certain ready play of temper and command of his subject which have never been witnessed before. On the other hand, his estrangement from the Labour party and his unhappy views on the eight-hours question have put him out of the running where men like Lord Rosebery and Mr. Acland and Mr. Asquith have all been able to associate themselves with the living movements of the hour.

It was not long before a lady of quality, an uncompromising Millite, dealt faithfully by me. "You know what people are beginning to complain of? They say three things. You are too haughty. You are not at heart a real democrat. You are not half ambitious enough." Who knows?

By and by Ministers suffered a scratch defeat in the House of Commons. Their official life had not been of such undimmed felicity as to make any of the responsible leaders desire its continuance. So we resigned, and Lord Salisbury for the third time came into power. The General Election of 1895 followed, and pride in the victory of 1892 suffered a sad fall in my unexpected repulse of 1895. In attention to Ireland I had been negligent of Newcastle; the eight-hours men had their turn, and the running political currents helped them to bring me down. The majority was not large, but it was adequate and sufficient.

On my way home I stayed a night or two at Hawarden, where I found the illustrious master of the house in dire wrath at this misfortune. My comparative serenity and willingness to make allowances only added new accents to his anger. "This is really," he said with something of a snort, "carrying σωφροσύνη a good deal too far," that being one of Aristotle's first-class virtues, meaning temperance and sound-mindedness, what in German, less musical than Greek, goes as *Besonnenheit*. A few months later I had the honour of being invited to become a candidate for the five Montrose Burghs in Forfarshire, where, thanks to the zeal of the local leaders and with the aid of Scottish members who came to speak on my behalf, I was duly elected (1896), and there I remained for a dozen years until 1908. The seat had been filled by a notable man from 1842 to 1855 in the person of Joseph Hume, the leader who had succeeded in the virtuous addition of retrenchment to peace and reform as the Radical watchwords.

II

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Literary Postscript. — One mortifying incident of these Irish days tempts me out of the main road. Just before the fall of the Liberal administration in 1895, we proposed to the House of Commons a vote of five hundred pounds towards a statue of Oliver Cromwell. The Irishmen took fire. Drogheda, and all the other deeds of two centuries and a half before, blazed into memory as if they had happened yesterday. Nationalist wrath was aided by Unionist satire. Did peace Liberals then, we were asked, honour Oliver as the great soldier, or was it the jingo in international policy, or the founder of a big navy, or the armed destroyer of the House of Commons? The debate was prolonged, the refusal of the money became pretty certain, and I had the agreeable duty of withdrawing our vote, on the specious ground that it would in face of opposition so varied and apparently so hot no longer mean a really national recognition of the Protector's grandeur. Our capitulation was greeted with anger and disgust from English Liberals; with thick-witted gibes from Unionists who forgot that Oliver was the greatest Unionist of them all; and with wild cries of aboriginal joy from our Irish friends. The English are not fond of capitulations of this sort, where they saw a national hero almost as contumeliously used as when royalists and churchmen had set his dishonoured head upon a pole at the end of Westminster Hall.

So for a season public talk laid hold of Oliver; private munificence set up a stern statue of him within the most august precincts of the capital; and the overthrow of the old tradition about Cromwell that

the genius of Carlyle had inspired half a century before, gained a fresh spell of vigorous popularity. A learned authority on the Civil Wars has told us that Carlyle looked at the seventeenth century through the spectacles of the nineteenth, and so, for that matter, did some of his high-flying followers. We know the way in which a great name is dragged into the polemics of an hour — Luther, for example — when it serves the turn either to exalt or to depress him. So now Cromwell became a name on an Imperialist flag. It fell in with some of the notions of the day about representative government, the beneficent activities of a busy State, the virtue of the Strong Man, and the Hero for Ruler. It was used to give a new stimulus to the reaction from Mill's case against good despots (1860), and diffused a subtle tendency to deify Violence, Will, Force, even War. It was the day of Bismarck. People forgot that the master of Europe before him, and the monarch of violence and force, was Napoleon III., the man of whom it was said that he was an ill-bound volume, half made up of Machiavelli, the other half of Don Quixote.

When Froude took Lord Wolseley to see Carlyle, the sage bade the laurelled commander lock the doors of the parliamentary palaver, and walk off with the key. I once passed a long day with Lord Wolseley on the field of Naseby, working through the famous battle with books and maps, and rejoiced to find no trace in our luncheon talk of any disposition in that fine-hearted soldier to play a part in the Chelsea Sage's parliamentary purge. "We can never answer all the riddles in Oliver," said Wolseley, "but at any rate he was a great soldier, and knew how to raise,

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maintain, and command an army, which no war minister in my day has done."

With no ambition to compose a tract for the times or latter-day pamphlet, I was led to try a study and estimate of Cromwell, and was rewarded by the welcome and approval of the most competent authority. Dr. Gardiner, our laborious historian of the epoch, in words of uncommon warmth, testified to the truth of my portraits of the actors of that time based on diligent study of original authorities, though he thinks my final interpretation of the Protector errs somewhat on the negative side. On the whole I believe my estimate comes to much the same as Dr. Gardiner's own, and if not, I should be sure that I had studied things amiss. His summary words are not out of season:

> Oliver was good, and his government was good, but he owed his position to military force. If military force was to settle affairs of government rightly to-day, it might settle them wrongly to-morrow. England would for ever be at the mercy of those who held the sword. Happily there was present to Englishmen the instinct that it was better for a nation to blunder on, making mistakes as it goes, than to have the most excellent arrangement forced upon it by external violence.

How constantly we find that to dispute a wrong claim for a great man is treated as if it were a dispute of all his other claims, and to deny a special class of merit as if it were total denial of all merit and any service. I confess that I find nothing less sound or fair in this following page of mine, than I thought when I wrote it:

> "It is not enough," I said, "to describe one who has the work of a statesman to do as 'a veritable Heaven's messenger

clad in thunder.' We must still recognise that the reasoning faculty in man is good for something. 'I could long for an Oliver without rhetoric at all,' Carlyle exclaims; 'I could long for a Mahomet, whose persuasive eloquence with wild flashing heart and scimitar is "Wretched mortal, give up that, or by the Eternal, thy maker and mine, I will kill thee. Thou blasphemous, scandalous Mis-birth of Nature, is not even that the kindest thing I can do for thee, if thou repent not and alter, in the name of Allah?"' Even such sonorous oracles as these do not altogether escape the guilt of rhetoric. As if, after all, there might not be just as much of sham, phantasm, emptiness, and lies in Action as in Rhetoric. Archbishop Laud with his wild flashing scimitar slicing off the ears of Prynne, Charles maliciously doing Eliot to death in the Tower, Oliver himself knocking friars on the head at Tredah, the familiars of the Holy Office, Spaniards, exterminating hapless Indians, English Puritans slaying Irishwomen at Naseby, the monarchs of the Spanish Peninsula driving populations of Jews and Moors, wholesale and innocent, to exile and despair — all these would deem themselves entitled to hail their hapless victims as blasphemous misbirths of Nature. What is the test? How can we judge? The Dithyrambic does not help us. It is not a question between Action and Rhetoric, but the far profounder question, alike in words and in deed, between just and unjust, cruel and humane, rational and short-sighted."

"This action of the English regicides," says Carlyle, "did in effect strike a damp like death through the heart of flunkeyism. Cant, and cloth-worship, or whatever ugly name it have, has gone about miserably sick ever since, and is now in these generations rapidly dying." Cant, alas, is not slain on any such easy terms by a single stroke of the republican headsman's axe. As if, for that matter, force, violence, sword and axe never conceal a cant and an unveracity of their own, worse than any other! This at least is certain, that the execution of Charles I.

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kindled and nursed for many generations a lasting flame of cant, flunkeyism, or whatever else be the right name of spurious and unmanly sentimentalism, more lively than is associated with any other business in our whole national history.

From this summary excursion into an old tale, with morals that survive it, I hasten back to jottings of a more actual sort, only adding that I heard with lively satisfaction of the good opinion of my estimate as right from Lord Salisbury, who was better versed than most people both in history and in the ways and difficulties of public business and the actors who have to manage them.

BOOK IV

POLICIES AND PERSONS

1895–1905

Politics are not a drama where scenes follow one another after a methodical plan, where the actors exchange forms of speech, settled beforehand. Politics are a conflict of which chance seems to be modifying the whole course. — Sorel.

CHAPTER I

A TRACT BEFORE THE TIMES

Remota justitia, quid sunt regna nisi magna latrocinia?
Put Justice away, and what are your empires but brigandage and rapine? — ST. AUGUSTIN.

THERE is no morality in War, Napoleon said. Is the same sweeping negative as true of diplomacy? in revolutions and rebellions? in the breaking down wholesale or bit by bit of great solemn treaties? Mr. Gladstone once put it much more widely. "The history of nations is a melancholy chapter; that is, the history of governments is one of the most immoral parts of history." The end of the nineteenth century had come. Within the last half of it we had seen France turned from republic to empire and back from empire to republic; the unification of Italy; the unification of Germany; the drift of England into Egypt (and out of Heligoland); the Pope divested of his temporal dominion; the Sultan's empire dismembered; the Far East metamorphosed into the position of a new Near East; the principle of Nationality, with all that is vague, confused, entangled, and intractable in its definition and application, reared into dominating eminence among the sentiments or phrases of European peoples. To what extent had moral motives, constancy in good

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faith, justice, veracity, presided over the various proceedings that brought changes so immense about? This is a historic question, and as such it has consummate interest of its own. That may be left to the historians. But the circumstances in which the curtain was falling on the drama of the closing century lent an interest to the heart of the position, that became most actual and alive.

I need not go over the well-trodden ground of our difficulties in the Transvaal, or the loose powder that lay among the European Powers. If ever there was a moment, it was this, for considering a little whether a State is bound to use moral means only for upholding its life and its freedom; whether it is the ruling business to save the State whatever the cost to standing notions of right and wrong. Is the safety of the State the highest law? Are we to make a division between higher ethics and lower? — the first for States in their dealings with one another, the second for the individual? Is reference to moral standards in the business of Public Safety as little to the point as it would be in the navigation of a Dreadnought? Is the ruler of a State to be bound by a moral code from which his soldiers are inevitably set free? The end of such a train of thought and observation was the production of a discourse on Machiavelli, eventually delivered (June 1897) as a Romanes Lecture in the Sheldonian at Oxford; it straightway became the text for abundant and elaborate discussion by peculiarly competent hands and in the press generally, both home and foreign. That its design was more than abstract or academic, and was in fact a tract for the times, could be easily divined. I was acquitted of dilettantism on the

one hand, and of antiquarianism on the other; without complaint it was declared to be packed close with latent or patent realities of the time. The only grievance was that the writer, who had respectfully drawn public attention to certain awkward posers from Machiavelli, had wound up with no firm answers of his own. I persistently admire the Plaindealer, while ready to own the Plaindealer is not necessarily the clear thinker; and I am, moreover, very slow to assent to Renan's saying that it is a mark of finesse of mind not to come to conclusions. Surely, however, a man far less wise than Socrates may render a service of the Socratic species, by inviting people to take thought how they stand, in matters actual and urgent at their doors, as to the famous Jesuit maxim about end justifying means, and the profound enigmas related thereto. Some of the portents of the hour, both literary and political, seemed to warrant an invitation of this sort. To-day, at any rate, the majority of Englishmen will admit that the last words of my address in 1897 were not wholly out of season — that Machiavellism is a strong contemporary and abiding influence, "because energy, force, will, violence, still keep alive in the world their resistance to the control of justice and conscience, humanity and right." Finesse of mind apart, to lift the slide of a dark lantern may be a useful contribution even with no map. Greenwood, one of the few clear-headed and stout-hearted publicists of his day, pronounced it "the most stirring political pamphlet that has dropped from the English press for many a year; partly from its own force of intention, but more because response to the questions it evolves was already prepared and eager in every

mind concerned with international affairs, and the domestic contention arising therefrom."

Of the debate on the ethics of politics that I had ventured to think opportune, Frederic Harrison said that "it interested all, but it was one in which few cared to speak out frankly"; and he drew his trenchant blade upon Greenwood, who had with much ingenuity and robust candour made out that Machiavellianism was not half so black as it was painted. It is worth while to reproduce Greenwood's case. Given a corrupt, a divided, a distracted community, how are you to restore it? This is one problem, and the one that pressed for solution in the Italy of Machiavelli's day. Another is this: Given a sound, settled, well-ordered, ambitious-of-good community, how are you to secure it? That is the problem to-day in the older European States. The Florentine's first answer to the question we find ourselves forced to accept, though it shades off into counsel which none of us like and some of us reject. It is, Be strong to smite, ready to smite, and swift and willing to smite. Learn to be crafty in approach, finished in address, unsparing in defence and attack. In brief, the advice of the lion to the fox, of the fox to the lion. The second and best-known answer is the staggerer. It comes to this when rightly and fairly expressed: If nothing less will serve to secure the existence of your State in freedom, you may do anything that a wild animal will do—knowing nothing of God or devil, or sentiment, or morals, or any sort of *point d'honneur* — for his life and liberty. And you may do anything that a wild animal would do if he had a finer cunning and no more conscience. This was Greenwood's beginning.

Returning to the charge in the controversy between himself and Harrison — conducted with singular power and sincerity by both — he works out the vital question underlying the old Florentine's doctrine, that when the laws proper to mankind fail for the protection of a free State, resort may be had to the law of the beast, a "Nature red in tooth and claw." That has been taken as equivalent to meaning that morality in international affairs is either hypocrisy or weakness, and that in dealing with foreign nations falsehood, cruelty, and violence are not vices but public virtues. Greenwood takes the issue to be whether, if there be no other way of keeping your country from deterioration, you may do all that a wild animal, red in tooth and claw, may do in like danger. His response is quite straightforward, such as we may now hear in every hour of the day, but was presented with a temper, caution, penetration, and comprehensive outlook, the like of which War, that by its very essence is the disintegration of common fundamentals, has for the moment quite naturally extinguished. History unhappily does not overthrow him.

Villari, the distinguished Italian historian, particularly conversant with both Machiavelli and Savonarola, doing us the honour to come into our Sheldonian controversy, argued that all must depend on the application of your ethical principles to the case for action. To determine the way and how far (*il come, e il quanto*) is uncommonly hard, nay it is often impossible to do it with anything like precision, and so there follow obscurities and confusions without number. To tell a lie is wrong; the honest man should hold faithfully to the truth. But when the national war broke out in Lombardy, if an Austrian officer

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had asked a peasant the whereabouts of the Italian army, and the peasant had given a true answer with loss or ruin resulting to his country, and another peasant by telling a lie had saved his country, which in these two cases would have been the better morality, the truth or the falsehood? The soldier who pretends to be a deserter, and by cheating the enemy at the risk of his life, there studies their positions, and tells his own side what he has seen — is that culpable? No, Villari says, but if he had revealed to the enemy the position of his own force, then he would get absolution neither in heaven nor on earth. In Hofer's heroic defence of Tyrol against Bavarian and French, the innkeeper, Pietro Mayr, by a thousand stratagems drew the enemy, stronger in force and numbers, into the mountains to their destruction. Peace was made, but not agreed to by him and his bands. He still went on. Brought before a court-martial, he could have saved himself only by denying that he had been informed of the peace. He chose rather to be shot than to lie. Was this to be justified as obedience to the categorical imperative of the moral law, when that law was on the other side suspended or suppressed? The brave innkeeper, we may be very sure, never thought about categorical imperatives and moral fundamentals, but simply obeyed the habit of an inveterate conscience. After all, there is no need of sophistries in these heroic things. Man could not be free and civilised without the State, and its preservation and defence at all costs must be every man's concern. More than his own moral law it is his concern to save morality for all. Such is the argument of my Italian critic. In Machiavelli's phrase — so much admired then, thought, says

Villari, so sacrilegious and unholy now — a man is bound to love the safety of his country better than the salvation of his soul. A Venetian of earlier date had said the same. He insisted that the Council of Ten for War should always be composed of persons who loved their country better than their souls, "because it is impossible to regulate Governments and States according to the precepts of Christian law." Men have in those dark dilemmas as they arise to take their own decision between the duty of a citizen to his secular State, and his duty as citizen and subject in that *civitas Dei* where his conscience may have happened to enrol him. There are awkward texts about rendering to Caesar only the things that are Caesar's, and guarding the things of the Almighty Being from whom Caesar derives his authority. Well might our Italian critic speak of the numberless obscurities and confusions that await too great haste in settling answers to these interrogatories. Let me end this parenthesis with the faithful sombre words of Bishop Butler in the sermon that he preached before the House of Lords in 1741, on the anniversary of the Martyrdom of Charles I. This famous divine at the root of his speculations had the solid distinction of never shutting his eyes to dark facts in human life and history: "Tyranny and faction and unjust wars and persecution, by which the earth has been laid waste; all this has all along been carried on with pretences of Truth, Right, and General Good. So it is men cannot find in their heart to join in such things, without such honest words to be the bond of the union, though they know among themselves that they are only words, and often though they know that everybody else knows it too."

CHAPTER II

A Summer in the Highlands

Il ne faut pas faire une distinction absolue entre le temps où l'on travaille, et le temps où l'on ne travaille pas.

We should make no absolute distinction between the time when we are at work, and when we are not. — Pasteur.

From Machiavelli it was natural to go on to his contemporary and friend, of whom Cavour said that he had the better grasp of the two in the realities of public things. Guicciardini's name commonly does no more than recall the jesting story of the evil-doer who was allowed to choose for punishment between reading Guicciardini's *History* and going to the galleys; he got as far as the Pisan War, then cried out loudly for the oar in preference. Undoubtedly the *History* is no light reading, but his thought and observation on the characters of men and the course of our human affairs are sagacious, deep, truthful, interesting, and the injustice done to him, following that excellent man and critic, Dean Church, I tried to do something to repair. So I took him with me for a summer holiday.

Kincraig, Inverness-shire, Saturday, July 31, 1897. — Read Paruta and began to analyse Guicciardini's *History of Italy*. Wrote a page or two. Made slow way. View over the Loch extremely lovely.

Sunday, August 1. — Paruta, Bacon, Guicciardini,

Reumont. Corrected the type-written version of what I have so far done. Will want much working over, and it shall have it. Have not read Bacon's *Essays* for many a long year. What massive thinking and watching. Walked on to the moors behind us. One of the grandest panoramas I ever beheld. Not sure I would not call it *the* grandest, outside of Switzerland. *Monday, August* 2. — Did a very good forenoon and not bad afternoon. Bacon's 8th book of *De Augmentis*. How excellent. Paruta, excellent but wordy. A few thoughts in my head about this denunciation of German treaty. Chat with Gilbert Murray about *res Hellenicae*. *Tuesday, August* 3. — Read *Ricordi* over again, and noted afresh. Wrote two or three pages of new matter. Considering the sultry weather, I was not dissatisfied. I do not feel as if I had got near the easy *coulant* touch of men like Scherer, Ste.-Beuve, Faguet, etc. *Wednesday, August* 4. — Horribly hot, but managed to get some work done with good effect, though the everlasting reflection recurs, how much more time everything takes than one expects. Read two of Stubbs's lectures on Mediaeval and Modern History.

Thursday, August 5. — Worked well; did some pieces of Italian translation. Wrote sundry letters, including one to Chamberlain about treatment of aborigines in W. Australia. Didn't get a flow of thought. *Friday, August* 6. — Polishing up the *Ricordi*. Ought to make more of it somehow; seem terrified at the two dangers of Twaddle and Pharisaism. Began the *Egoist*. Admirable comedy. *Saturday, August* 7. — Stuck to my task all day, bad weather favouring. Greenwood's article in *Cosmopolis* on Machiavelli in Modern Politics. A good, stout, deep

piece. *Tuesday, August* 10. — Opens with dark skies and sousing rain. As it opened, so for the most part it went on, but I managed an hour's walk. Wrote a goodish page of Guic., and revised the rest; strikes me as dull and heavy. Must prune and polish. Decided not to join yacht before Saturday at any rate. Young Murray came in, and by the space of an hour exhorted me to take down my political sword from the wall. He is a fine fellow. I'd give much to have him by my side.

Thursday, August 12. — Worked at Guic. revising. It seems to me to drag; lacks unity and order. Much wiring about joining Rendel's yacht. Settled to go on Saturday. Such a divine vision on the bridge about 7 o'clock: water, wood, heather, crags, far-off hills, bathed in magic light. Italy cannot surpass it. Dined with my young neighbours. Herbert Fisher, a clever Fellow of New, there. Is to write Napoleon for Acton.

Friday, August 13. — A day wholly by myself; family off on a trip. Read a good quantity of old Guic. Also a few pages of Sallust, whom I have not opened for years. Easier reading than Guic. High wind. After dinner read some of Meredith's *Egoist.* Rather palling.

Saturday, August 14. — Worked at Guic. Read a bit of Cicero *de Oratore.* Murray and Fisher in for an hour; most pleasant. Fisher quite an acquisition.

August 15–21. — Started at 8; sorry to leave my two little dogs. Longish journey — reaching Strome Ferry about three, where Rendel met me and took me aboard, and there I remained until Saturday. The weather was changeable — but one day, Wednesday, was quite superb enough to make up for all

disappointments. We had nine or ten hours steaming from Isle Ornsay to Oban — up Loch Hourn, etc. More glorious scenery I have never beheld. Somehow by way of contrast there came into my mind Scott's storm-piece in an early chapter of *The Pirate*, where the violent forces of wind, rain, hail, ocean roar, gather themselves into a blind relentless frenzy of impersonated rage in a scene that not even Victor Hugo has surpassed. But Orkney was far off, and the elements were here at rest. The prospect from the little harbour of Isle Ornsay surpasses by far in form, colour, majesty, tenderness, the lines of Capri and Ischia at Naples. The weather perfect, lovely films of vapour, great sweeping bursts of sunshine, dark iron mountains, gleaming slopes of verdure, glistening crags, strange evanescent veils of cloud and luminous curtains of rain, the fresh tumbling sea. The gulls, with their hoarse cries, wheeling in great flocks; the little puffins; the strange pairs of guillemots battling with the water, ducking and diving — the hand of man or history counting for nothing in the scene. This for one thing marks it out from Naples, where is history enough, or too much. This is the Nature from which we came, to which we return. These are the scenes that might well fill the inward eye in the last hours. We are one with all this — atoms in the wild whirl. Don't let us suffer it to be blotted out by wearying thoughts about our souls — and their shortcomings. They are not for a day like this. The vision purges us of self.

At Oban went on board Lord Inverclyde's yacht. Splendid! Brings us back to earth with all its luxuries, pleasant levities, and wonderful ingenuities. One night at Ballachulish. . . .

BOOK IV.

Kincraig, Sunday, August 22. — Glorious day. Sauntered about and talked with Fowler of Corpus all day. Forty years ago we used to have Sunday walks together in Scotland, when I was an undergraduate and he my tutor. Such a good fellow all the time. We talked about Bacon, whose *Novum Organum* he edited: about the Fathers, heresies, etc., and the two great lines of controversy, first the nature of the Godhead; second, the relations between the Godhead and man, free-will, predestination, etc.: about historians, among whom he puts Gibbon far the first in one order, and Thucydides in the other: it seems as if Froude were going up in the world, rather than down; thinks Froude roughly and generally right about Henry VIII., etc.: Aristotle a theist, but not a believer in personal immortality — rather death an absorption or re-absorption of the individual in the *anima mundi.* Much about Oxford — reaction there all along the line. After dinner Sir John Austin came in; talk about Local Veto. I thought that Fowler, like all such Unionists, had dropped much of his general Liberalism when he resisted H. R.

Monday, August 23. — Fowler left early. Sorry to lose him. Worked all day, or was it dawdling? Read a good deal of Stubbs. Not a good writer; has no power of phrase, but he is a master of knowledge. His generalisation about Force, Right, and Idea interesting, but he does not go to the root of the matter. Fowler told me, by the way, that Stubbs was loud in praise of my Machiavelli, praise worth having. In the afternoon went a walk with my neighbour, Austin. To my discomfiture, found him armed for sport. My first and last venture in that

line, even as innocent onlooker. Turned up Scott's story in Lockhart. "Time has been," Scott said, "when I did shoot a good deal, but somehow I never very much liked it. I was never quite at ease when I had knocked down my black-cock, and going to pick him up, he cast back his dying eye with a look of reproach. I don't affect to be more squeamish than my neighbours, but I am not ashamed to say, that no practice ever reconciled me fully to the cruelty of the affair." Well did Carlyle call Scott the healthiest of men.

Tuesday, August 24. — Wrote pretty freely and got over some ground. Walked to Alvie and back, to call on a minister, a very agreeable man. His church dates, so he vows, from the sixth century. Thought of old Carlyle's speech to Edward Irving about Dunscore Church. "Christ dying on the Cross began the building of the church at Dunscore," etc. True history is the art of rapprochement — bridging distances of place and circumstance. Read Cicero *de Oratore* for an hour after dinner. Also the newspapers. Preferred Cicero.

Wednesday, August 25. — Sailed on pretty steadily, but composition is not a rapid art with me. Decided to address my constituents in October. Read some Cicero. Wonder how he would have liked to speak in Newcastle Town Hall.

Thursday, August 26. — Finished provisionally my second half of Guic. and despatched for typing. Will still need much revision. Began Renan's *Averroes*. There is such a mixture of scholar and writer as no longer exists to my knowledge. And what a mixture it is, when the world is so lucky as to find it. Indian news not very comfortable. Extraordinary

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enthusiasm at Petersburg for the French President. Russian bands loud with "Aux armes, citoyens!" Is this Holy Alliance or Unholy? Misused an hour on Gissing's *Whirlpool*. One of the men of marked talent, who unhappily just misses.

Tuesday, August 31. — Started at 3 for Dunkeld. Wasted the three hours of the journey on a book about Grammar Schools before Ed. VI. An important and laborious book, but bearing on no earthly task of mine. Dunkeld after 6, up at Butterstone by 7. Found Mr. Gladstone dozing. He soon wakened up and was extremely cordial. Not at all shaken by his long journey of yesterday. His voice extraordinarily strong, and his whole mind apparently full of energy. Very interested in my account of James Martineau and his visit to me the other day — with his 93 years and well-preserved faculty. Armitstead had said to Mr. G. in the course of the day, "Oh, sir, you'll live ten years to come." "I trust," he replied gravely, "that God in His mercy will spare me that." He evidently thinks and feels keenly about old age, and counts it little desirable. Recounted to me a symptom of infirmity — he now lies awake an hour or more in the middle of the night.

At dinner we had a stout, pleasant talk. Thinks we had a strong breed in England in the sixteenth century. Henry VIII., Tunstall, Gardiner, etc., etc. Told him I had been turning Burnet over again; what an enlightened fellow I found him. Have we got much beyond the chapter called *Conclusion* in liberality and temper even now? I ought to have known that he would not rise to this. Much interested by a story told me by the minister at Alvie last week: how the only Catholics in his parish were a father

and mother and daughter; the girl died, to the great sorrow of all her neighbours; the father came to him and asked him if he would consent to come to the house and perform such service as was his wont in the case of his own flock; how he did so, then accompanied the mourners to the churchyard, where the Catholic priest went through his own service; and when all was at an end priest and presbyter walked away together. How such things melt us, and warm the heart!

Mr. G. much interested in Tennyson, having thought English much finer than Italian in variety of sound. Monotony of *a*'s in the first lines of *Inferno:* compare monotonous endings in *ων* at the beginning of *Iliad* XIII. When asked what he meant by some early lines, Tennyson felt inclined to answer with Goethe, "You probably know better than I do, being young."

Wednesday, September 1. — Went to Mr. G. about 11. Reposing in his chair and reading Horace Walpole. Then we fell to, and had an animated talk for an hour and a half. He was in first-rate condition. Thinks the result of Salisbury's policy most lamentable. (1) It has set the Turk up higher than he has been since the Crimean War. (2) It has weakened if it has not ruined Greece, the most Liberal of the eastern communities. (3) England has become an object of suspicion to Europe, as an aggressive power. No. 3 follows naturally from immense expenditure on armaments, talk about armaments, and so on. What would Peel, Aberdeen, etc., have thought of such things — of the *possibility* of England figuring as a great aggressive power? Of course, one answer to Mr. G. is this: Were you not eager

to plunge us into a single-handed conflict with the Turk, and if you are going in for such things, how can you do without armaments? Talked much about his having been turned out by Spencer and Harcourt — turned out of the Cabinet. I had spoken of the difference that might have been made if he had remained in active public life. "I had lost power in my own Cabinet."

I mentioned to him that on our bench in H. of C. nobody had a Cabinet life of more than three years, except Harcourt, C. B., and me, and C. B. and I were hardly three and a half years. None of the others quite equal to three. It interested him, and of course fell in with his own view of the reasons for thinking our chance of getting public confidence when an election comes the reverse of bright. Active, pleasant talk over dinner. After dinner Mr. G. to backgammon, and I to read Harrison's article on Machiavellism in *Nineteenth Century*. Very good indeed.

Friday, September 3. — Weather as cold as Christmas. An hour's talk with Mr. G.; marvellously cheerful and alive. Told me that Harcourt's story about his (Mr. G.'s) proposing to resign public life in 1885 was moonshine. I mentioned one or two circumstances supporting Harcourt. Then he said that he could not be positive without consulting his little jejune diary, as he called it. I fancy he has abstained rather deliberately from keeping a full diary: a full diary contains things which afterwards one would as lief have a sound excuse for forgetting. Also he may have trusted to his prodigious memory. The proper memory for a politician is one that knows what to remember and what to forget.

Quite untrue that he had ever thought of Church, that most excellent of men and writers, for the archbishopric; but has hoped that he might be induced to take a bishopric. This, however, was after the deanery, not before, as I have often heard said. The only bad things in character and conduct of which he believed himself incapable were two, ambition and gambling. I intimated some slight incredulity as to the first, but he held to it. I told him that somebody had said that the three men who had gone quickest into Cabinet after entering the H. of C. were Mr. Pitt, Goschen, me. He promptly disputed, and named Sir George Murray, whom the Duke of Wellington had made Colonial Secretary after the Canningites had been despatched. [He was wrong, for Murray had been five years in Parliament. When I sent him a card to this effect, he replied by return of post, "Then try Lord Henry Petty," and this was right, and the trio of whom he made so light were deposed.] Said he had had seventy Cabinet colleagues; only Pam. had more. He, Mr. G., was fourth in length of time in which he had been Prime Minister: (1) Walpole; (2) Pitt; (3) Liverpool; (4) Mr. G.; (5) Lord North. Pam.'s Cabinet life just on twenty-eight years. His own considerably less. Enormous admiration for Sir James Graham. Mr. G. consulted him much, right up to the time of his death. Talked about his own voice. In 1860, after he had brought in the Budget in a long speech, Clay, an M.P. and an operatic expert, came to him and said, "You must take great care, or else you'll destroy the *colour* in your voice." We discussed the exact meaning of the phrase. Had done his vocal chords some considerable damage at

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an open-air speech at Cupar. By the way, said that he was not of those who thought Caesar's style perfect or near it; thought it *crabbed*. I understand *bald*, but why crabbed? Much interested in what I told him of an old patriarch for whom I had opened a park in my burgh of Forfar. He was 94, shrewd and lively as ever. "Sensuality, Vanity, Avarice," he said to me, "these are the three things that destroy a man." I never heard him say a word about another world, or the Creator of this: shrewd, generous, kindly, rationalistic. When I rejoined Miss G. and our host, I said, "Well, we've had a set-to once more." She said, "He likes talking to some other people, but somehow he never talks to anybody else exactly as he talks with you." Said Armitstead, "'Tis partly because he talks to you with absolute freedom."

When I went to bid him farewell, he was quite extraordinarily cordial, and said how he would *rejoice* if I soon went to them again. "I look forward," he said, "to our continuance in sympathy and communion." Drove away at noon, after a visit which I am especially glad to have made. [It was my last sight of him, while he was still himself, and before a long spell of cruel pain had slowly dulled and quenched the light.]

Three hours' journey back to Kincraig. Read at leisure a long article on me in *Contemporary*. The sunshine, the hills and moors, the flash of the running waters, helped me to put the thing into a back place. It has some sense and some nonsense: it uses the ill-natured word for a defect, when the good-natured word would have done quite as well. I daresay I have done just the same thing myself a thousand

times. On the whole it comes to this, that there is no reason why I should have "the ear of the nation," yet somehow I have it; that though my work is sour, desiccated, without art or genius, etc. etc., yet the sight of the writer is stimulating, dramatic, and heroic: though I have no message, yet I stand apart in public esteem. Well, I don't know that I at all dissent from the criticism; in poor young Prince —'s rumoured words, "I am not worth all this coil that's made for me." So be it: Amen and amen!

Saturday, September 4. — Walk in the afternoon with my family. The morning had been dull and wet, but after noon the whole scene broke out into incomparable splendour of light and colour. Began Sallust's *Jugurtha*. The first sentence is blamed by Quintilian for being ἔνρυθμον, too metrical; just the fault I found with a certain sentence in my Machiavelli — "He uses few of our loud, easy words of praise and blame, he is not often sorry or glad, he does not smile and he does not scold, he is seldom indignant and he is never surprised." Read Prescott — the Great Captain's rout of the Garigliano — death of Isabella (1504). Capitally written. Turned over the newspapers.

Sunday, September 5. — Much waste of time to-day. Read *Jugurtha*. Sallust has good phrases, but lacks depth of judgment; has neatness, but not power.

Capricious weather, so I got some reading done: a good piece of *Jugurtha*, and after dinner two hours of *Oratore*. The latter most interesting indeed. Capital distinction in Cicero between *disertus* and *eloquens*, the pointed and accomplished speaker dealing in the accepted commonplace of mediocrity,

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and the orator who adds splendid decoration and enlargement to his sources in plain fact.

Wednesday, September 8. — At 3 started for Rochdale, by Preston and Manchester. Read Prescott so long as day lasted. Coldish at night. Bed at Manchester by 4. Thought of my first journey there with my father when I was twelve years old (1850) — the first time I was ever in a railway train. No line from Blackburn; we posted to Bolton. My first vision of Queen Victoria, and my only vision of the Duke of Wellington, who drove in the procession with her. I see him now — the old bent figure as he sat with folded arms in the open carriage, the prime object of interest and enthusiasm, as he might well be.

Saturday, September 11. — Such glorious golden weather. Wrote a few letters. At noon we all went off on a picnic with the Murrays to Loch-an-Eilein. Most delightful in every way. Murray and I called on old Dr. Martineau. Wonderful old fellow. Is 93; comes down soon after 8 and does not retire until midnight, but has plenty of dozing in the day. Can walk up a hill that would wind most of us. Is deep in Harnack's History of Christian Literature up to Eusebius. Lent me a funeral sermon by Harnack on Frau Lisco. Alas, he gave me a piece of funeral news that filled me with sorrowful and affectionate thoughts; he had heard that day that poor Hutton is dead: "a most tender-hearted, upright, and truth-loving man," said the old man truly. He was indeed all that, and we have lost a fine English critic and a beautiful character. Read Martineau on Death again. Excellent writing, but unconvincing as argument.

Thursday, September 30. — At Bervie, one of my burghs on the coast of Kincardineshire. One of the most delightful days of my life. Superb sunshine, broad and flashing on the floor of waters; sea, skies, air, all vivid. I banished politics and spent most of the day saunterirg on the shore, with Wordsworth and Arnold in my pocket. Before I rose from bed, I had read a little memoir of a pious woman, who must have been a fine character, intense religiosity (what's the word?) for the base of it. In one way it made me as remorseful as Atys in Catullus. But that cannot be helped. I, for one, am never really depressed or sad when something serious fills the mind.

Visited three or four constituents. One of them, a most intelligent fellow, told me all about the ways, superstitions, etc., of the fishermen at Gourdon. Learnt afterwards that my intelligent fellow, a boat-builder, had wrecked himself on whisky. At night to Montrose. My good host of the Star dined with me, and we had a pleasant evening together. So ends a day to be often recalled. Bervie hereafter a name of blessing.

Friday, October 1. — Montrose. Paid about a dozen visits, including one to an Independent minister, a young man fresh from Oxford and Mansfield. Highly intelligent and cultured; knew six languages; regretted to be so far from centre of intellectual or literary activity. Nay, said I, but the only centre of such activity is your own study, whether Montrose, Oxford, or London. "Here or nowhere is thine America," as Goethe said to the intending literary emigrant. A banal bit of solace, but, as I'm always finding, the commonplace is the true essential. It did me good, though, to think of a bright light of

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thought, knowledge, interest, burning away on this far-off shore. At the end of my visits, sauntered for half an hour on the sands — too tired for much active meditation.

Late in the afternoon to Arbroath. Read a story of A. Hope's. Dined alone at the hotel. Then at 8 had five or six trade unionists for a couple of hours to discuss the lock-out, etc. Capital fellows! When will some man arise to lead and command Labour? I doubt if he will come from their class. Some man with Mr. G.'s genius, devoted to social ends.

Saturday, October 2. — Thought of a few sentences for the business of the day. Strolled on the shore with my agent. At 4 presided over the ceremony of the presentation to my predecessor, and returned thanks for a toast of Parliament at a banquet later. Then out to Webster's. *Sunday, October* 3. — Grand day. Worked at notes for to-morrow's speech. Talk all day with Webster, Sinclair, C. Martin, etc., about politics, lock-out, etc. *Monday, October* 4. — Leisurely work at speech. Then after lunch to Forfar. Saw to a little local business. R. arrived from Kincraig. A very excellent meeting. Fear I gave them little but broken bottle-glass and sawdust: too deliberative, too grave. The passage on the lock-out cost me a good deal of thought. In the end, I was decently satisfied. *Tuesday, October* 5. — Intensely relieved to think the heavy corvée is at last really over.

The *Spectator* agreed with me that we were going too fast everywhere with annexation, but the British elector was too profoundly conscious of his own ignorance to make an election cry of that. So — the

writer concludes — though I had knowledge, and could see many subjects in a large point of view, the little Scottish tour must be called a failure, not from my demerit, but because official Liberalism was out of touch with popular sentiment. Most likely. *Nabochlish, nabochlish!*

CHAPTER III

POLICIES AND PERSONS

διαφερόντως τόδε ἔχομεν ὥστε τολμᾶν τε οἱ αὐτοὶ μάλιστα καὶ περὶ ὧν ἐπιχειρήσομεν ἐκλογίζεσθαι· ὃ τοῖς ἄλλοις ἀμαθία μὲν θράσος, λογισμὸς δὲ ὄκνον φέρει.

We have this peculiarity: we enter on bold adventure and we calculate beforehand, but the rest of the world take courage from thoughtlessness, and calculation only makes them hesitate. — THUCYDIDES.

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ONE day in Scotland, turning over Sallust I hit on the famous passage in the *Jugurtha* that Sallust borrowed from Thucydides, which I have prefixed as motto to this chapter. Occasion soon arose for musing over contemporary applications. When the Liberals came into office in 1892, and foreign policy came to the front in the first week of Mr. Gladstone's new Cabinet, an important member of it said to a friend that it was the most exciting week of his life. The minority showed itself to contain "the last remnant of the Manchester School: Harcourt and Morley from conviction strong; Mr. G. in a lesser degree. The Old Man is far the most susceptible to new influences." How the cloven hoof of Little England was revealed this particular week I do not remember, nor is it worth trying to recall. What was the battle about? It was not purely an affair of party, for Disraeli has less credit than he deserves for his insight into the principles of non-intervention.

Chamberlain always said that Little Englandism was not a term of reproach; it only means a particular view of policy. Imperialism means a totally different view. This ought to have been recognised as true, for after all there may be two different ways of loving one's country. The worst of it is that in foreign affairs everybody thinks it a duty to have a point-blank opinion, and the nearer it comes to pure guesswork on complex and obscure affairs, the more violent is the point-blank. With Chamberlain love of country now gave commanding prominence to recognition of the self-governing oversea dominions as part of the British Empire, united by ties of kindred, religion, language, and joined to us by the seas that formerly seemed to divide us. He became the paramount voice in forcing imperialist doctrine where Dilke, Rosebery, and Forster had led the way before him, and Seeley had given it literary form in one of the cardinal books of the time. In respect of territories not self-governing, the sense of possession has given place to the sense of obligation, justifying our rule by bringing security, peace, and comparative prosperity to lands that never knew them before; here we are fulfilling our national mission. Russia and the American Union are nothing in comparison with the Empire with which we have to deal. "I am not prepared to say that we have any right to be proud of all the steps that have been taken in the acquisition of the Empire. But it is a great potentiality; the greatest that was ever given to man." Well, nobody would deny either that Chamberlain's language on this sentiment was noble, or that it expressed his own heartfelt aspiration, though when we remember the quarrels as to suzerainty, paramountcy, and the other

juridical mysteries of English claim that led to the Boer War, misgiving as to the virtues of sovereign potentialities may well arise. Be that as it may, common-sense prescribed some qualification to Imperialism of these dimensions. The very word empire is in history and essence military; emperor means soldier; all modern history and tradition associate empires with war.

Asked at a meeting what I meant by a Jingo, I tried to define the genus mocked by that terse designation as men who held that territory was territory, and all territory was worth acquiring without regard to cost. We held the purse of Fortunatus, and were free to fling our millions abroad, with the certainty that benignant fairies would by magic make them good. We were not to disown our share in the collective responsibility of civilised peoples, and if the real or supposed interest and aspiration of another people claimed our aid, it would be unworthy of imperial greatness to compare the value of the object with the price, even if that price meant the insensate horrors of War. The advancement of the people of our own country in the note of civilised well-being was important but comparatively secondary.

With less than his usual substance and precision Asquith defined an Imperialist as one who believed in such expansion only as carried with it advantages not out of proportion to its obligations. Lord Salisbury suggested a graduated scale of wrong in conquest, apart from its abstract morality: (1) The worst where the motive was greed of empire, as the seizure of Alsace by Louis XIV., or of Silesia by Frederick. (2) A paler tinge where self-preservation forced aggression. (3) Lighter still is the responsi-

bility of Powers forced to conquer large territories in the course of resistance to unprovoked attack, as is the history of most of the acquisitions made by England in India. (4) Where the conquest rests upon some ancient claim, common race, or creed, or sympathy with the sufferings of its inhabitants; as in the conquest of Calais by the French or of Granada by the Spaniards. All this is luminous and actual, but on the whole, the art of definition does not seem to carry us far as a beacon for practical purposes. The theory of new Liberalism did not seem much more piquant or fertile than the respectable old. As it happened, in the fulness of time our distinguished apostles of Efficiency came into supreme power, with a share in the finest field for efficient diplomacy and an armed struggle, that could have been imagined. Unhappily they broke down, or thought they had (1915), and could discover no better way out of their scrape than to seek deliverance (not without a trace of arbitrary proscription) from the opposing party that counted Liberalism, old or new, for dangerous and deluding moonshine.

II

The mischances of the Government that had fallen in 1895 naturally left the Liberal party restless, disconcerted, and inclined to blame. The blame was distributed between the two leaders, Rosebery and Harcourt, and found uncomfortable vent in leading articles, caucus motions, and those incessant flying murmurs that are never busier than when the material for them is scantiest and most purely conjectural.

Rosebery, the late Prime Minister, formally withdrew (October 1896) from his station as head of the

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party, on two grounds. One was dissent from Mr. Gladstone about Armenia; the other, that he had not received the exceptional support, exceptional loyalty, and exceptional co-operation, without which no peer had any fair chance as leader. The language was guarded, and what by diplomatists is called correct. But personal implications are not easy in the popular eye to dissemble. A political party, strange as this may seem, is at the same time both the roughest, and one of the most delicate, of human machines. Ever so slight a new personal element suffices at the shortest notice to awaken suspicions, preferences, exclusions, exaggerations, bits of small malice, all multiplied daily and swollen in geometric progression by gossip. In this case personal partialities were undoubtedly identified with honest differences of political leaning. It needs no great knowledge either of English politics or of the heart of man to realise the murky atmosphere in which the Liberal leaders had now to work.

A second resignation followed tolerably soon. Harcourt's withdrawal from the leadership of our party in the Commons (1898) took the form, after much discussion between us, of a letter to me. He and I, he said, had rallied our shattered ranks in 1895, but it was now a party rent by sectional disputes and personal interests; this meant a party that no man would lead either with credit to himself or advantage to the country. He was not, and would not consent to be, a candidate for a contested position. He would be no party to such a degradation of the tone of public life in this country.

In my reply to Harcourt's letter I confirmed his repudiation of personal proscription. "I know well

enough that there have been whispers about your singling out this personage or that as men with whom you could not co-operate. I know how baseless they are; how precisely the reverse of the truth they are; how certain it is to anybody in accurate possession of the facts, that it was not from you, at any rate, that attempts at proscription, as you call it, have proceeded. You and I have not always agreed in every point of tactics, or of policy, since you have been the working leader of the Liberal party. For Government and Opposition alike, the times have been difficult and perplexing, and diversity of views on sudden issues was not on either side of the House unnatural. But I am confident that every colleague we have, who has shared our party counsels since the disaster of 1895, will join me in recognising the patience, the persistency, and the skill with which you have laboured to reconcile such differences of opinion as arose, and to promote unity of action among us. We are now to dismiss all this from our minds for no other reason that I know of than that you have not been able to work political miracles and achieve party impossibilities." On this he wrote me more than once in words of characteristic warmth. The language in my public reply he would regard as "a lasting memorial of our long friendship at a very critical period." "I shall never cease to be grateful for the generous way in which you have stood by me in this, the last crisis of my life" (Dec. 14, 1898).

Of course there was in this case no repetition of the cry after Mr. Gladstone's more famous resignation in 1874, that the sunshine had gone out of politics. It would have been childish to anticipate it. Among our colleagues the most important, as time showed (I

mean Campbell-Bannerman), assured Harcourt he was not at all surprised at his withdrawal. Two others, hardly less important, thought he could not have been reasonably expected to do otherwise. All were kind as could be expected, though two or three were discomposed, as was also to be expected.

Comments of a highly disingenuous species from quarters of nominal friends were good illustrations of the spirit that Harcourt found fatal to an effective lead. They unmasked batteries. The *Times*, on the other hand, more openly hit their nail on the head, by imputing the alleged want of loyal party support to what they called our crude, unpopular, and anti-national ideas, and to profound divergence of policy, aim, and temper in imperial affairs. This, let me say, was with the usual discount for bad language by no means wide of the mark. We had not very long to wait before mere party issues exploded on an imperial scale.

A new leader was found in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, far too sagacious and experienced a man not to be wide-awake to the formidable difficulties to which his sterling sense of public duty was exposing him. I saw him described the other day, by one with a right to an opinion, as the sincerest Liberal of our time. This may not be the best way of putting the truth, but truth it is that with no other leading Liberal of our time did diplomacy, transitory tactics, expediency of the hour, weigh lighter in the scale against principle. No other choice was practicable. He knew that from his fountains sweet and bitter waters alike would be expected. The cross currents that had displaced Harcourt from the helm began to run more violently than ever. The fatal quarrel

with President Kruger began, and by and by it opened the door to an energetic revival of the conflict between rival catchwords and discordant policies in the Liberal party in England. Machiavelli came into full season. Greenwood, who had no tenderness for that party or sorrow for its discords, had spoken, like the honest man he was, of the unlucky raid against President Kruger in this way: "In the joint and several qualities of deceit, hypocrisy, and violence, the design against the Transvaal Government might have been concocted from a recipe drawn from the eighteenth chapter of *The Prince*." In the labyrinth of all these affairs — committees, curious orders of reference, unmeaning reports, strange standards of honour — it would be unedifying to try to find a way, and here, at all events, no way is needed. The two most important of Liberal leaders allowed themselves to be drawn too closely into concert with Chamberlain in this labyrinth.

III

A critical moment on the eve of the declaration of war found me deep in the Hawarden archives. The facts, points, arguments, and some of the South African actors, were all well and even intimately known to me. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was away at Marienbad. So the Manchester Liberals had recourse to me with an urgency that I could not resist. As the occasion made some mark at that anxious moment, and no public meeting held in Manchester for many years excited such interest (Sept. 15, 1899), I may perhaps be forgiven for an epistolary version of it:

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We left home after luncheon, I, as usual, very uneasy lest words should not be put into my mouth. We reached Manchester towards five. Friends met us, not less uneasy than I was, for the very different reason of apprehension lest the enemy should insist that any words the Lord might put into my mouth should not come out therefrom. The war party had publicly advertised and encouraged attempts to smash the meeting, and young men were earnestly exhorted in patriotic prints at least for one night to sacrifice their billiards and tobacco, for the honour of their native land. The huge St. James's Hall was packed as it never had been packed before. Aggressive music of various kinds was loud. The Chairman was Bright's eldest son, but not a word was he allowed to utter by an audience of between eight and ten thousand people. Then my turn came, and for ten minutes more I had to face the same severe ordeal. At length they allowed me for an instant to launch the single, wholly indisputable truth in my whole budget, namely, that I was a Lancashire man. This talisman proved my salvation. After an hour of a judicious mixture of moderation, breadth, good-temper, with a slight guarded Lancastrian undertone of defiance, which they rather liked than resented, I sat down amid universal enthusiasm. The grand potent monosyllable with which I wound up was not to be resisted. "You may carry fire and sword into the midst of peace and industry: it will be wrong. A war of the strongest government in the world with untold wealth and inexhaustible reserves against this little republic will bring you no glory: it will be wrong. You may make thousands of women widows, and thousands of children fatherless: it will be wrong. It may add a new province to your empire: it will still be wrong. You may give buoyancy to the African stock and share market: it will still be wrong," etc. etc. Courtney, who was only a Cornishman came next, and made up for his sadly defective place of origin by a strong dish of sound arguments, spiced with the designation of Milner as "a lost mind."

The audience slowly poured itself away — both sections much mystified, one because they had been ruefully prepared

for the wicked triumph of physical force, and lo! physical force was on their side as well as moral, and even oratorical force; the other because they had found a wholly unexpected quietus. Well may Carlyle talk of the unspeakable importance of man to man, though he spoils it by the qualification that the cry of a million voices is nothing; it is the response of the individual soul gives force and encouragement. True, true, but if, unlike Carlyle, you have something definite to get done, the cry of the million voices is by no means nothing. We had a railway journey to Chester, then in a slow horse-drive in sousing rain to our Red House at Hawarden, where we found a welcome meal. And so to bed at 1 A.M. with a really clear conscience.

Much condemnatory correspondence on this proceeding followed in the columns of the *Times*. The Transvaal Republic declared war in October. Harcourt was full of instant approval of what I had done. "I envy you the honour of having led the Liberal host into action, and rejoice that I am now able to bring up the reserves in your support." It was a great satisfaction that "we should have been able to strike a common blow in so just a cause" (Sept. 22, 1899). With a truly friendly consideration he wrote to my wife to tell her of my reception by the Liberals in the House of Commons on October 19, and how clearly it showed that "the real majority of the Liberal party remain true to their principles, and the feeble and faint-hearted are shown up in their true colours." This proved, as national ill-luck would have it, a grievously sanguine interpretation.

I did my best to deserve Chamberlain's compliment in the House of Commons when he referred to my speeches made in the country on the Boer War, as "speeches of great moderation, and of great courage, because I had been championing what was un-

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doubtedly an unpopular cause." He was right in calling the cause unpopular; and some of the ultra-elect of my own party only ran their heads against stone walls, when they acted as if the walls were really the softer of the two. I am not sure, for that matter, that any war has ever been unpopular in this country at its start. The resolute opposition to Palmerston's intentions as to Denmark in 1864 — and they were very near to being engagements — was cabinet and parliamentary rather than popular; and a speech of Mr. Gladstone's was only just in time to keep the sword in its sheath. Argument has little chance after war has once got under full way. As John Adams put it, in 1776, a Torrent is not to be impeded by Reasoning, nor a Storm allayed by Ridicule. Bright said something of the same kind after the Crimean War, when his wisest utterances did not shake public opinion by a hair's breadth. The sensible saying, *Inter arma silent leges* — grossly misconstrued as it is by war governments — has an application of its own to the platform. That is the worst of war: it ostracises, demoralises, brutalises reason. Even Nelson, our glorious and most lovable of heroes, swore that he would like to hang every Frenchman who came near him, Royalist and Republican alike. Hate takes root as a tradition, and lasts.

The demand on the bravery of the new Liberal leader was soon aggravated by the formal organisation of a new and detached League of Liberals, adopting a line from which he was well known to dissent, and a public continuation, with a repaired banner, of the old cleavage in opinion and tendency. What was called the neo-Palmerstonism of Lord Rosebery had

powerful supporters, with ideals of imperial duty and expansion in which they seemed to outdo the moderate type of the Unionists themselves. They assumed the flag of an independent section, permanently and clearly distinguishing themselves from other Liberals whose opinions were declared to disqualify them from controlling parliamentary action in a world-wide community of nations. This was too extravagant even for the steady patience of Campbell-Bannerman. With a touch of wholesome anger he pronounced the harmony in four-fifths of the Liberal party, as to imperial policy, to be absolute, and the attempt to drive out of the party anybody whom the remaining fifth might choose to proscribe was nothing short of intolerable. Yet at no time did he spare pains, alike by personal and private appeal to leaders of the dissentient minority, against both the tactics and the spirit of their operations. He and I constantly took counsel together, and Harcourt, as all might have been very sure he would, gave him valiant support. Speeches of power and ambition were made, for few political cases are so mistaken as to be quite naked of all argument; but constructively little came of the League. In a war no middle section gets a real hold. The neo-Palmerstonians were confronted, and, in fact, overwhelmed, by the peculiar genius, the fire, and the popularity of Chamberlain, now risen to a commanding position, not merely in the struggle against the Boers, but as the effective oracle of Imperialist ideals. Ministers had an easy task in parliamentary defence, for they had only to answer the argument of one member of Opposition by the contradictory argument of another member sitting by his side; and the Leaguer's ingenuity was

employed in sharply criticising Government, while sedulously washing his hands of pro-Boers. As usual, events had a great deal more effect than spoken words. The General Election of 1900 confirmed the ministerial policy. Military mishaps, the profusion of some two hundred and fifty millions of money, the cruel losses of our own men, the stubborn gallantry of the enemy, made no difference in the general resolution not to repeat what was styled in cheap irony, the magnanimity of Majuba.

In this election an affection of the vocal chords reduced me to silence, but the constituency stood firm in spite of my absence, or as good-humoured opponents said by reason of it. We had now to wait from 1900 to 1905 for the disappearance of the Balfour Government, the end of our own disunion, and the seeming recovery of sound and tested principles. Among other things, free trade had successfully repulsed the first grand attack since its acceptance by the country sixty years before.

IV

If you have a book on your hands, Goethe said, nothing thrives near it, and that was my case for these three or four years. To quote a man as illustrious in fame as Goethe, "I will do as you wish," said Cicero to his friend, "but oh, when shall I find time to live?" In May of 1898 a great light went out of national life. The attempt to tell the story of Mr. Gladstone's character and career was proposed to me. My nearest friends, public and private, men of much experience both in books and in affairs, and well acquainted with the ground to

be covered, were unanimous in discouraging. The first sight of the huge mountain of material at Hawarden might well make the stoutest literary heart quail. Then the perusal of parliamentary debates is not the most attractive or nutritious branch of literary industry. It is a nice question whether old debates in Parliament or long protocols in diplomacy are the more tedious, among other reasons because we know the end. Mr. Gladstone's life was immersed in parliamentary debate. The duties with which new constituents had just entrusted me could not be neglected. The general expectations from the history of a man who had for more than sixty years filled a place of shining fame in the eye of the world, would be hard to satisfy. On the other hand, the confidence that he had reposed in me for some years during the most critical episode of his life, left a charge that I could not without something both of ingratitude and cowardice evade. So to work I went. Explorations in the crowded archives, with their two or three hundred thousand pieces, began in 1899. Two lieutenants gave me willing and valuable help: for the first half, Mr. Hirst, afterwards so well known as publicist and economist; for the second half William Stead, too soon taken from his friends, admirably trained by his wonderful father in all those arts of close attention and minute accuracy that were required by such work as he now undertook.

Though the subject was inspiring, it was no occasion for high attempts in literary expression. The difficulty was of another kind. The first quality required was architectonic; it lay in distribution of periods and phases, the right scale for a thousand

episodes, right proportions among wide and varied fields of incessant public policy and personal activity. To overmaster and compress the raw material, and to produce from it the lineaments of a singularly subtle and elastic mind, and the qualities of one of the most powerful and long-lived athletes that ever threw himself into the parliamentary arena — *hic labor, hoc opus!* I was much pressed to place the book before the public in instalments — a counsel only less pernicious than the more urgent protest against any publication at all within forty or fifty years, when everybody who knew, and most who might be supposed to care, would be dead. That my judgment should frequently be found erroneous by political opponents might be inevitable, but then this was at least as likely to happen with a biographer a generation or two later as to a contemporary now; nor did it matter. The task occupied four years of pretty vigorous exertion. It was by no means unrelieved. The recollection of our unbroken sympathy in great tasks, the well-remembered voice, his gestures, traits of manner, the flash from his falcon eye, accompanied and sustained me through it all. I was not wholly withdrawn from the daily round of duties in Parliament; and in the attempt to stem the tide of public opinion upon the Boer War, I did my best to fight the fight. The book went on, and grew far larger than I either expected or liked. But there was no hitch. The volumes appeared on the appointed day in October 1903, as punctually as if by Act of Parliament. It was no common satisfaction for me to try to pay a debt by inscribing the book to the electors of the Montrose Burghs, in grateful recognition of the

confidence and indulgence with which they had honoured me.

The public was vividly interested, as with so renowned a hero might have been expected. There were reasonable critics and no enemy. The sales for the first year were over 30,000, and the price being high, this was thought excellent. Cheaper editions followed in the autumn of next year; 30,000 copies went off in a week, and by the end of ten years 130,000 copies had been absorbed in all. They invited me to unveil a statue of Mr. Gladstone in Manchester, and another near Temple Bar in London. I cannot part company with this book better than by transcribing once more, by way of valedictory, a few of the words I used at Manchester, in 1901:

I came on a letter the other day where somebody wrote to him — and the words were true, "You have so lived and wrought that you have kept the soul alive in England." When he died Lord Salisbury said of him, "He was a great Christian." Yes; and I would add that he was not a Christian for nothing. He must many a time have used to himself the language of Wordsworth, one of the inspirers of his life —

> Earth is sick
> And Heaven is weary of the hollow words
> That States and Kingdoms utter when they talk
> Of truth and justice.

He, at all events, in face of the exigent demands of practical politics, did his best to bring truth and justice into the minds and hearts of his countrymen and of those with whom they had to deal. His language would not indeed be mine, but the signal truth remains that, when he saw nations stumbling into paths of wrong, he felt sure of moral retribution. He had in his soul a vision high in the heavens of the flash of an uplifted sword and the gleam of the arm of the avenging angel. The thought with which he rose in the morning and

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went to rest at night was of the universe as a sublime moral theatre, in which an omnipotent Dramaturgist uses kingdoms and rulers, laws and policies, to exhibit sovereign purposes for good. This was the thought that lighted up the prose of politics with a ray from the diviner mind, and exalted his ephemeral discourse into a sort of visible relation with the counsels of all time.

When he died, the tributes to his name not only at home but from foreign lands, awoke men to the fact that no other statesman on our famous roll had touched the imagination of so wide a world; never had so far-spread and honourable a pomp attended a British statesman to his grave. This is no excess of a funeral oration, but the literal truth. So here let me bid his great shade farewell and farewell. If those are right who say that the worth of a biography depends on its being done by one with whole-hearted and candid attachment to the man whose life he writes, then I am safe, *aut laudatus aut excusatus*. In biography the old rule for imaginative creation holds equally good — all depends upon the subject. Years devoted to such commemoration cannot have been ill employed.

V

In the autumn of 1904, with a painful shock, I learned one afternoon that Harcourt was no more. For nearly twenty years our intercourse had been constant, close, and not unimportant. He was an affluent and entertaining correspondent, and even in days of difficulty, the exchange of letters between us was unbroken. I had the pleasure, too, of many a visit on intimate terms at Malwood, a chosen spot

among the glades of the New Forest, a house and garden his own cherished creation and delightful. So, too, was his abounding solicitude for the comfort of his friends. In conversation he had most copious play of topics, the power of argument without contention, wit and humour exuberant, plenty of general literary knowledge, with special knowledge of one or two periods of English political history, and of the fine and powerful world of London for his own generation. He always thought there was much force in Disraeli's saying, "The great thing in politics is the personal." Serious or gay, you had an impression of force, though it was force entirely temporal and secular. He had no pretension to the rare type of those who by accost or glance or tone awaken and stimulate. He did not make disciples nor seek them, but he made many friends, and transitory bouts apart showed himself a warm and genial comrade. It was said of Wilkes that he spoke to nobody on his daily walk from his home at Storey's Gate to the Guildhall, who did not part from him with a smile or broad laugh. That was just as true of Harcourt. In domestic affections he was the most devoted of men. He enjoyed his pleasant ironies. Like Fox, whom he resembled also in strenuous regard for Whig principles, he had a right to say of himself, in spite of ready showers of potent sarcasm, that he was not a "good hater"; nor was it any habit of his to refuse the proffered hand. What passed for cynicism was in truth the air taken by his intellectual pride: of this quality, be it vice or virtue, he had his share. The judicious reader will not confuse pride of intellect with literary vanity, for one is compatible with a great mind and the other is not; though

the immortal case of Cicero, who was both great and vain, may make us hesitate in making our dictum too positive. As militant pamphleteer Harcourt was of the first order — as good as Junius or Swift or Bolingbroke, in weight, scorn, directness, trenchant stroke. When any ecclesiastical pretensions irritated the Erastianism that was the deepest and most undying of his political tenets, his pen made prelates and their crosiers shake.

He always exulted in declaring himself a thorough eighteenth-century man. He applauded Sir Robert Walpole's "fine and brutal antagonism to 'the nonsense which is now sometimes called the spirit of the age.' It was all absurdity about his corruption: he paid the fools to do what the wise men told them — a very good bargain. It was the Philistines who made England." As might have been expected, he was no admirer of Cromwell. Oliver's work perished with him, so he maintained. "I am like Clarendon and Burke, too much of a conservative." I suspect that the other Cromwell, with his famous Act of Supremacy, would have been more in favour, for his work at any rate by no means perished with him, and its durability was the object of Harcourt's most strenuous care all through his career. In foreign policy he admired Bolingbroke's dictums, as that of a good *via media* jingo: "We must always remember that we are not part of the continent, but we must never forget that we are neighbours to it." He knew much more, and some thought that possibly he even cared more, about what was once the everlasting theme of the Peace of Utrecht, than about Pitt's Act of Irish Union, which is also an everlasting theme. He had his own strong views of history, to

which he had attended more than he took the trouble to show. He liked my Machiavelli, and suggested a more extended examination of the public moral sense of the last three centuries, adding casually on his own account as one of the keys to begin with that the Italy of the sixteenth century poisoned France through the Valois race, and less directly the Stuart régime in England. The Renaissance to his mind was worse than the brutality of the fifteenth century. In physical science, though he knew its importance, and valued and respected its explorers, he was not proficient, nor in fact was any other political leader, unless as acute and appreciative learner it be Mr. Balfour. Nor had he any concern in abstract political theory; that was no part of his business. He did not much believe in mending the House of Lords. There are two things, he said, that you can neither mend nor end: the House of Lords is one, the other is the Pope of Rome. He once was bold enough to say, to me of all men, that he looked upon Mill as the most unsound of all authorities on finance and economics. I felt reasonably avenged when he came later on to his celebrated saying, "We are all Socialists now."

Like other politicians, he professed to keep the politics of the day at a distance, but business was business, and he took good care not to miss any practical point that might turn up even in the recess for motions, resolutions, amendments, and all the apparatus of contention. In this respect Malwood was unlike Hawarden; there, except for purposes of large counsel, politics were almost out of order, and there was not, I think, a volume of Hansard in the house. In the autumn of 1897 Harcourt describes

himself as "vegetating at Malwood, thinking of a speech." Whether his fallow would or would not produce a crop he did not know: "I am waiting for a ram in the thicket, but you and Asquith will have slain the whole flock."

The questions for a party leader, when he hears one of the pieces of news with which his attention is so necessarily invaded, are whether it matters and how much it matters. Harcourt was by temperament apt to miss proportion, but he had immense reserves of strong sense, and when he was away from the fretful fever of clubs and lobbies his qualities of judgment had their best chance. He was never of a disposition to refuse a challenging glove thrown at his feet. "In politics boldness is generally the wisest thing and the safest." But then, with a seeming inconsistency that no sensible politician can ever escape, he next week says that the great need is always "caution, caution, caution." Of course, and nobody knew better that both his maxims hinge on circumstance.

Days at Malwood naturally recall St. Anne's Hill, where Fox spent his happy days of political exile disappointed, never soured. We may amuse ourselves by imaginary dialogues, manly and splendid, between this most doughty pair of great Whigs. Was Fox right when he declared that the party system is the best security for liberty and wisdom in government; does most for the morals and happiness of mankind, and by teaching men to hold responsible counsel with other men, and to depend upon one another; is the only way in which a rational man can hope to stem the power and influence of the Crown? So much on one side. I can picture the imperious energy with

which Harcourt would have explained to Mr. Fox that the power and influence for rational men to stem no longer resided in the Crown, but in the strange, subtle forces called Public Opinion; that public opinion is apt to involve fatal contentment with simple answers to complex questions; money freely laid on a flashing favourite this week, deep curses on what has proved the wrong horse the week after; the creation, through a thousand seen and unseen channels, of Great Finance — the field where Harcourt showed such splendid insight, skill, and courage. Then we may conceive the disputants next day seeking easier ground in Fox's proposition that if a man's object is public speaking, Euripides ought to be his constant study, scarcely less than Homer himself. Perhaps Harcourt would have told him that Euripides and Homer alike had long followed the power of the Crown in our modern senate. Never again will either House hear a Minister declaim the solemn hexameters of Lucretius, among the noblest in all poetry; or the verses where Virgil describes the husbandman turning up with rake and plough the rusty javelins, empty helms, and mighty bones of a forgotten battle-field of long ago; or like Pitt in his glorious speech against the Slave Trade, inspired by the shooting of a beam of the rising sun through the windows of the House to the most beautiful and apt of recorded parliamentary impromptus in the two Latin lines:

> Nos . . . primus equis Oriens afflavit anhelis,
> Illic sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper.

This disappearance of a once admired parliamentary habit, if anybody will lay it to heart, is significant of

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a great many more important things than a casual change in literary taste. Not that literary taste was absent.

Harcourt was the last of that long train of reasoners, debaters, orators, law-makers, great from Somers and Sir Robert Walpole onwards. New elements of feeling were edging their way into the public mind. The old plain, hard, secular, common-sense, after the Reform Bill of 1832 had revolutionised the foundations of parliamentary aristocracy, has become deepened and enriched, but changed. Harcourt was the last stout-hearted representative of the parliamentary polity of a long and not inglorious era.

CHAPTER IV

VISIT TO AMERICA

I have grown to manhood and am now growing old with the growth of this system of government in my native land. . . . I have been an ear-witness to the forebodings of wise and good and timid men, and have lived to see those forebodings belied by the course of events, which is apt to show itself humorously careless of the reputation of prophets. — J. RUSSELL LOWELL.

I

IN the course of the summer of 1896 I went to receive the coveted honour of a D. C. L. at the Oxford Commemoration. Here is the pleasant memory as recounted, I hope without undue elation, to a friend:

Tuesday, June 23. — The long-expected day arrived, and at three o'clock I found myself in my well-loved Oxford, full of pleasurable anticipations, and with a thousand touching associations and recollections floating through my head. Drove to Corpus, where my good friend, the President, and my old tutor, gave me his heartiest welcome. We took an easy walk round Christ Church meadows, chatting about old friends, the Government, Oxford politics, and so on. At 7, I put on my Master's gown, and we went to dine in the old College, with the Rector and Fellows: a large party at the high table, and plenty of pleasant talk about nothing in particular. The hall was rather haunted with ghosts — Pattison, Morison, Bradshaw, and above all, the ghost of your good friend J. M. Walked home in the cool night. Read Arnold's two lovely Oxford poems. Went to bed with the harmonious feel proper for the occasion.

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Wednesday, June 24. — Breakfast party — Pelham, A. Sidgwick, etc. Reasonably pleasant. At noon donned my grand robe with a thought or two on *Sartor Resartus*, and went with Fowler to the V. Chancellor at Queen's. All the company assembled. Marched in procession to the theatre. Waited in divinity school (Lords sat here when the Caroline Parliament met in Oxford) until called in. Had very good reception, but J. C. was the hero. He and I were cheek by jowl all the time — easy and affable as we ought to be. The theatre was amusing enough in its curious small way. Great scenes have happened there. Luncheon in the noble library at All Souls, with the statue of Blackstone at the end. A scene to remember. Plenty of talk. Dinner at Christ Church: a superb hall indeed, one of the most glorious things in Oxford or in England. I sat between Mowbray and Marsh, the American philologer: much conversation with the first about the rejection of Mr. Gladstone thirty years ago, the mismanagement of the present Government, and other miscellanea. Mowbray is a fine parliamentary type of the shrewd, experienced, plain-spoken, upright man. The Dean proposed the toasts; spoke well, with fluency, point, and force. Chamberlain responded for the House of Commons, better than he spoke at Cambridge in 1892, when he and I were made doctors together and spoke together. Mr. Bayard and I replied for the new doctors. It was certainly pleasant, as I told them, that they should have conferred this coveted honour on one whose opinions, whether in politics or deeper things than politics, Oxford does not favour. Very honourable to them and not dishonourable to anybody else. On the whole, I enjoyed the "festal light in Christ Church Hall" best of all the work of the day: the hall, the long series of historic portraits (including my old chief), the plate, the scarlet robes — truly festal.

Thursday, June 25. — Left Oxford betimes. Travelled up with Goschen. Very pleasant, as always. Papers very civil about Chamberlain and me — "The two most respected men in England to-day," said one. I have not purged myself of the bad habit of looking to *suffragium alienum*, or else this scarlet

gown would not give me half so much pleasure as it does. But then is regard for *suffragium alienum* wrong in democracy? Phocion thought so, but Phocion came to a bad end.

At some later date, Sir William Anson, that most attractive and capable of Oxford heads, who united the ways of a liberal-minded country gentleman to effective work in legal and constitutional studies, joined his colleagues at All Souls in electing me to be an honorary fellow in succession to Acton. One more wreath of laurel in the academic sphere was placed upon my brows in 1908, when they chose me to succeed the Duke of Devonshire (himself the successor of Lord Spencer) as Chancellor of the University of Manchester, the capital city of my native land. I made a complacent note of it to my Indian viceroy:

This is only an apology for not writing you a letter. I have been having a rather fatiguing piece of work in the shape of my installation as Chancellor of Manchester University in succession to Spencer and Devonshire — a post of which I am particularly proud for many reasons. You are more accustomed than I am to high ceremonial; two hours of bows in a hot summer day, and apt compliments, and academic exhortations, in a heavy robe with any quantity of gold lace (*il faut souffrir pour être beau!*), are no joke. If you had seen me officially inspecting the University volunteers, you would have been really impressed. Haldane kindled their martial ardour by his usual trumpet-note. Balfour gave us a charming speech. Curzon was silent, but wore a stately look as Chancellor of Oxford. Though tiring, it was a most pleasant holiday, just as for you if you had shot a brace of tigers. I'll be back at the Himalayas, the Ganges, Simla, and all the rest of you, in an hour or two.

One evening in August 1902, after a long day's cruise with Carnegie in the Moray Firth, I was

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greeted by my hostess with the daily paper announcing that King Edward had instituted an Order of Merit. To my unfeigned surprise, and the warm contentment of the kind-eyed friends around me, my name was found upon the list. The initial group only contained a dozen members.[1] Of the twelve only three after fifteen years survive. Of such decorative things Browning in some lines under the inoffensive title of *Respectability,* hit the right moral: "The world's good word! — the Institute! Put forward your best foot!"

II

At the end of 1904 I accompanied my friends, the Carnegies, on their return home to America. I had been there before in 1868. America had undergone a thousand changes in the intervening years, and so on a microcosmic scale had the visitor. Most memories of that distant date had grown paler. Charles Sumner, who played a conspicuous and indefatigable part in the mighty struggle that had just come to an end, showed me much kindness. He more than once took me into the Senate, where among other things I heard a fierce vituperation of my own country from a senator who had made a speciality of that subject, not, however, without some sympathy from his hearers, as if they privately found his words a relief to their feelings as well as his own. The dangerous question of the Alabama claims was still fuliginous and ready to break into open blaze. I had talks with the northern generals from Grant

[1] Roberts, Wolseley, Kitchener; Rayleigh, Kelvin, Lister; Admiral Keppel, Lecky, Morley, Huggins, Watts, R. A., Admiral Sir Edward Seymour.

to Sherman downwards, including General Butler, whose doings in New Orleans had been rather violently misunderstood in England.

By way of the humaner letters, I had half a dozen saunters through the streets of Washington with Walt Whitman, then a clerk not very high up, I think, nor very highly paid, in the office of the Attorney-General. I had come to the new world on the look-out for new things, and assuredly without a whiff of what Lowell about that time scourged as condescension in foreigners, which made them think the worse of Lexington for not being in Greece, or of Gettysburg because its name was not Marathon. But I was fairly ready for any amount of novelties in reason; still, Whitman's doctrines of art without apparel did not at once conquer me. I liked the kindly geniality of his ways, but he could not persuade me that Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, and their school had none of the real secrets of life and nature to tell, and that the future masters of song and imaginative truth must at once begin afresh alike in thought and form. I was more than content to stop at Emerson, and I was not any less content as years passed. The figure of Thoreau had quitted its strange place in American life a few years before, if he and his *Walden* can be said to have had a place. Else I should have sought a sight of that clear-eyed and untrimmed embodiment of the life with nature on which men muse when they are sick of convention and imposing drapery.

I made the acquaintance of important editors of all political colours, from Gordon Bennett of the *Herald* up to Godkin, who was just beginning his important start with the *Nation*. I had interesting

conversations with the writer whose accounts of the economic and social conditions of the Slave States on the eve of the Civil War are hardly, if at all, less interesting than Arthur Young's travels in France on the eve of the Revolution. Olmsted, the author, was a man of remarkable capacities of more kinds than one, and people who have little taste for social records may, none the less, when they wander in the Central Park of New York, admire his genius as landscape gardener. I was wise enough in 1868 to leave the country without venturing, with such meteoric short notice, in spite of many urgent demands, on a single original idea as to the institutions of the American Union, their durability, or the sort of pattern they were destined to supply for democracy in Europe.

The date of my second pilgrimage was lucky, for I was at the great amorphous city of Chicago on the day of the polling for the President, when Mr. Roosevelt won his famous landslide victory. It was all a curious contrast to electoral scenes in palmy fighting days upon the Tyne: no speeches, no genial tumult; voting papers half a yard long, and embracing all the offices, including judges and magistrates. The last was a momentary shock, until I bethought me how much the appointment of justices of the peace, and even in some cases of judges of the land, had been rightly open to radical question in my own country. At a non-political banquet in the evening there was much friendly animation as the Chairman read out from time to time the telegram with a new poll — a thoroughly enjoyable occasion for an expert in elections. Next day I found myself at Washington, the guest of the conquering hero at the White House. No words are needed for that rare and most attractive

personality. Not often have I passed a week so interesting in the chief figure and the striking circumstances around him. It was impossible, and we did not try, to be unconscious of the fact that something or another had drawn him and me into two different political schools. The President had shown himself both student and writer enough to have been a power in professional letters, if he had liked. His political premises and axioms, as I ventured to think, came from overpowering energy of physical temperament rather than from firm or exhaustive ratiocination. For those at Cambridge and elsewhere who bore the name "mugwumps," he had as disrespectful a feeling as their ugly Algonquin designation might be thought to deserve. It rather recalled the sort of contempt expressed to me by poor Walt Whitman six-and-thirty years before for writers of the same breed. When I found myself among men of this stamp, like Dr. Eliot of Harvard and my well-loved friend of many years, Charles Norton, I felt that there was more room for the pure milk of the Millite, Cobdenite, Gladstonian word, than in the energetic gales of the presidential home of my new friend at Washington. That did not matter: the President cheerfully allowed me to wave my drab-hued flag and to testify at my pleasure. He left nothing undone to bring me into contact with the heads of departments, and to illustrate the variety of stocks that were making the new America who had that week chosen him to be her chief man.

As I stood on the deck of the steamer that was to carry me home, there was the usual band of miscellaneous inquirers. "What is it that has impressed you most during your visit?" *J. M.* "Undoubtedly

two things, the President and Niagara Rapids." If they had asked me what quarter of the vast continent I should have chosen for my place of exile in case of deportation from my native island, I think I might, apart from low temperature, have said Quebec. It is picturesque; the heights up which Wolfe clambered with Gray's *Elegy* in his pocket recall one of England's most heroic military exploits; the unlucky French commander's brave and magnanimous spirit was to match; the French of Bossuet and Louis the Fourteenth was interesting and, with all respect, not unamusing to an ear only used to the Parisian boulevards and the Comédie Française. Finally Quebec might have helped to show us how to settle the Irish question. M. Arnold ten years before declared that he found Quebec far the most interesting thing on that continent.

Hospitality was unbounded, always kind, considerate, and on more than one public occasion resplendent. I had the honour to attend a powerful public feast one evening at New York, on which the comment next day was that Demosthenes and Cicero were great orators, but neither of them ever addressed an audience good for a millionth part of the minae, drachmae, sesterces, or whatever else stood for the dollar in the currency of Greece and Rome, represented in the assemblage addressed by Mr. Morley last night. It was no business of mine to discuss the right of a man to be rich, or of a community to admire wealth acquired, as the most stout-hearted of Roman sages put it, *agendo, vigilando, consulendo.*

This at least was clear to the most casual observer with any knowledge of the contributions of the magnates round the tables towards endowment for

great common purposes, that private munificence moved by the spirit of high public duty has never been shown on a finer scale than by American plutocracy working in a democratic atmosphere. Materialist, practical, and matter-of-fact as the world of America may be judged, or may perhaps rightly judge itself, everybody recognises that commingled with all that is a strange elasticity, a pliancy, an intellectual subtlety, a ready excitability of response to high ideals, that older worlds do not surpass, even if they can be said to have equalled it.

As for oratorical glory and the ancients, it would have been in place for people who, like most of us, live on faith in Progress to recall that at any banquet adorned by Demosthenes or Cicero the dishes would have been cooked and served by slaves, though there was difference enough between them and the black-faced slaves of Georgia and Carolina. They might, either of them, well have envied Bright the English orator who described the glorious conflict that ended slavery in America — "how the ground reeled under four years of agony, until at last, after the smoke of the battlefield had cleared away, the horrid shape which had cast its shadow over a whole continent had vanished and was gone for ever." After all, it was the America who was thought to admire overmuch the mountains of drachmae and sesterces, that had written this benignant and decisive chapter in the annals of mankind.

I felt no need to remind them that the population of Attica was only 350,000, yet was mother of arts and eloquence. Nor did I preach any sermons on the text that neither plutocracy nor democracy, nor both together, were necessarily the same thing as

progress. It was interesting, by the way, to hear from more than one quarter that it would be fatal to a man's chance in American politics to be a declared free-thinker. That seems to be true. We had better not praise or blame Republics for this, when we consider France, where the exact opposite is too near the truth. Jefferson and Franklin at any rate were pretty declared free-thinkers in their important time.

I came home after a delightful visit planned by two of the most cordial and ingenious of hosts and entertainers, having heard much about all the "problems," and made friendly acquaintances of most of those who have them in their minds and on their hands. Mr. Carnegie had proved his originality, fulness of mind, and bold strength of character, as much or more in the distribution of wealth as he had shown skill and foresight in its acquisition. We had become known to one another more than twenty years before through Matthew Arnold. His extraordinary freshness of spirit easily carried Arnold, Herbert Spencer, myself, and afterwards many others, high over an occasional crudity or haste in judgment such as befalls the best of us in ardent hours. People with a genius for picking up pins made as much as they liked of this: it was wiser to do justice to his spacious feel for the great objects in the world — for knowledge and its spread, invention, light, improvement of social relations, equal chances to the talents, the passion for peace. These are glorious things; a touch of exaggeration in expression is easy to set right. His early effusion on the *Gospel of Wealth* excited vigorous and sympathetic interest in Mr. Gladstone, and Carnegie's name speedily came to be associated in a wide

world with lively discussion. Feel for great objects has not been all. Millions of money have not been all. He is an idealist who lives and works with his ideals, and drudges over them every day of his life. He maintained the habit of applying his own mind either to the multifarious projects that flooded in upon him from outside, or to elaborating the independent notions that sprung up within him from his observant common sense in union with the milk of human kindness. Rapidity, energy, confident enthusiasm, were the mark of his days. As he said to one of those to whom he was attached, "Don't look as if you were overwhelmed with gravity; don't let people think you have got as much as you can carry. It is not so much for a superior man that he suffices for his day's work, as that his day's work suffices for him." High spirits are to be no small part of the whole duty of man. Invincible optimism, either as to the whole world's progressive course, or the disappearance of obstacles to any wise enterprise in particular, sometimes provoked impatience in those of a less mercurial temperament. It was in fact his key to life when he said that, having retired from all other business, his business had become to do as much good as he could in the world. Optimism was more than a theory in a man who had been a successful fighter through life, and had made so many others sharers in his victories.

Much too shrewd to suppose one man competent by himself to perfect and administer all the many schemes to which his name belongs, it is impossible not to admire the pains he has taken in inducing the right men to co-operate as trustees and in firing them with sympathy. Without them miscarriage

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would have been certain. It has been his just pride and pleasure to find men capable of his own zeal, and to give their time and attention without reward except the reward of conscience and public duty. As might have been expected, no inquiry was to be made as to what any beneficiary might think about future life or kindred dogmas. His enthusiasm for Burns and his radiant knowledge and love of Shakespeare are good testimony to his fine gaiety of heart. A strenuous disputant, yet he knows how to keep himself in order by quick, racy, and superabundant sense of humour. A man of high and wide and well-earned mark in his generation.

CHAPTER V

AN EASTER DIGRESSION

Of all the views of the world possible to a poetical mind in the Caesarian age this was the noblest and most ennobling, that it is a benefit for men to be released from a belief in the immortality of the soul, and thereby from the evil dread of death which steals over men like terror creeping over children in a dark room. — MOMMSEN.

I

THE approach of Easter had tempted us towards the scene of a poet's musings on the same day years before — "the great sinful streets of Naples." But time was too short, hygienic memories of a last visit were not seductive, and weather seemed more propitious to such changes of mind as a library might promise. So, with Hobbes's warning at heart, that we should either work or play, but never loiter, I stayed in my library, my Penseroso from beneath his helm-like bonnet watching with what Ruskin calls that ghostly vitality of his.

I began a holiday by turning over a little sheaf of desultory collectanea, including a slender volume of *Les grands hommes qui sont morts en plaisantant*, and another on students killed in climbing from their ladders to high bookshelves. I took out some of them that had a sort of connection with one another, bound by the mortal link that must concern us always, holidays and workdays alike. Here are one or two of my scattered specimens; they will at least do no harm.

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QUEEN ELIZABETH. (*Philosophy of the man of action.*) — As for me, I see no such great reason why I should either be proud to live, or fear to die. I have had good experience of this world. I have known what it is to be a subject, and I now know what it is to be a sovereign. Good neighbours I have had, and I have met with bad; and in trust, I have found treason. I have bestowed benefits on ill deservers; and where I have done well, I have been ill reputed and spoken of. When I call to mind things past, behold things present, and look forward to things to come, I *count them happiest that go hence soonest.* Nevertheless . . . I am armed with better courage than is common in my sex, so that whatsoever befalls me, death shall never find me unprepared.

LEIGHTON. (*The Scotch divine of the time of the Restoration, indifferently episcopal and presbyterian, the friend of Bishop Burnet who reports this of him.*) — There were two remarkable circumstances in his death. He used often to say that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn, it looking like a pilgrim's going home, to whom this world was all an inn, and who was weary of the noise and confusion of it. He added that the officious tenderness of his friends was an entanglement to a dying man, and that the unconcerned attendance of those that could be procured in such a place would give less disturbance. He had his wish.

SWIFT. (*His tragic letter when he heard in London that Stella was dead or dying.*) — "If you believe," he writes, "she cannot hold out till my return, I would not think of coming to Ireland. . . . I would not for the universe be present at such a trial of seeing her depart. She will be among friends that upon her own account and great worth will tend her with all possible care, where I should be a trouble to her, and the greatest torment to myself. . . . I am of opinion that there is not a greater folly than to contract too great and intimate a friendship, which must always leave the survivor miserable."

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE. (*To the Countess of Essex*, 1674, *on her grief at the death of her only daughter. A long eloquent*

letter, of which this is the wholesome kernel.) — Your complaints ought to be turned into acknowledgments, for the goods or blessings of life are usually esteemed to be birth, health, beauty, friends, children, honour, riches. Now when your ladyship has fairly considered how God Almighty has dealt with you in what He has given you of all these, you may be left to judge yourself how you have dealt with Him in your complaints for what He has taken away. But if you look about you and consider other lives as well as your own, and what your lot is in comparison with those that have been drawn within the circle of your knowledge; if you think how few are born with honour, how many die without name or children, how little beauty we see, how few friends we hear of, how many diseases and how much poverty there is in the world, you will fall down upon your knees, and instead of repining at one affliction, will admire so many blessings as you have received at the hand of God.

GLADSTONE. (*Cranmer at the stake.*) — Do you remember Jeremy Collier's sentence on his bravery at the stake, which I count one of the grandest in English prose? "He seemed to repel the force of the fire, and to overlook the torture by strength of thought." Thucydides could not beat that.

SIR HENRY VANE. — "Death holds a high place in the policy and great communities of the world. . . . It is the part of a valiant and generous mind to prefer some things before life, as things for which a man should not doubt nor fear to die. . . . True natural wisdom pursueth the learning and practice of dying well, as the very end of life, and indeed he hath not spent his life ill that hath learned to die well. It is the chiefest thing and duty of life. The knowledge of dying is the knowledge of liberty, the state of true freedom, the way to fear nothing, to live well, contentedly, and peaceable. . . . It is a good time to die, when to live is rather a burden than a blessing, and there is more ill in life than good." When his hour came, Vane's actual carriage on Tower Hill was as noble and resolute as his words.

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PLUTARCH. (*Death of Pericles.*) — When he was near his end, the best of the citizens and those of his friends who were left alive, sitting about him, were talking of the greatness of his merits, and his powers, and reckoning up his famous actions, and the number of his victories. They talked thus together among themselves, as though he were unable to mind what they said, and that his senses were gone; he took notice of every word, and speaking out among them, said that he wondered they should commend and take notice of things which were as much owing to fortune as to anything else, and at the same time should not make mention of that which was the most excellent and greatest thing of all. "For," said he, "no Athenian, through my means, ever wore mourning."

LA FONTAINE. (*Death and the Woodcutter.*) — Bent under the weight of his faggots and the long toil of years, striving for his hovel of a home, at length he casts down his logs, and thinks of his hard lot. What pleasure has he ever had, often without bread, always without rest — his wife, his children, soldiers, taxes, debts, forced labour. He calls aloud for Death. Coming in an instant Death bids him say what it is he wants. "To help me," entreats the Woodcutter, "to hoist the load up on my back again; it won't take you long." Better go on suffering than to die. Such is ever the motto of mankind.

MONTAIGNE. — Look on earth and at the poor people scattered over it, bowed and bent, intent on their work, knowing nothing of Aristotle or Cato, either of example or precept; from them day after day nature exacts lessons of constancy and patience, purer and more unsophisticated than those we study with such care in the school; how many of them do I regularly see who make little of poverty; how many who would fain die, and who pass death without fright or affliction. The man there digging my garden has this morning buried his father or his son. The names by which they call their maladies take off their edge and soften them; phthisis is for them a cough, dysentery only a looseness, pleurisy no more than a stitch; and as they name them gently, so they bear them; they must be grievous indeed to stay

their everyday toil; they never keep to their beds save to die.

VICTOR HUGO. (*Death on the midnight field at Waterloo.*) — Si quelque chose est effroyable, s'il existe une réalité qui dépasse le rêve, c'est ceci: vivre, voir le soleil, être en pleine possession de la force virile, avoir la santé et la joie, rire vaillamment, courir vers une gloire qu'on a devant soi éblouissante, se sentir dans la poitrine un poumon qui respire, un cœur qui bat, une volonté qui raisonne, parler, penser, espérer, aimer, avoir une mère, avoir une femme, avoir des enfants, avoir la lumière, — et tout à coup, le temps d'un cri, en moins d'une minute, s'effondrer dans un abîme, tomber, rouler, écraser, être écrasé, voir des épis de blé, des fleurs, des feuilles, des branches, ne pouvoir se retenir à rien, sentir son sabre inutile, des hommes sous soi, des chevaux sur soi, se débattre en vain, les os brisés par quelques ruades dans les ténèbres, sentir un talon qui vous fait jaillir les yeux, mordre avec rage des fers de chevaux, étouffer, hurler, se tordre, être là dessous, et se dire: tout à l'heure j'étais un vivant.[1]

SCOTT (*on a rule of nature*). — We speak freely of her whom we have lost, and mix her name with our ordinary conversation. This is the rule of nature. All primitive people speak of their dead, and I think virtuously and wisely. The Highlanders speak of their dead children as freely as of their living members, how poor Colin or Robert would have acted in such or such a situation. It is a generous and a manly tone of feeling.

[1] "If anything in the world is frightful, if there exists a reality that exceeds dream, 'tis this: to be alive, to see the sun, to be in full possession of a man's strength, to have health and gladness, to laugh in brave spirits, to hasten towards a glory in full front of you, dazzling; to feel in your breast a lung that breathes, a heart that beats, a will with reason; to speak, to think, to hope, to love; to have a mother, to have a wife, to have children, to have light . . . then all at once the time for a cry in less than a minute, to crash down into an abyss, falling, crushing, crushed; to see wheat-stalks, flowers, leaves, branches; to find nothing to cling to — to feel your sword no use; men beneath you, horses on top of you. To struggle in vain, bones all broken by rearings in the dark; to feel a horse-hoof that makes your eyes burst out, to bite the horse-shoes in mad rage, to writhe, shriek, stifle; to lie there and to say: A moment ago and I was a live creature."

II

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I took it into my head that I might do worse than give a day or two to reviving memories of Lucretius, the ancient poet who fits in so closely with leading thoughts, and contests of thought, in our present day, to say nothing of Helvetius, d'Holbach, and others, on whom I had exercised mind and pen of old. It evidently matters much what book, prose or verse, lays hold of a man and of what book he happens by temperament, teaching, training, or accident to lay hold. *The Nature of Things* can hardly be called a book to live with, but it is full of grandeur, sympathetic feeling, sublime sonorous music, that a reader may be glad and all the better for having near him. Lucretius like Machiavelli is one of the great figures in literature who have gone through long spells of what is called immortality, bearing all the time a bad name. Singular is his story. His life was "invisible and dim." His one poem was never completed. Its duration hung upon a single manuscript. The manuscript appeared and disappeared for successive centuries. Whether his influence persisted in traces obscure and rare through the theologies and philosophies of the Middle Ages, scholars earnestly dispute. Some contend that in influence he was only second to Aristotle, and in continuous popularity only second to Virgil. Poet, savant, philosopher, he claims a place in three spheres. Nobody, I should think, reads his unique poem literally through. Mommsen finds Lucretius as savant absolutely unreadable. Others measure the poet, and insist that if you take a round figure for what you have a right to call poetry, you come to no more than 1800 lines out of 7400. More fastidious persons will have it there are

only 700 really fine or memorable lines in the whole six books. About numbers this quarrel, like so many if not most quarrels of taste, is trivial. Even those who firmly choose to skip three-quarters still are conscious of the sound of a voice that is sublime, and the might of an imagination that soars on triumphant pinions beyond the flaming ramparts of the world. Whatever definition of poetry we may borrow from the poets themselves — whether "a speaking picture" or "invention" (Johnson) or "articulate music" (Dryden) — the tense, defiant, concentrated, scornful, fervid, daring, and majestic verse of Lucretius is unique and his own.

It is not hard to see why he should have had this bad name. He was vehemently unorthodox on sacred fundamentals — a pagan, without religion, or the feeling for it. This last is what mankind are slowest to forgive. It is curious that, as I think, Dante finds no place for Lucretius in any of his three spheres of the other world, Inferno, Purgatory, or Paradise. Again, to readers who did not go much below the surface, he was what in our days is loosely, and somewhat promiscuously, labelled Pessimist. Pessimism — which, let us recollect, is a very different thing from misanthropy — has many a shape, and voices beyond counting. A learned Grecian of our time has assured us that Aeschylus, though a strictly religious pagan, like Pindar, may well be called a pessimist, nay, "the very patriarch and first preacher of pessimism," and of this the Grecian finds his illustration in Prometheus, who redeems men from the low estate in which they were born, instructs them in all art and knowledge to lift them up from their sorry plight, discovers without disparagement or blame that they listen

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without hearing, and in the end is repaid by cruel exile in iron chains upon the frosty Caucasus. However this may be, pessimism ranges from the passionate laments of Israel; the clear-eyed melancholy of the Greek; the savage and unholy imaginations of the man like Swift, who on his birthday ever read Job's third chapter; the crystal lustre of Leopardi's unchangeable despair and lacerating irony; the transitory effusions of German *Weltschmerz,* or the effronteries of Zarathustra. Lucretius stands alone in the controversial force and energy with which the genius of negation inspires him, and transforms into sublime reasons for firm act, so long as living breath is ours, the thought that the life of a man is no more than a dream of a shadow, the generation of men no more than the generation of leaves, putting forth to air and sky, then scattered by autumn winds to earth.

His philosophy was borrowed from a Greek, but Lucretius was Roman, and the furious havoc of Rome in his day may well have awakened in him energetic thought on the problems of the world, such as may happen even to men with none of his commanding genius in any age, ancient or our own, who have the misfortune to be brought into sight of the like ruin of distracted States and insensate men.

Among the most singular of those who have tried their hands at turning Lucretius into English must be counted the wife of the famous puritan, Colonel Hutchinson. She turned him into verse, as she says, out of youthful curiosity to understand things she heard so much discourse of at second-hand. In time the admirable woman grew to be as angry with Lucretius as if he had been an episcopalian royalist,

with his "foppish casual dance of atoms," and the other senseless superstitions.

Later than Jeremy Taylor a verse translation by a writer, now unknown for other things, was printed by Creech in 1682, and went through many editions. Then the task fell by way of experiment into mightier hands. Having, with much ado, got clear of Virgil, Dryden undertook some pieces of Lucretius, in whom he found as his distinguishing character a certain kind of noble pride. Our untold debt to Dryden as the most splendid master of English prose, can by no means content us with the verse into which he Englished some of the finest lines in poetry:

> 'Tis pleasant safely to behold from shore
> The rolling ship and hear the tempest roar. . . .

And so forth, in a style that has no note of either the vigour or the music of its original.[1]

Crossing a long tract of time, from the seventeenth

[1] The French ecclesiastic, famous in his day for erudition, polite and skilful diplomacy, and for a collection of Roman antiques, which Frederick the Great bought for Berlin, came across Bayle, who was the purest sceptic of his own, or perhaps of any age. "I am a protestant," said Bayle to Polignac, "for in my soul I protest against all that I hear said, and all that I see done." Among other things he much impressed the cardinal by his references to Lucretius. Polignac, a sincere and honest man, set to work on a Latin poem, *Anti-Lucrèce* (1747), which made a great stir in the literary world all over Europe. Voltaire in a thoughtless moment too handsomely complimented its author as a mixture of Virgil and Plato, the avenger of heaven and the conqueror of Lucretius. By and by Voltaire changed his mind, and the work speedily became a poem without poetry and philosophy, without reason, a thing of dry bones which everybody praised and nobody could read. Some said that the simplest anti-Lucretius was to be found in his own poem and its pretty palpable incoherences, and perhaps the same point might have spared us many elaborate volumes of animadversion on many other books besides *The Nature of Things*. Even of great Aristotle one of his translators has said that no progress can be made in the study of him by an art of interpretation which aims only at reconciling an author with himself. At any rate *Anti-Lucrèce* no more extinguished *The Nature of Things* than Frederick's *Anti-Machiavel* extinguished *The Prince*. The world had come upon a time when the *memento mori* of the Middle Ages was losing its iron command, and this mood Lucretius suited.

century to the end of the nineteenth, we still find English and French poets coming on to Lucretian ground. The most popular English poet of our Gladstonian era perhaps did not make the worthiest choice when he tacked his lofty, solemn, powerful verses called *Lucretius* on to a repellent, and not well-supported, myth about an amatory potion.

Sully-Prudhomme was a zealous Lucretian, in the respectable conviction that

> Pour dissiper l'horreur de notre nuit profonde,
> Le soleil ne peut rien, ni le jour éclatant,
> Mais la Nature parle et la Raison l'entend!

He even began a translation, but was not sorry to find himself anticipated by what he felt bound to regard as the definitive version of Lefèvre (1876). Nor can an English ear be sorry either, for somehow the great open diapason of the Lucretian hexameter is grievously missing in this effort of a poet of proved grace and modern elegance.

Still stranger is it to find Lucretius invoked as his partner in devotion to the philosophic muse by Lamartine — that singular and winning genius, who was not only a poet, but, as competent French critics say, the very spirit of poetry itself; and who besides his poetry, by way of passing episode, overturned a throne by a book — a book of which the most potent contemporary novelist wittily said that it raised history to the level of fiction. Lamartine courageously risked his life in victorious encounters with the Paris mob of 1848; he fascinated, persuaded, overwhelmed, ruled them in some of their stormiest hours. "Physical nature," he said, "was the theme of Lucretius; moral nature is mine." Far indeed is the journey from Lamartine's delicate faculty in gifts of

poetic beauty to the Roman poet's unsparing wrestle with false divinities, misjudged destinies, a universe of desolating law. Yet in both of them glowed the like vivid sympathies of soul.

Macaulay does justice to Lucretius's general poetic strength and elevation, even placing him before Virgil among the wearers of poetic crowns, but he despatches the philosophy as, for the most part, utterly worthless. This comes to much the same as Mommsen's verdict that Lucretius, dealing with atoms and void and the rest of his science, is unreadable. Most such verdicts rather miss the mark of history. The scientific theories were unverified, as they were bound to be, and so the philosophy associated with them was but the shadow of a system with no clear root in sound method. Yet the aerial labour of his imagination brought him marvellously far on the path towards the mountain heights of modern speculation. The world in which we live, and all the business of the elements, has become a sounding house of vast general laws. Of these laws it is the nature of things to be their subject. They are no sport of arbitrary, changeful, and capricious deities. Far distant, aloof, remote, dwell those divine beings. The doctrines of the Atom, again, the doctrines of special affinities, leave their traces after many centuries in the prevailing guesses of our present time upon the constitution of matter. Then in fine comes the great key-note from which we started. The relations of body and soul, the poet argues, well considered in all their analogies and phenomena in the universe of sentient being, bid us shake ourselves free from that terror of death, and the mysterious dread of the continuity of conscious individual life in an unknown hereafter,

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which so darkly overshadows, distracts, and paralyses the life of "momentary man." Of all the countless hosts of poets, preachers, philosophers, and theologians who, with every variety of aspect and approach, have held, by way either of promise to the good or menace to the bad, that all philosophy of life is in essence *commentatio mortis*, Lucretius is most strenuous, lofty, and insistent on enforcing the sombre lesson taught by the ancient Hebrew long ages before him: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest."

It was impossible that our own glorious literature should not contain, in prose and verse alike, a thousand things of superlative beauty about this universal theme, from Raleigh's "*O eloquent, just and mighty death,*" or the thrilling dialogues in Claudio's prison, down to the most melting and melodious single verse in all the exercises of our English tongue, "*After life's fitful fever he sleeps well,*" the tender summary of it all. Still, the famous passage of Lucretius at the close of his third book is of such quality that I hardly find in my heart to quarrel with the accomplished critic of to-day who suggests that "its lofty passion, its piercing tenderness, the stately roll of its cadences, is perhaps unmatched in human speech."

> "Iam iam non domus accipiet te laeta, neque uxor
> Optima, nec dulces occurrent oscula nati
> Praeripere et tacita pectus dulcedine tangent:
> Non poteris factis florentibus esse, tuisque
> Praesidium: misero misere," aiunt, "omnia ademit
> Una dies infesta tibi tot praemia vitae. . . ."

Now no more shall a glad home and a true wife welcome thee, nor darling children race to snatch thy first kisses and

touch thy heart with a sweet and silent content: no more mayest thou be prosperous in thy doings and a defence to thine own; "alas and woe!" say they, "one disastrous day has taken all these prizes of thy life away from thee" — but thereat they do not add this, "and now no more does any longing for these things beset thee." This did their thought but clearly see and their speech follow, they would release themselves from great heartache and fear. "Thou, indeed, as thou art sunk in the sleep of death, wilt so be for the rest of the ages, severed from all weary pains; but we, while close by us thou didst turn ashen on the awful pyre, made unappeasable lamentation, and everlastingly shall time never rid our heart of anguish." Ask we then this of him, what there is that is so very bitter, if sleep and peace be the conclusion of the matter, to make one fade away in never-ending grief? — MACKAIL.

Then there is the half of the fifth book which Monro pronounces unsurpassed, if not unequalled, in all Latin poetry for varied beauty, earnest satire, and sublimity.

Critics have complained of *Paradise Lost* that Milton has taken a scheme of life for life itself. Of Lucretius at least this is not true. Though his own days are "invisible and dim," his poem is rich and glowing in the essence and spirit of the life of the world in itself. His gospel is a gospel of active energy and of sympathy all through the world of sentient being. I have already copied a short piece of Montaigne's, and there is a touch of the same feeling in Lucretius's thought of the aged ploughman after the ease and fruitfulness of earth's golden days have passed away — how the husbandman shakes his head and with deep sigh upon sigh thinks that the labour of his hands comes to so little; how we wear out the strength of labouring men and their oxen.

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We do not know what Lucretius would have made of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, but Freedom, Justice, Pity is no bad battle-cry, and it is Lucretian. We may well be as indifferent as we like about atom and void, but it is pleasant to read of "light-sleeping dogs with faithful hearts in their breasts, and woolly flocks, and beasts of burden whom we protect and feed in requital of their useful services." Or the picture of the Molossian hounds, "when they essay fondly to lick their whelps with their tongue, or toss them with their feet, and snapping at them make a feint with lightly closing teeth of swallowing, though with gentle forbearance they caress them with a yelping sound greatly different from that which they utter when left alone in a house they bay, or when they shrink away with a crouching body howling from blows."

III

The place of death in Lucretius naturally brings a reader, with good authors at his elbow, to Lessing's *Laocoon* — "dear Lessing," as George Eliot called him — one of the rare books that, like Grotius or Adam Smith, startled the world by a sudden shaft of new light diffusing itself over changed tracts of thought for all time to come. Though first suggested to him by Burke's *Sublime and Beautiful*, of which Lessing made himself translator, it was a fruitful surprise in the originality of its contribution to the philosophy of art, and the conditions of poetry and painting. Not any less remarkable, and it brings him involuntarily into line with Lucretius, is the little tract with which he shortly followed *Laocoon*, on the images of death in ancient art — a plea against the notion that

to the classic world the symbol of death took the repulsive shape of the skeleton, the Arch Fear in a visible form. Goethe records how, in his youth, they were all enchanted with the beauty of the thought that the ancients represented Death as the brother of Sleep, each in form the semblance of the other, twin brothers in the arms of Night. The enchantment was not universal, for in common faith death is the penalty of Sin; hence it was natural to symbolise it by a terrifying image. Lessing's reply was that the Christian faith has not revealed this dreadful truth in order to make us despair, but promises a blessed end to devout resignation and contrition of heart. The Scripture itself, moreover, he goes on, speaks of the Angel of Death: why should not the artist give up the hateful skeleton, and put us in possession of the better image of an angel? "Only religion misconceived can draw us away from the beautiful, and it is an evidence for the true religion properly understood, the more it everywhere restores us to beauty." Whether or not he accurately divined all the transformations and conclusions by which the skeleton came to be taken for the image of death, Lessing was felt to have carried his law of beauty into supreme heights of art and life. In those days, sang Schiller in *Die Götter Griechenlands*, "no grisly skeleton entered the chamber, and stood before the deathbed." So, in short, the skeleton was displaced on the funereal monument by a gracious genie bearing in all simplicity a reversed torch or some symbol of the resurrection.

To nobody, we might well have supposed, was the spirit of Lucretius so little congenial as it was to Goethe, the stormiest of poets to the most composed.

Yet, as it appeared, when Goethe came back from his travels in Italy, he was full-blown pagan, and was not slow to express high thoughts of *The Nature of Things*. For some twenty years he encouraged its first translation into German (1820), and even took an active share in the task. Vitally different as the vast march of time had made them, the two stand out, each of them a grand compound of poetry, scientific aim, and practical philosophy. Goethe applauds Lucretius as a diligent observer and explorer of nature, as master of strange powers of living delineation of nature's phenomena. All these, joined to an amazing elevation of mind and speech, assured his immortality as man, Roman, philosopher, and poet all in one. His book, says Goethe, who does not often show much care for historic values, is one of the most remarkable documents in the world, because it shows how men thought and felt on the secrets of the universe between the sixth and eighth decades before the Christian era.

It is interesting to note how in the latest hours at which the Christian era has yet arrived, Lucretius is still a living combatant as he was in the pagan era. The most brilliant English apologist of our day, I should think, has been Martineau, and when the apologist comes to deal with the "great mountain-chain of death," and life to come, it is to the rolling hexameters from Lucretius he goes for adverse texts that he made it his business to overthrow. Goethe himself, so widely counted "Europe's sagest head," may well be said to be the founder, guide, and oracle of an informal, nameless, and unorganised communion of his own — men and women content to live their lives independently of two articles of such profound and saturating belief as those against which Lucretius

waged his impassioned war. Some would say the Greeks found it all out long before either Roman or German, and end the matter in some plangent lines in a fragment of Euripides:

Γαῖα μεγίστη καὶ Διὸς αἰθήρ,
ὁ μὲν ἀνθρώπων καὶ θεῶν γενέτωρ,
ἡ δ' ὑγροβόλους σταγόνας νοτίας
παραδεξαμένη τίκτει θνατούς,
τίκτει δὲ βορὰν φῦλά τε θηρῶν·
ὅθεν οὐκ ἀδίκως
μήτηρ πάντων νενόμισται.
χωρεῖ δ' ὀπίσω
τὰ μὲν ἐκ γαίας φύντ' εἰς γαῖαν,
τὰ δ' ἀπ' αἰθερίου βλαστόντα γονῆς
εἰς οὐράνιον πάλιν ἦλθε πόλον·
θνήσκει δ' οὐδὲν τῶν γιγνομένων,
διακρινόμενον δ' ἄλλο πρὸς ἄλλον
μορφὴν ἑτέραν ἐπέδειξεν.

Earth the most great, and Heaven on high!
Father is He to man and god;
And She, who taketh to her sod
The cloud-flung rivers of the Sky

And beareth offspring, men and grass
And beasts in all their kinds, indeed
Mother of All. And every seed
Earth-gendered back to Earth shall pass,

And back to Heaven the seeds of Sky;
Seeing all things into all may range
And, sundering, show new shapes of change,
But never that which is shall die.

GILBERT MURRAY.

Or the better known lines:

τοῦτον εὐτυχέστατον λέγω
ὅστις θεωρήσας ἀλύπως, Παρμένων,
τὰ σεμνὰ ταῦτ', ἀπῆλθεν ὅθεν ἦλθεν ταχά,
τὸν ἥλιον τὸν κοινόν, ἄστρ' ὕδωρ νέφη
πῦρ· ταῦτα κἂν ἑκατὸν ἔτη βιῷς, ἀεὶ
ὄψει παρόντα, κἂν ἐνιαυτοὺς σφόδρ' ὀλίγους
σεμνότερα τούτων ἕτερα δ' οὐκ ὄψει ποτέ.

I hold him happiest
Who, before going quickly whence he came,
Hath looked ungrieving on these majesties,
The world-wide Sun, the stars, water and clouds
And fire. Live, Parmeno, a hundred years,
Or a few weeks, these thou wilt always see,
And never, never, any greater things.

Ibid.

This is Menander. For him Goethe had the liveliest admiration. He calls him pure, noble, cheerful, altogether invaluable, even though unhappily but a fragment. Yet if one demands an antistrophe to this strophe of Menander, I can think of none more apt than Goethe's own famous and beautiful psalm of life, known as *Das Göttliche*. From a very different point of view Browning's readers will not forget his sombre lines under the title "Prospice."

CHAPTER VI

LIBERALISM RESTORED

1905

Character the real treasure. Do not place popularity before reputation, because with lost reputation popularity is lost. But he who keeps up reputation will never find friends, favour, popularity wanting. — GUICCIARDINI.

I

THIS year, which had an unforeseen end, had the usual beginning. I visited my constituents, where all went well. The meetings were excellent. I noted, by the way, as curious how each of the five burghs had its own physiognomy and ἦθος like the little city-states of the Peloponnesian world. Or perhaps I only tried to note. When all was over I found my way to Belmont (Jan. 19), where Campbell-Bannerman received me with infinite cordiality. Mostly in company with Lady Campbell-Bannerman, we discussed the political situation over and over, including much talk about offices. "What are your predilections?" he asked. "None," I said, "except the manor of Northstead." He would not listen to my *nolo episcopari*. "Within limits, you would have what you like." I wrote down a list of a possible Cabinet. The upshot was in his mind India for me, Bryce Ireland. The last determination puzzled me for many reasons, and remained a puzzle:

it was quite immovable. Campbell-Bannerman particularly resolute about the woolsack. I pressed for Labour in the Cabinet in the person of John Burns. Not averse, he thought it worth consideration. For the next three months nothing particular happened, public or private. One or two entries are enough, or more than enough.

January 28. — Meeting at Natural History Museum: two Committees: very tiresome. Luncheon at poor Tweedmouth's. Poignant memory of my last meal there. Sad is the empty place. Gave me her portrait.

February 2. — Dined at Haldane's. Asquith, Acland, George Murray. Much talk with first named: strong for me to go to Colonial Office, which rather surprised me, as it would involve the lead in South African policy, on which he and I had fought on different sides; admitted necessity for equilibrium between two sections of our party; fair and engaging in temper, but not fertile. Thought Grey would make difficulties about C.-B.

February 24. — Card to dinner at Marlboro' House for Friday next, our day to dine with the Speaker. Went to the Speaker: could not let me off. Precedents. Called at Marlboro' House to explain to Carrington; he already knew, and said the Prince of Wales quite understood, though they would be very sorry.

Quiet evening at home — much needed. Many letters, etc.

Read last volume of De la Gorce.

February 25. — Natural History Museum. Prince of Wales very civil: fully understood about the dinner. Dined at Buckingham Palace. A really

brilliant scene. The King pleasant — very — asked if I was on literary work. I said no, I'd been to America. He knew that, he said. Told him about Roosevelt.

March 1. — Letters, etc. Welsh dinner. Capital reception. Speech excellently received. Home by midnight. Ellis Griffith, in the chair, paid me curious compliment, that I am "Saxon in head, Celt in heart."

March 3. — Dinner with Speaker. Asquith and Fowler came and flanked me. Pleasant, but not exciting. Talk with Asquith about Ireland: said he had told R. that he would act in Irish things with me. I said my polar star was the Irish themselves, as it had been ever since I entered Parliament.

March 6. — Lunch at 10 Downing Street. Henry Butcher there, and A. J. Balfour. Talk about Greek, etc. Most pleasant.

[Three or four times dined at the Rothschilds': only Balfour there: *partie carrée:* always most pleasurable.]

May 9. — Read some of Macaulay's *History:* full of cleverness, full of detailed knowledge, extraordinarily graphic and interesting, but I cannot make myself like the style. That is not the way in which things happen. I have no business to talk of accurate knowledge, but Acton, who in that respect thinks very ill of the *Essays,* is full of praise for the careful labour and good judgment of the *History.* . . . Read Motley, one of the most interesting of all the great European stories, told with fervent feeling. Of what historian, then, do you say that he best knew the art of telling things as they really happened? Bare chronicles apart, I suppose Thucydides. He warns us that the strictly historical character of his work may disappoint the ear; though for that matter to

read at Syracuse (we were tourists there in 1903) the ruins of Athens is as fine music to the ear as the sombre story is moving to the heart. He is charged with missing the force of Aristotle's truth that civil confusions spring from trifles in occasion, but decide great issues. In fact, however, what he does is to envelop things of the occasion in the general reflections suggested by them on human nature, and the course of human events to which they belong.

For weight and imagination added to direct narrative, what passes Bacon's *Henry VII.*? I need not name the histories of the great Italians, Machiavel, Father Paul, Guicciardini. Be it noted that I am only answering my own particular question, and offering no general prescription either to myself or any other reader, to the presumptuous exclusion of Macaulay, Froude, Newman, and all others of a justly famous and popular band. Preferences, but no exclusions.

Whit Monday, 12th. — Canto of *Paradiso* before breakfast:

> Frate, la nostra volontà quieta
> Virtù di carità, che fa volerne
> Sol quel ch' avemo, e d' altro non ci asseta.[1]

II

So three or four months passed in what is called leading a full life — too often a euphemism for a rather empty one — writing one or two articles, making one or two speeches, attending in a too perfunctory way to the duties of the professional

[1] iii. 70: "Brother, a virtue of charity quiets our will, that it makes us wish only what we have, with no thirst for aught besides."

politician. After the peace with the Boers, work in Parliament was little better than marking time. I began to feel like poor Haydon — that bad painter, but patriotic and too typical figure — the craving for a large canvas on the literary easel. The reaction from my three thick volumes on Mr. Gladstone had worn away. I began to wonder whether it would not be a natural continuance of Cobden and Gladstone, in the line of European Liberalism, to try an estimate of Cavour. Cobden had long talks with him at Turin in the spring of 1847 after the repeal of the Corn Laws, and Cavour entertained Gladstone in the spring of the momentous year 1859. The Italian statesman had watched and studied them both with the fervent interest of one disposed to be a disciple. But the subject deserved a survey from a more general eminence than this. Whatever judgment may be passed upon Italian policy since Cavour, it is certain that the unification of Italy and the deep problems, secular and political, ecclesiastical, religious, which this series of transactions brought to the front in the mind of Europe and its Cabinets, was in many ways the evolution of European Liberalism in its widest and grandest sense.

I decided to try my hand, collected a quantity of material, hoped to catch Nigra before his end, brushed up my Italian, and was soon diligently at work following that golden rule for men with heavy tasks — *nulla dies sine linea* — which had for four years stood me in such good stead. From my old friendship with Mazzini I knew only too well all that idealists in either of the two great camps, cardinals or carbonari, could find to say against Cavour, the consummate master of Italian statecraft. This

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would have done no harm, though a wholesome check on deification. In truth he was a high-minded political idealist, without a touch of the narrow-minded doctrinaire; he was no evangelist and no pedant; a successful practitioner of expediency, but no empiric. He never professed himself a democrat in any strict sense, and he never sympathised with any of the schools that he always called "the exaggerated." He used words on government by state of siege, and a free church in a free state, which were accepted as orthodox liberal formulae in most of Europe. When his friends urged the difficulties due to the corruption of the Neapolitans, he said, "It is not their fault, poor people: they have been so ill-governed; you must moralise the country, but it is not by insulting the Neapolitans that you will modify them." Strange that the force of these deep sagacious inspirations should make its way with such halting foot into the general education of cabinets, senates, and voters. In the field of political and diplomatic ethics, the question between him and Bismarck is a much nicer one than anti-German partisans who have not followed Cavour's doings closely or at all are wont to suppose. All this, however, for good reasons, fell from my hands after not many months.

August 5–7. — Week-end with the Chamberlains at Highbury. Extremely pleasant. He asked me the eternal question, "Where was it you think we went wrong in the Boer quarrel?" and I gave my standard answer: "At the Bloemfontein Conference between Milner and Kruger. You had at last got the old gentleman down from his sulky fastness at Pretoria, and yet at the first point of difference, Milner throws

the table over and breaks off. If you had been there, when a hard point arose you would have pushed the tobacco-jar to him across the table, suggested a reflective pause, and persevered until the thing had been brought round." He took the compliment modestly, but with no particular emphasis of dissent.

August 8–20. *Folkestone.* — Most enjoyable. Real rest and noble air. On August 12 went to the function at Westminster Hall, grand luncheon to officers of French fleet. My speech not bad in contents, but voice much out of order, decidedly not equal to Sheridan, Burke, and the other mighty magicians who had left none of their magic behind them in the great historic hall. Balfour made a really admirable performance all the same. Sat next to a French admiral with whom I had some lively talk about the disadvantages to smart discipline of republican ideas and importunate newspaper reporters on board a man-of-war. I intimated that a certain English admiral I knew would promptly sling the importunate one either overboard or up to the yard-arm. "Ah," he said, "in a republic that would never do."

Sunday, August 20. — R. and I after dinner from Folkestone to London. Stayed at King's Cross. Started, August 21, Perth at night. Off next morning for Skibo. Stayed there until August 29. Extremely pleasant visit as always, though weather was indifferent. Did a certain amount of Cavourian reading both here and at Folkestone.

III

September 30. — So ends an industrious and effective month. Now sore interruptions are before me, some

expected, others not. *October* 3. — Dined with Spencer alone at Boodle's, the second time since his return from Nauheim. Seemed to be quite restored in health, and told me so. I could not hide from myself that he had some notion of being invited to take the first place, if our party won the election. *October* 13. — Dreadful news of poor Spencer. Heavy on my heart all day. *οἵη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοίη δὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν* — "As the growth and fall of leaves, such is the race of men." *October* 17. — Hard work all day. Left in the evening for the north. Slept at York. *October* 18. — Left at 9.30. Arbroath at 4.30. Presentation of portrait to ex-Provost. Short speech. *October* 19. — To Montrose — Freedom — Library, etc., etc. Chat with the Carnegies. All as pleasant and nice as could be. Back to Arbroath. *October* 20. — Notes all morning. To Forfar. Speech (about H. R.). Good audience and cordial. *October* 24. — Up betimes. Left Arbroath at 7.30. Stayed four hours at Newcastle, to shake hands with the bravest of my old comrades, Spence Watson. Home by midnight.

October 25. — Greeted at breakfast by wire telling poor good Craik is dead. My warm friend for forty years. News that Meredith has broken small bones in his leg. Letter from Lady Sarah about Spencer. Not much hope of his return to the public theatre. The Homeric leaves are rustling too thick under foot just now.

November 14. — Talk, etc., C.-B. at 11. Very important. Luncheon with Rothschild at New Court. Home to dress and to Windsor. State banquet. Reached home by 1.15 A.M. "He who of these delights can judge and spare to interpose them oft is not unwise."

November 15. — In bitter weather to see poor Meredith at Box Hill. Grievous, grievous — gallant though he is. He was in much vigour all the same. He quotes the famous bit of Persius — "*Tecum habita: nôris quam sit tibi curta supellex*" — "Live by yourself at home: you will find out how little furniture you have." Talked admirably. "The mind is the man." Very impatient as to the vulgar itch for the chapter of sex errors in men otherwise great. Much about the poor quality of ordinary English; especially prose. Praised Pater's delicacy. He thought no better of the general case, condition, and outlook of his country than did Carlyle, Mill, Arnold, and others of our very best. He threw all this off with his manly sense of comedy and gift of glorious laughter. *November* 16. — Wrote to Lord Knollys about Meredith suggesting that the King might allow him to bring the riband of the Order of Merit down to Box Hill, as was eventually done. *November* 18. — John Burns to luncheon: good talk. *November* 20. — Made speech at Walthamstow, having previously dined with Simon, who was a candidate for first time. Rather enjoyed it. Home at midnight. *November* 21. — Glorious winter morning. The common radiant with silver frost and noble sunshine. Read. Letters, etc.

November 22. — Lunched with Henry Fowler at Club. Talk with Ilbert, Digby, etc. Also interview of half an hour with Gokhale, a Mahratta brahmin from Bombay, immensely interesting. Got Cavour on the rails again. Read some Daru, Sainte-Beuve, etc. Somewhat exercised by what looks like true news in papers that Ministers are going out at last. Pondered.

November 24. — Still pondered. But worked pretty well at Cavour all the same. Had quite a nostalgic sort of pang at the thought that this *may* be my last spell of book-writing. If only duty and credit allowed, my *nolo episcopari* is really no affectation. *December* 1. — Luncheon with —— at Carlton. Interesting talk about the approaching change of government. Met Asquith at Athenaeum by chance, and told him of ——'s urgent wish that I should press C.-B. to be in London by Monday morning. He agreed that he ought to come. So I wrote to C.-B. to that effect. Talk with Buckle, friendly and interesting. *December* 2. — Important letter from Buckle, followed by a conversation with him later. He was fresh from Downing Street. In consequence I sent telegram to C.-B. pressing him to come south without delay. He replied in the course of day that he would act accordingly, and was ready in Belgrave Square when the time came. There he received his command to the Palace, where he kissed hands, and set to work to form his administration.

IV

Campbell-Bannerman had none of the shining and indisputable qualities that had marked the last five holders of his exalted office. Among his colleagues were men superior to him in power of speech; in talent for grasping great masses of administrative difficulty; and up to a certain time, but not after his worth was fully measured, even in striking or interesting the popular imagination. And yet he was indispensable, the only man possible, and the time came when the popular interest in his personality

rose to enviable heights, and good-will passed into cordial admiration and affection. Why? Because in many trying passages of public life he had shown unshaken courage, invincible independence even of public opinion itself, steadfast adherence to his own political principles in spite of busy and untoward dissents inside his party. In the evil days of Liberal division during the Boer War, he had confounded the dissentient wing by plain-dealing; he lost no chance of conciliation with them; and, though a ready fighter, he was a skilful peacemaker, partly for the admirable reason that, being a man of the wise sort of modesty, he always thought more of his policy, and making it prevail, than he thought of himself. It was felt that he had the root of the whole matter in him when he declared good government to be no substitute for self-government. This was his solid reply to a current word, with much cant in it, about Efficiency. He had startled people during the Boer War by speaking of certain military doings of his countrymen as "methods of barbarism," and I recollect one of the chiefs of the other side saying to me, "I never could have believed that a man who had used that language could ever become Prime Minister of England." Yet this wonderful thing came to pass. At the dissolution he was confirmed in office by the largest parliamentary majority that any Prime Minister ever boasted. He had by patience and good judgment rallied his party; he had satisfied the vast majority of the electors; and he had never cast an inch of his political skin. That was not all. When he acceded, and was making his Cabinet, there were colleagues who still had singular misgivings as to his capacity of holding

his own against the experienced men on the bench opposite. They threw out the truly unhappy suggestion that the new Prime Minister should go to the House of Lords, and leave the lead in the Commons to one of themselves. I wrote to the most important of them that, as the majority at the coming election must inevitably be non-imperialist (not quite the same thing as anti-imperialist), it seemed rather odd that the Prime Minister should be exiled to the Lords, and I banish myself to the Brahmaputra, while my correspondent took the lead of the Commons and the chief post in administration. Asquith and I inevitably, now as always, understood one another; he agreed that the plan proposed would never do; and in his own mind he devised another plan that might be a trifle more reasonable. One evening, while these unedifying transactions were still on foot, Tweedmouth and I left Campbell-Bannerman, cool, patient, half undecided as to his course; we were to return after dinner, and the true counsellor of his life was to arrive from Scotland in the meantime. After the event, I thought of Tocqueville's account of his own wife, who by the way was English. "I found in my home," said Tocqueville, "the support, so rarely precious in time of revolution, of a devoted woman, whom a firm and penetrating intelligence, and a spirit naturally high, held without effort equal to the level of any situation, and above every reverse." Returning we found the Minister indescribably exultant. "No surrender!" he called out to us in triumphant voice, with gesture to match. The decision was iron. Detachment at once fell to a low discount among the doubters, and this must be added to the many historic cases where women have played a

leading part in strengthening the counsels of ministers, sovereigns, great reformers, and even popes. In the spring of 1905, in a letter thanking me for some speech I had made, he said my words not only gave encouragement to his own "often embarrassed soul — they say *sursum corda* to one under this roof, long tried and distressed, for whose contentment I care more than for all the parties, politics, aye, and principles, on earth. Thanks with all my heart."

Any other decision than this would have been ruin. As soon as ever Parliament met, it was evident that the new leader, with his bonhomie, humour, plain and lively common-sense, splendid temper, not without occasional points of pleasant malice, his easy ways in business, was exactly fitted for the new assembly. When he instantly followed one of Mr. Balfour's ingenious trains of dialectic by the blunt exclamation that we had "best have done with all this foolery," the House felt with excited refreshment that they had got the very man they wanted. More and more they liked him and respected him, and felt that he was thoroughly at home in his business and their own. The recent dissensions and the memory of them melted promptly away under "the cohesion of office," and he found no more loyal adherents than those who had been the most apprehensive of his failure.

As head of a Cabinet, he was cool, acute, straight, candid, attentive to affairs, considerate. He always listened, but he knew his mind, and we were all aware that he knew it. Mr. Gladstone said of a certain colleague that he was a remarkable instance of a very good-tempered and good-humoured man, with unconciliatory modes of proceeding in business. This

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was no defect of our new chief. He had no turn for overstraining his proper authority and influence, nor for grasping power that did not belong to his office; he had none of the small weaknesses of jealousy and suspicion, from which even strong and honest men have not always been free. He had no spark of the pettish. Such words as crisis, emergency, unprecedented, unparalleled, and other superlatives of political excitement, were not much in his vocabulary. On the other hand, he had nothing in common with the foolish and provoking people who try to make a policy out of euphemisms, the fear of facing hard facts and giving things their right names. Stout-hearted Sir Robert Walpole, though of heavier build, would have understood him, and so, although of lighter weight, would Lord Melbourne.

When he was at the War Office, he had shown tact, judgment, and firmness in the conduct of a marked administrative change. He showed the same virtues as Prime Minister. He could be bold in putting diplomatic conventions aside, and two of his colleagues once exchanged blank looks when they heard that, after a reactionary change in Russia, he had exclaimed in public, "*La Duma est mort, vive la Duma!*" He did not think too well of human nature. He had one or two active dislikes, and was capable of extremely shrewd criticism even on friendly colleagues and their infirmities. But nobody ever appreciated service more generously. People of good temper are not always kind people. Campbell-Bannerman was a spontaneously kind-hearted and helpful man. On one of his colleagues a stroke of tribulation happened to fall, and this colleague told me that from nobody was the outgoing of sympathy warmer or more genuine

than from Campbell-Bannerman. Though he was easy by temperament, he took pains in all he had to do, was closely attentive, showed no sign of lassitude so long as health lasted, and was rewarded all through by the assurance of his party that they had done right well in choosing him to be their leader. His monument is that Union of the South African provinces which was the best reparation that political wisdom could devise for the mischiefs against which he had so valiantly protested. When the task was finally accomplished, General Botha was in London, and, among other ceremonies, he invited the Cabinet to dine with him. The Prime Minister, whose courage and persistency had carried the Union, was now dead. No speeches were made. Only two toasts were proposed. After the health of the King had been drunk, General Botha rose and only said, "To the Memory of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman." With this high simplicity came to an end a long coil of storm and troubled things, in which both Campbell-Bannerman and Botha had played worthy parts, and we may well be grateful for an incident that does the sacred service of making our hearts feel the warmer for mankind. After years enough to test and justify the issue, another distinguished soldier on the same side in the fight said to an eminent assemblage in London: "I hope that when you draw up a calendar of empire-builders you will not forget the name of Campbell-Bannerman — a wise man with profound feeling and profound political instinct who achieved one of the wisest political settlements in the history of this nation." [1]

[1] General Smuts, April, 1917.

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A SHORT PAGE IN IMPERIAL HISTORY

THE Histories of Times are the best ground for such discourse upon governments as Machiavelli handles: so Histories of Lives are the most proper for discourse on business, because they include all kinds of occasions and transactions, both great and small. Nay, we may find a ground for discourse on business fitter than them both — for Letters have a closer and more lively representation of business than either annals or lives. — BACON.

CHAPTER I

CHANGED HORIZONS

I

THE five years that I passed as head of the India Office marked an arduous moment in what is, and must remain, the most delicate of imperial problems. Accidents of time and circumstances had made questions that were always of standing difficulty suddenly importunate. A powerful Viceroy had come in the summer of 1905 into open collision with a powerful Commander-in-Chief. Dissension followed between the Viceroy and the home Government; the Viceroy resigned; and the publication of minutes and correspondence diffused a general atmosphere of heat and scandal over a scene where heat and something like political scandal were most sedulously to be avoided. These stormy transactions left a heavy surge behind them, and India watched.

Of deeper moment loomed the vision of a wave of political unrest from various causes, partly superficial, partly fundamental, slowly sweeping over India. Revolutionary voices, some moderate, others extreme, grew articulate and shrill, and claims or aspirations for extending the share of peoples in their own government took more organised shape. At the same moment, as it happened, an election

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in England had for the time given overwhelming power in the House of Commons to the political party that was least likely to quarrel with abstract catch-words in the rising Indian movement. This coincidence between the uneasy stir there, and the ascendency here of parliamentary groups all agreeing strongly in a general temper of reform, constituted a serious element in the situation at Simla and Whitehall alike. Mechanical facility of communication between West and East improved almost from day to day, and made the transmission of sympathetic political currents more and more direct.

There was work besides this. The new Secretary of State found himself closely concerned in two great spheres outside the working of the ordinary administration of his department. The Government immediately on their accession to power engaged in an investigation of the military requirements of the Empire. The needs of India were justly regarded as the master-key, those needs in peace mainly governing the normal size of the army, and in a war on the Indian land-frontier they would make the largest demand upon our military resources. The question was referred to a sub-committee of the Committee of Imperial Defence, with myself for chairman. At a later date the Prime Minister pressed me to preside over similar sub-committees, first for Persia and then for Egypt.

A second absorbing interest arose. The Foreign Office proposed the adoption of a changed policy in our relations with Russia, whose weight in the military and diplomatic scale had for the time been materially altered by her repulse in the armed encounter with Japan. To this change it was im-

possible for the Indian Government to be indifferent, and it would have been unreasonable to expect that Government at once to approach it with a friendly mind. Russia had for most of a century been the disturber of peace in Central Asia, and a menace to the external security of our Indian power. There was, therefore, nothing to surprise us in the frowns of incredulity, suspicion, and dislike with which the idea of an Anglo-Russian agreement, dealing with Afghanistan, Persia, and Tibet, was greeted at Simla. The duty of the India Office, and it did not prove too easy, was to moderate these apprehensions, while conveying to our neighbours at the Foreign Office here for their information the argument from the great Asiatic bureau in India.

II

Lord Minto, the new Viceroy, had all the manly traditions and honourable associations that gather round the best of youth at Eton and Trinity. In stock he was descended from patrician Whigs, and he had his share of the intuitive political perception that belonged to that sect since its rise at the revolutionary settlement. His temperament was theirs. He had seen active service under Roberts in India; he had fought on the side of the Turks against Russia; nor, in truth, did friendly feeling for the Ottoman ever altogether leave him. As Governor-General of Canada he had acquired insight into the working technicalities of public administration in a free parliamentary system. Such habits of mind he joined to the spirit of the soldier. The Indian Viceroy is not bound to know political philosophy or juristic theory or con-

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stitutional history; he is first and foremost an administrator, and the working head of a complicated civil and military service. Nature had endowed Lord Minto with an ample supply of constancy and good-humour. His loyalty, courage, friendliness, straightforwardness, and pressing sense of public duty, were all splendid; so was his rooted contempt for those in whom he found such excellences languid. A viceroy needs to be a judge of men, whether with dark skins or white, and Lord Minto mixed tact and good common-sense and the milk of human kindness in the right proportion for discovering with what sort of man he had to deal. He liked people, though he did not always believe them, and he began by a disposition to get on with people as well as they would let him. If he found on trial what he thought good reason for distrusting a man, he did not change. His vision was not subtle, but, what is far better, it was remarkably shrewd. A bare catalogue of qualities, however, is not all; such lists never are, nor can be. It is the summary of them, the man himself, that matters. His ancestor, the idolater of Burke, and Indian Viceroy a hundred years before, once dropped the ingenuous, but profound, remark — "How curious it is to see how exactly people follow their own characters all through life." Our Lord Minto was a first-rate case. You were always sure where you would find him; there was no fear of selfishness or pettiness drawing him for a single passing moment from the straight path; his standard of political weights and measures was simple — it was true to the right facts, and it was steadfast.

In early days at the India Office it was refreshing to hear from him how grateful he was for my pro-

posal that he should pardon three hundred students who had been injudiciously dismissed from their school. "For," said he, "I do believe that in this country one can do any amount of good, and accumulate a very growing influence, if one only gives evidence of some feelings of sympathy." This was the result of a sure instinct. It went with a strong and active conscience, not a weak one; with a manful sense both of public responsibility and of practical proportion. The sympathy of which he spoke was much more than humane sentiment; it was a key to sound politics, and I very soon made no doubt that, though he might not belong to my own political party on the Thames at Westminster, we should find all that was wanted of common ground in hard matters on the banks of the Ganges. Good mutual understanding between Secretary of State and Viceroy makes all the difference, and between us two it never failed. We were most happily alike, if I may use again some old words of my own, in aversion to all quackery and cant, whether it be the quackery of hurried violence dissembling as love of order, or the cant of unsound and misapplied sentiment, divorced from knowledge and untouched by cool comprehension of realities.

I was fortunate enough to find in the chief of the permanent officers of the department Sir Arthur Godley, whose experience, judgment, character, and address made him one of the most eminent members of the Civil Service who, as one of them well said, prefer power to fame.

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It was among the students in parts of India that unrest especially prevailed. That class was rapidly being drawn into something like a spirit of revolt against the British Government, and the movement was unmistakably coming to a head, notably in Upper India. A feeling gained ground that the last twenty years had been a period of reaction, and in combative response the idea of complete independence of England began to appeal to youthful imagination. This marked the line of cleavage between moderate and extremist in the native party of reform. It was no question of the terrible military mutiny of half a century ago repeating itself. The danger arose from a mutiny, not of sepoys about greased cartridges, but of educated men armed with modern ideas supplied from the noblest arsenals and proudest trophies of English literature and English oratory. Official persons of high station and responsibility assured the new Viceroy that the political change within the last dozen years was enormous, and though the mass of the people remained ignorant and unmoved, it would be a fatal mistake to suppose that the change was confined to the preachings of political agitators. The fairly educated Indians were thoroughly dissatisfied with the old order of things. The victories of Japan, the revolutionary movements in Turkey, China, Persia, did not pass unobserved. A new and ominous suspicion that England had come to a stop in her liberating mission made way. Though modern notions did not descend from an educated handful to the humble myriads, yet they easily yoked themselves to deep invisible roots of alien race, creeds, inviolable

caste. We had, what was described by so peculiarly competent an observer as Alfred Lyall, the strange spectacle in certain portions of India of a party capable of resort to methods at once reactionary and revolutionary; of men who offer prayers and sacrifices to ferocious divinities, and denounce the Government by seditious journalism, preaching primitive superstition in the modern form of leading articles.

The old system had never been worked with loftier and more beneficent purpose or with a more powerful arm than by the genius and indomitable labour of Lord Curzon. Yet we were told by leading moderates that even the general loyalty had been chilled by his declared policy of centralisation; by his whittling away, as they called it, of the Liberal principles and promises of Queen Victoria's proclamation of 1858; by too openly expressed contempt for Indian standards of morality; and by measures, like the partition of Bengal, carried out against the strong wishes of the people concerned. Be all this as it may, even within the ranks of the great administrative services themselves, perplexity was undisguised. The two ablest civil members of the Viceroy's Council differed as widely from one another as Thurlow or Eldon differed from Canning and Huskisson, or as Portland Whigs differed from Fox and Sheridan.

Yet even those who doubted, recognised signs that the time had come for turning a new page. It was natural that the most trained administrators were perfectly alive to the risks of change and the heavy responsibility of trying experiments in a fabric so complicated. Two other difficulties in making a move in India that it was impossible to avoid were just as natural at home. One of them I have already

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mentioned: the access of Indian extremists to English radical opinion. The other was the influence on conservative opinion at home of the retired Anglo-Indian, accustomed to wield authority and with a practised pen, whose ideas crystallised in the local atmosphere that had surrounded him in distant days. These ideas had fallen out of date, yet they still survived and found a ready and important public among our leading men. If it had only been possible to jog along on old lines, they would have kept their value. That was not possible. The dual system of Indian government set up by the organic statute of 1858 was evidently now to be exposed to a new and perhaps formidable strain. The ingenious saying, that British rulers of India with a supreme Parliament at home are like men bound to make their watches keep time in two longitudes at once, was now to be sharply tested.

IV

We made a rapid and good beginning. The quarrel on military administration was urgent. Three days after receiving the seals, I wrote to the Viceroy: "The vehement feelings that these transactions have kindled do not, in the first instance at any rate, much concern me. What I have to do is to try to form a sound and fair opinion on the merits, and then to submit it to the Cabinet. I need not say how much I should like to have from you a statement of the case as it now stands in your own eyes."

A week later I wrote to the Viceroy that I had mastered the papers, laid hold of the critical points, and discussed them with Sir Arthur Godley inside the office, and with Lord Roberts, Curzon, and

Brodrick outside. "The importance of the issue has been enormously exaggerated on both sides in regard to the fighting power of the army which the C.-in-C. naturally and justly has so much at heart, and in regard also to the active, substantial, and detailed supremacy of which the G.-G. is bound not to part with one single jot. Curzon accepted change in principle when he accepted the Brodrick scheme subject to his own modifications. This was to come a long way forward. On the other hand, the C.-in-C. has come a long way forward by the line you describe him as taking up in respect of your own view of the position and functions of the S. of the new War Department. It ought to be possible with care and good-will, and oblivion of a fierce quarrel that need never have taken place, to build a golden bridge. We shall come to close quarters when the proposed rules of business reach me."

One or two extracts from weekly letters to the Viceroy will be enough for this short but not wholly insignificant story.

Jan. 16, 1906. — My poll in Scotland is the day after to-morrow, and by the end of the week I shall find myself in my office with a concentrated mind. Long before you get this you will know the result of the electoral battle. The upheaval is tremendous. Such heavy polls have never been taken, and the labour party has at last assumed definite shape. The wonder is, for that matter, that it did not come sooner, considering that town workmen have had votes for forty years and rurals for twenty. There will be some wild-cat talk, but I represented workmen in Newcastle for a dozen years, and I always felt that British workmen are essentially bourgeois, without a bit of the French Red and the Phrygian cap about them. One thing I may as well mention to you at this early stage, for it much concerns the G. of I. The new Parliament

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and the new Cabinet will be, in the highest degree, jealous both of anything that looks like expansion, extended protectorates, spheres of influence, and so forth; and of anything with the savour of militarism about it. I do not dream that the G. of I. in your hands will follow in the steps of your predecessors as to Thibet, Persia, the Amir. . . . Of policy of that sort I am incurably suspicious, and the Cabinet will assuredly sympathise with my suspicions, and so still more loudly will the H. of C.

Feb. 1, 1906. — The question of Army Administration has been my main preoccupation since I came back from Scotland a few days ago. I have had long talks with Ian Hamilton, Smith-Dorrien and others, mostly taking the Kitchener view. The Committee of my Council have been extremely assiduous, and at a discussion that I attended I was greatly struck by their most rational way of handling the business. The upshot of their prolonged consideration, extending over several full sittings, is pretty fully in accord with your four dissentients. I lean their way, and was satisfied with the justice of their arguments, framed independently of me, and without concert with me. . . . That is the general line, so far as principle goes. Particular items of criticism I need not now trouble you with. The best plan seems to me that I should write a dispatch setting out objections and doubts. . . . Sufficient for the day is the work of the day. We must, in any case, get *temper* down before anything else. I intend to get the dispatch off by mail following this. Of course it must first go to the Cabinet.

Feb. 9, 1906. — To-day I send you the dispatch. . . . The result of our deliberations will not, I fear, please you at every point, and I suspect that time will not show our scheme in a particularly brilliant light. I will only add that all will hang upon the C.-in-C. being held by you strictly within the limits we are assigning to him. Operations will be closely watched here, you may be very sure, by one powerful man at least, and him a man of minute, industrious, and unsparing vision.

The Viceroy wrote with what pleasure he received

the dispatch; he recognised decided improvement on his first proposals; it had done untold good there, and had been most welcome to everybody, no matter what opinions they had professed through all the heats of the expiring discussion. The Commander-in-Chief welcomed it, and promised that the Army Headquarters would do their best to make the scheme work. The Press here was loud and pretty unanimous in approval of the compromise, and the same was reported of India. Blame would hardly have depressed me any more than praise made me dizzy, for uncommonly few people knew enough of a question so technical and complex, to make either their praise or blame a thing of substantial concern. Still, praise was pleasanter, especially if it meant the contentment of the House of Commons.

When the Viceroy's most welcome telegram was read out in the House it was received with general cheers. They represented the feeling of the public, that it was heartily sick of the whole business. "Your first shot," said a friendly ambassador, "has made a bull's eye." "It was downright refreshing to us all," said the Viceroy, "to see ideas conveyed in a kind of English unknown to official language here." So well, for once, did Pen and Sword agree. At a later date we discovered that the golden bridge, as often happens with such structures, proved to have ingredients of lead that demanded removal.

V

The exchange of weekly letters with the Viceroy naturally produces the most pointed record of our consulate. Most of the incidents were things of the

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administrative hour, by no means without importance while they were alive, but perishable and not worth recall after the hour has fled. In others issues of historic moment were concerned, new principles of government fought hard with old, more than one memorable thing was done, and the working of the two Houses of Parliament called pretty incessantly for all the judgment, temper, and resolution that might be forthcoming. I will venture to transcribe passages that may present some of these operations as they ran their course from year to year between 1905 and 1910. A page by way of playwright's argument is needed to make the course and significance of things intelligible, for the field bristles with technicalities, remote both in dialect and significance from our own political associations.

This argument any reader with curiosity and conscience will find accurately presented in the serene atmosphere of an appendix, and made more or less luminous in a small volume of my Indian Speeches in Parliament and out. Summarily stated, the main object of our proposals was to give to the Legislative Councils — both the Governor-General's Legislative Council and those in provinces — a more truly representative character, among other means by increasing their numbers, by substituting election for nomination in constructing them, and by a liberal extension of their freedom of discussion. What excited much more lively attention than changes of this kind, important as they were, was the appointment by the Crown of an Indian member to the Viceroy's Executive Council. A member of the Viceroy's Executive Council holds one of the most important offices in the whole system. Hitherto Europeans only

had been raised to a post so responsible and powerful, though memorable assurances had been given in the great instruments of 1833 and 1858 that neither race nor creed should be a bar to employment in the public service.

The Secretary of State at Whitehall also acts with a Council called the Council of India, sitting under his roof, and with close and constant access to him. It is essentially advisory, but its influence upon the Secretary of State has weight and value, and on finance its authority is decisive. No Indian member had ever been appointed to serve on that body. Innovation in this exclusive practice was evidently of profound significance, and so it was felt to be, both in India and at home. It removed one of the most conspicuous stamps of inferiority, and gave to Indians a new and widened share both in framing laws and in influence on daily administration. Resistance to so serious a move was natural and determined. It was more determined at home than among Europeans in India itself. A powerful and well-informed section of our party Opposition frankly and sincerely detested it. The great newspaper that in those days was the only print that on such a subject mattered, was plainly uneasy. Many of our own friends were dubious. These changes entitled us to claim that they would place the representatives of various classes in more effective positions both in policy and administration, and so would in effective principle go some way to a new chapter in Indian government. This was the port to which tide, winds, and seamanship destined us. Now for the voyage and the log.

CHAPTER II

NEW POLICY FORESHADOWED

1905–1906

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December 28, 1905. — I am the unlucky creature of a divided allegiance at this moment, India and the Montrose Burghs, of which I hope pretty confidently once more to be the representative in Parliament. So I have an address to write, speeches to frame, long journeys to take, and all the rest of it. Until now these things have not withdrawn my mind from the military controversy of which you are the centre. But for a fortnight to come I shall be out in the wilderness.

January 25, 1906. — There are at least five new men in the House of Commons who will be likely to raise Indian questions, Sir Henry Cotton first of all. The Labour Members will possibly be to some extent affected by their sentiments, but I daresay we shall get through well enough, when the time comes. I only venture to repeat what I said when I last wrote to you: please to recognise that the centre of gravity is utterly changed for good or evil by this election. Especially will this, as I think, touch frontier matters, wars on tribes, Tibetan wrangles, and the like. How long the new tide will flow Heaven only knows, and we may soon swing back again to all that is roughly

called Imperialism. Nobody, of any party or section of a party, means to give anything up, but taking new responsibilities will be watched with sharp suspicion for the present at any rate.

In a kind letter I have had from the Prince of Wales, from Government House, he says how glad he is to find himself "with his old friends, the Mintos," and how much he enjoys all the wonders of your empire.

February 9. — You and Lady Minto would share the universal regret at the terrible catastrophe of Lady Grey — a catastrophe to him, too, and for all of us, if it should break his work. She was a woman of truly remarkable character both intellectual and moral, with uncommon and original traits — but all of them pointing towards high thought and feelings, and an independent life stripped of artificial trappings. I knew her well ever since the days, more than twenty years ago, when she came as a bride with Edward Grey upon our Northumbrian election platforms. I believe that *he* is likely to bear the stroke with fortitude, and that, though stricken to the heart, he faces the future in the unaffected and natural way that belongs to him. Pray forgive me if I have wandered too far from our official field. After all, these dire occasions of human life are apt to take possession of our thoughts even in the midst of the world's busiest affairs.

I want to give a word of explanation of an expression that may have been misunderstood in my telegram of last week about an Indian delegate to the Conference (if that be the right word) at Tokio. I said he must be regarded, and must regard himself, as "strictly subordinate" to the man or men sent

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from here. Your telegram in reply speaks (if I remember accurately) of reference to India, binding the Indian Government, etc. This would involve a three-cornered correspondence between London, Tokio, and Calcutta that would certainly hamper, complicate, and retard the progress of negotiations. Nobody will be found more ready and determined than I to uphold the rights and status of India in Imperial affairs, or to resist the imposition upon Indian finance of charges that ought to be regarded as Imperial and not especially Indian. In all these things you will find me as jealous as anybody could desire. But the Cabinet would certainly take fright at any language or acts of ours pointing in the Curzonian direction, by seeming to set up, either at the Conference of Tokio or elsewhere, the Government of India as a sort of great Power on its own account. I don't believe there is a trace of such a thought in your own mind, but it may well be that the intoxicating fumes of the late régime may still hang about your Council Chamber.

To go back to Haldane, by the way, for a moment — he expressed to me the other day a wish to announce his assumption of office to Lord K. if I saw no objection. I felt bound to tell him that I saw a good deal of disadvantage in correspondence between him and the Commander-in-Chief, for if Lord K. were to take up a position on some question half military and half political, in which you or I or both of us dissented from K., he might be able to use the leverage of the W. O. against us. I also told him that I did not even announce my own assumption of office to Lord K. without previously securing your assent. The multiplication of channels of communication is a horrible

hindrance to business, and if you agree with me in a rigorous view of such correspondence, I wish you would write me a sentence or two that I might if necessary show to Haldane. He is, of course, perfectly nice about it, and anxious to do nothing that would be in any way disagreeable to us. I rather think that some trouble has arisen before now from communications between India and the W. O.

You will guess that our chief preoccupation here this week has been the Army dispatch and its fortunes alike in England and in India. And you will guess, too, how gratified I was by your telegram. The Press here has been loud and unanimous, I think, in approval of the compromise. I gather from the Reuter and other telegrams that it has been the same in India.

Now, a word or two on other matters. The Indians in the House of Commons made their début last Monday. C. was the very reverse of effective, and he created no prejudice in his favour by speaking for 58 minutes, without saying a word that was either new or impressive old. Five others discharged maiden speeches, but with little of the grace and freshness poetically associated with maidens. R. and O'D., however, have the making of extremely good speakers in them. After thanking me for what I said, lo and behold, yesterday they began to show their teeth at me. Very foolish of them, for I have fairly sound tusks of my own. Judging by outer signs, I should say that vanity is at the root of things; vanity as distinguished from energetic and disinterested conviction, such as animated Bright or Fawcett. If I were below the gangway, I would

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harry the Government on such facts as that the Durbar cost India £360,000.

Last Monday I read out to the House of Commons your most welcome telegram about the Army Administration, and it was received with general cheering. The said cheering, I am very sure, represents the feeling of the public at large; namely, that they wish to give you and Lord K. a fair and full chance.

I am the least of a sportsman that ever was born, and the sight of a tiger, except behind the bars of the Zoological Gardens, would frighten me out of my wits; but I do rejoice to think that you, who I sincerely believe are the most heavily-burdened public servant in the Empire, are seeing the fresh life of the jungle, the leading Zemindars, and all the rest that you so very pleasantly describe. What would I not give now, if I had only accepted an invitation from Lytton in 1877 and 1878 to visit him in India! What would I not give for three days with you now!

March 15. — My interview with a deputation of about fifty Lancashire textile workers came off yesterday. They were very moderate and not lengthy. The Lancashire employers stood aside, presumably on the ground that their appearance on the scene would strengthen the prejudicial idea that the whole move was due less to humanity than to dislike of Bombay competition. I told them that the Government of India shared their views in some of the reforms for which they pressed — more inspection, stricter certifying surgeons, etc. — and I threw out the idea of asking you to employ a first-class inspector from this country to inquire into the Bombay factory system, and to report to you. Looking

through the Office papers, I find that Lord Cross and Gorst, who were in this Office some years ago, rather murmured at the coolness of the Government of India of that day in respect of the regulation of labour, and its reluctance to come up to the level of the Berlin Conference of 1890. We here even are not up to the standard of some parts of Europe; still less is India up to that standard. I hope that you will see no strong objection to this notion of a visit from one of our Home Office inspectors. I am naturally anxious not to irritate the Bombay employers, but you can hardly realise the strength — I might say the violence — of the currents now racing in the H. of C. on all labour questions, and if anybody were to bethink himself of moving a vote of censure on the S. of S. and G.-G. in Council for their callous inhumanity to children in Bombay, the said vote might easily be carried by, say, 5 to 1. Pray, rescue me from this black catastrophe if you can, and agree to invite an inspector for a week or two.

March 23. — I had hoped to open up some rather wide views for K.'s and your consideration, and for consultation between you and him; but they must wait for the next mail, when I expect to be less pressed with Cabinet and other work than I am this week. Still, I should like in a single sentence to describe the point to which I should be glad for you and him to address your minds in a preparatory and provisional way. Suppose you were coming to some sort of understanding with Russia — a hypothesis which may be many hundred miles off realisation — and suppose even that we held the upper hand in the negotiation, *what would be the terms that you would exact from Russia* as essential to the bargain? I

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mean what, from military, strategic, and political points of view, are the things that she is to undertake to do or not to do. . . . I shall put the whole case and situation to you from the point of view of the Government next week most likely. But it would save time if you would meanwhile be turning over the above particular aspect of the business with as much of precision, definiteness, and "chapter-and-verse," as the nature of the case allows. I am doing my best to master the history and details of "Lord K.'s scheme," and I need not say with what extreme interest and close attention. I had an hour's conversation yesterday afternoon with Balfour, and I could not find that, on the whole range of topics involved in the mighty question of the Frontier, there was much or indeed any difference between us. He is, I fear, not in prime health. Twenty years of office are too long a spell for anybody, I suspect. When Mr. Roosevelt was elected President in November 1904, he renounced publicly a third term. I chanced to be staying with him at the White House that week, and I asked him whether, if he retired in this way after four years, when he would only be 50 years old, he would not find life rather tame. He gave me several reasons to justify his self-denying ordinance, and then he said, "And to tell you the truth, a man who has had eight years as President has not got much left in him." I don't suppose the strain of managing the Congress at Washington for eight years is a quarter of the strain of managing the House of Commons for twenty.

April 25. — Last night was one of a *parti carré* at Grey's, Asquith and Sir Arthur Nicolson being the other two. I wish you could have been a fifth. Sir

A. N. told us all about Algeciras, and he will soon be at Petersburg. We talked *entente* in and out, up and down. He will be sympathetic with his instructions. Of course, there is the chance of the Anglophobe party in Russia getting the upper hand. But the Czar favours *entente*.

May 3. — By the way, what is a good deal weightier matter, Broderick told me of something said to him by Cromer, to the effect that in Egypt a standing principle with him had always been to employ a Native wherever it was at all possible, in spite of the fact that the Native was comparatively inefficient, and that a European would do it a vast deal better. "Now," he said, "that is where the Government of India go wrong, and have always gone wrong; they find the Native less competent, or not competent at all, and then they employ an Englishman instead. You lose more by the effect on popular content than you gain by having your work better done."

Last week the Guicowar of Baroda called on me, and we had a pleasant talk, with much mutual affability.

Your people have not supplied me with very full papers about the doings of Barisal, etc., and I wish they would remember that it needs some skill on my part to steer through the Anglo-Indians in the H. of C. and in the Press, and it is impossible for me to keep my head above water unless I am in possession of full, prompt, and regular papers. Well, I have done the best I could with what I have. Without any prepossessions against him, I cannot but read in Fuller's utterances (*i.e.* utterances from him, directly or indirectly) a most curious misconception of the prudent policy. What was the case? Partition was

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unpopular. How could you best procure an abatement? Clearly by trying to give the "agitators" as little to cry out about as possible; to take as little notice as possible; to blow off gas in talk and articles; and never to meddle without clear and established prospects of breach of the peace. Instead of this, the language of Fuller's circulars shows a spirit of mere technical legality, without any attempt to pass the hard word to his subordinates to keep cool, and to bring either force or law into operation only when absolutely necessary.

May 11. — It was very good of you to sit down and write to me so fully on your tour, and I assure you it is all extraordinarily interesting to read about. Yesterday I had a long conversation with the P. of Wales, in which he gave me an immensely interesting account of his impressions in India, and in the forefront of them all was a picture of your room full and over-full of boxes and files, of papers, with red labels, blue labels, and other signals of urgency in various degrees. He pronounced you to be the most overworked man in the whole Empire, and I suspect that it was no sort of exaggeration. On the other hand, he spoke of what must be a very considerable reward for all your toil — namely, the popularity and confidence that is rapidly surrounding your position; nor did he leave out Lady Minto's share in the good work.

He has come home with a good many very clear and — as I should judge — correct and sound notions, all looking in what to my eyes seems to be emphatically the right direction. His keyword is that we should get on better if our administrators showed "wider sympathy." He spoke with very simple and unaffected enthusiasm of all that he had seen, of the

reception he had met with in every quarter, and of the splendour of the task that we have in hand. Most of all was I delighted with his watchword. If we can show "sympathy" as well as firm justice, all may go well, and it will be a vast help both to you and to me if the Prince's talk of sympathy is generally felt to hit the mark.

He talked of the National Congress as rapidly becoming a great power. As it happened, I had a short preliminary talk with Mr. Gokhale the day before (I shall have more by and by). My own impression formed long ago, and confirmed since I came to this Office, is that it will mainly depend upon ourselves whether the Congress is a power for good or for evil. There it is, whether we like it or not. Probably there are many questionable people connected with the Congress. So there are in most great popular movements of the sort. All the more reason why we should not play their game by harshness, stiffness, and the like. Mr. Gokhale is to stay in London until the end of the Session, and I am in good hopes of finding him a help to me, and not a hindrance, in guiding the strong currents of democratic feeling that are running breast-high in the H. of C. Say what we will, the H. of C. is your master and mine, and we have got to keep terms with it. As Roosevelt said to me, "I must try not to quarrel with Congress: if I do, I'm no use: Cleveland broke with Congress, and it was the ruin of him." You know that I will not yield an inch to them in the way of mischief — but the British Radical now prominent in the H. of C. does *not* mean mischief, and I think Gokhale does not mean to lead him that way, if the said G. is rightly handled. After my next interview

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with him, I shall tell you what passes. To speak quite frankly, all depends on you and me *keeping in step*. I am convinced we shall, about frontier, army expenditure, Barisal, and all else that may arise. Only you must consider my difficulties, as I assuredly consider yours.

June 1. — Opium has been my chief pre-occupation for the last three or four days. There has been an extraordinary amount of steam up both in England and Scotland against our share in the opium business, and in the new H. of C. the feeling is so strong, and the pledges given at the election so firm, that if the anti-opium motion had gone to a division, it would have been carried by a majority of 200. It required a little steering. The Cabinet gave me carte-blanche, and I believe I came well enough out of the debate, which was happily by compulsion of hours a short one, without hurting the feelings either of the Office or of my good friends, the philanthropists. And here let me warn you that it is a lifelong way of mine not to be afraid of either of two words: "philanthropist" is one, and "agitator" is the other. Most of what is decently good in our curious world has been done by these two much abused sets of folk.

June 6. — I have considered the first two pages of your letter of the 16th May with the liveliest interest, and with the best attention that I am capable of giving to anything. I will tell you frankly and concisely how I think we stand.

Fundamental difference between us, I really believe there is none. Not one whit more than you do I think it desirable or possible, or even conceivable, to adapt English political institutions to the nations who inhabit India. Assuredly not in your day or

mine. But the *spirit* of English institutions is a different thing, and it is a thing that we cannot escape even if we wished, which I hope we don't. I say we cannot escape it, because British constituencies are the masters, and they will assuredly insist — all parties alike — on the spirit of their own political system being applied to India. The party of ascendency fought that spirit in Ireland for a good many generations; but at last ascendency has broken down. No Unionist denies it. This is what Gokhale and his friends have found out, and you make a great mistake if you don't allow for the effect that they may produce in the Press, on the platforms, and in the House of Commons. Cast-iron bureaucracy won't go on for ever, we may be quite sure of that, and the only thing to be done by men in your place and mine is to watch coolly and impartially, and take care that whatever change must come shall come slow and steady. We are one in all that, I am sure. Pray do not think that I am afraid of the House of Commons. Nobody respects it more, and just because I respect it so much, nobody fears it less.

Suppose the designs of the extreme men are as mischievous, impracticable, and sinister as anybody pleases. Call them a band of plotters, agitators, what you will. Is that any reason why we should at every turn back up all executive authority through thick and thin, wise or silly, right or wrong? Surely that is the very way to play the agitator's game. It really sets up his case for him. Everybody warns us that a new spirit is growing and spreading over India; Lawrence, Chirol, Sidney Low, all sing the same song: "You cannot go on governing in the same spirit; you have got to deal with the Congress party

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and Congress principles, whatever you may think of them: be sure that before long the Mahometans will throw in their lot with Congressmen against you," and so forth and so forth. That is what they all cry out. I don't know how true this may or may not be. I have no sort of ambition for us to take a part in any grand revolution during my time of responsibility whether it be long or short.

June 15. — *I wonder whether we could not now make a good start in the way of reform in the popular direction. If we don't, is it not certain that the demands will widen and extend into "National" reasons, where I at least look with a very doubting and suspicious eye? Why should you not now consider as practical and immediate things — the extension of the Native element in your Legislative Council; ditto in local councils; full time for discussing Budget in your L. C. instead of four or five skimpy hours; right of moving amendments. (Of course officials would remain a majority.) If I read your letters correctly, you have no disposition whatever to look on such changes as these in a hostile spirit: quite the contrary. Why not, then, be getting ready to announce reforms of this sort? Either do you write me a dispatch, or I'll write you one — by way of opening the ball. It need be no long or high-flown affair. I suppose the notion of a Native in your Executive Council would not do at all. Is that certain? I daresay it is — and it would frighten that nervous personage (naturally nervous), the Anglo Indian.*

June 23. — The Indian Budget is fixed for the 20th July, when I shall expound our mysteries to a scanty and listless audience. That is the very audience that I would choose, for it will enable me without remorse or compunction to inflict on them

the story of lakhs and crores, diversified by general views of the problems of Indian government. I should much like to open one or two of the points I named to you in my last letter — more time for the Budget in your Council, amendments, a more extensive representative element, etc. etc. You will, I think, receive this letter that I am now writing early enough to send me a telegram, indicating your inclinations and intentions in this matter. If I were in a position to state that a move of this kind would be made when your next Budget comes forward, it would be an effective answer. You understand, I hope, that I would wish the move to be directly and closely associated with yourself? You understand also that I shall be sure to use safe and guarded language, so that nobody can charge us with going over bag and baggage to the Congress people. The Indian Committee in the House of Commons numbers, as I learn, about 150 members — of course all Radicals and Liberals. They are of all sorts of political temperament, and as Dilke, who is one of them, assures me, they don't agree about anything, and have no leading mind among them. You see, therefore, that with moderate common-sense on my part, I have no serious difficulties to fear.

The question of a Council of Native Princes — on which some people seem to be a good deal set — is not one on which I feel I have as yet much right to an opinion. I don't know the ground well enough. But I think about it pretty often. So far, I *doubt*. What would the Council discuss? What power of directing or influencing the Executive? How far could they be allowed to look into the secrets of government? Would they not try to find them out? In

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your Foreign Department, they would be sure to try for a finger in the pie. Curzon, I believe, thought such a Council would be a counterpoise to the Congress party. All this will need a vast deal of reflection. And it is with the liveliest satisfaction that I perceive in your letter of the 28th May how much cool, equitable, and penetrating reflection you are giving to all our puzzles. You won't suspect me of vulgar flattery.

[These two letters (June 15 and 23) possess some interest as marking the date at which reform took a definite sort of shape in our correspondence. Lord Minto replied (July 5) to my suggestion "of the possibility of attempting to meet the demands of coming changes," and expressed his sense that "we were very much at one in our wishes." "I have very nearly, on several occasions," he went on, "suggested to you the possibility of a native gentleman on my Executive Council, but thought it would be premature to say anything about it." A week later: "I would for the present put aside the possibility of a Native Member of Council." In August he formally referred this question to a committee of his Council. In September: "The more I think of it the more inclined I am for a Native Member on the Viceroy's Executive Council, but I do not want to pledge myself to an opinion before the matter is threshed out." In October he thought a Native Member would be the best answer to the demand for a greater share in the government of India, but was inclined to doubt whether British opinion in that country was ripe. He went on comparing the weight of opinion for and against, and was more and more impressed with the preponderance of arguments for. Headstrong opposition to what, at first, gave a smart shock, came to an end. Lord Kitchener was the most influential of those who were against. In April of the following year (1907) the proposal came in a dispatch from the Viceroy. My Council

was adverse. Of course I was with him. It was vital for many reasons that, as I said in my letter of June 15, where the Native Member made his first appearance, every move should be directly and closely associated with the Viceroy. His persistent industry in dealing with opinion at Simla constituted the "special instigation" that, as I told the House of Lords later, deliberations had reached a stage that made the question practical, possible, and even necessary. I now (August 1907) made the material advance towards bold assertion of the great principle at stake by appointing two Indian members on my own Council. Of this step Lord Minto thought well, as likely to counterbalance disappointment in India if the corresponding proposal for his Council should fall through. Such was the order of the proceeding.]

July 6. — Your letter of last mail was of the very first order in its interest and importance [Anglo-Russian negotiations]. It does not carry me with you, but this makes no difference whatever in my appreciation of its great clearness, ability, and force as a statement of a case. Your letter and Lord K.'s are nothing else than an exhaustive review of the position from one side of it. I will not to-day go for a moment into a discussion of the momentous issues now raised, so far as the substance and practical conclusions go. That must wait. But I should like to make one or two general observations that I will ask you to consider.

The first is this. You argue as if the policy of *entente* with Russia were an open question. This is just what it is not. H.M.'s Government, with almost universal support in public opinion, have decided to make such attempt as Russian circumstances may permit to arrange an *entente*. The

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grounds for this I have often referred to when writing to you. Be they good or bad, be we right or wrong, that is our policy.

When Nicolson went to Russia, I sent you a copy of the sketch of proposed instructions, and Grey agreed with me that the instructions, especially as to Afghanistan, should not be made definite until I had been made acquainted with your views upon them. You say, "If we are to enter on an *entente* with Russia, let us bargain with her elsewhere than in Central Asia." But then this was not the question laid before you. That question was, in view of the policy resolved upon deliberately by us, what you thought of the line on which in respect of Afghanistan we intended to pursue that policy. An *entente* with Russia that should leave out Central Asia would be a sorry trophy of our diplomacy indeed. Anyhow, H.M.'s Government have determined on their course, and it is for their agents and officers all over the world to accept it. If there is one among them to whom it would be more idle to repeat this a, b, c of the Constitution than another, you are that man. I am, however, a little frightened when you say at the end of your letter that "the Government of India should be fully consulted before the agreement suggested is entered into with Russia." If you mean the Government of India in a technical sense — as the G.-G. in C. — I must with all respect demur. For one thing, the G.-G. is his own foreign minister, and the Foreign Department is under his own immediate superintendence. Second, with sincere regard for the capacity of your Council, I fail to see what particular contribution they could make to questions of frontier policy; and again, if there be among them any on

whose counsels, in such questions, you set high value, why should you not summon him or them to your side, as you most naturally summoned the C.-in-C.? Third, have you considered how in practice this "full consultation" could be worked? Diplomacy, as you will agree, is necessarily delicate, flexible, elastic. Is Nicolson in his talks with Isvolsky to pull himself up by thinking how this or that proposal would be taken not only at Whitehall, but also at Simla? You know better than anybody how the pretensions of Canada (I don't use pretensions in any bad sense) fetter and shackle negotiations with the United States. The plain truth is — and you won't mind my saying it frankly because you will agree — that this country cannot have two foreign policies. The Government of India in Curzon's day, and in days before Curzon, tried to have its own foreign policy. I seem to see the same spectre lurking behind the phrase about "full consultation."

Of preaching, you will say, enough. What am I going to do? As for the Russian side of things, I will let Grey and the Prime Minister see your two letters. I do not expect that the Cabinet will change Nicolson's instructions, or reverse its policy in any respect. We shall persevere, as long as Russia goes on. You have set out your views with signal force. They do not convert us — and so, like other Ministers who cannot carry their colleagues, you will make the best of it. The Indian side of these two letters is of more practical and urgent importance. What I propose to do is this. I will prepare for the Committee of Defence a full and careful statement of the views of yourself and Lord K. — I mean as to railways, etc. I shall add to this statement such observations of my

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own as occur to me. That document — containing all the important parts in your own and Lord K.'s words — I will lay before the Defence Committee, and we shall then come to some definite conclusions. I need not say that I will be sure to send you all papers, and to report to you all that goes on. We must now come to a conclusion one way or another.

July 27. — I greatly dislike breaking regular order in things, and so I had much remorse in not writing to you last week. It is, I think, my first delinquency, and you will forgive it in view of the occasion. The Budget performance needed all my attention, I assure you. Time was in the days when I worked hard at Home Rule when I liked speaking, but I have lost the taste. However, all went well. Mr. Holderness and Mr. Abrahams coached me well in details, and I owe them much. I owe you more, for if I had not been able to make the practical announcement so seasonably authorised by you, the thing would have been an affair of sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.

They took a division on a motion made by Keir Hardie for placing the salary of the S. of S. on the estimate. I resisted the motion, though — to be quite honest — I could just as easily have defended it. The result was not particularly satisfactory, for 89 voted against us, and we had only 64 of a majority, including about 30 of the Opposition whom Percy brought into our Lobby. The upshot meant that the Labour men, 40 Irish, and about 34 of our "sensibles" voted against me. Our Whip was angry, and has launched a little *algarade* against our misguided friends. Did they realise what they were doing? Did they know that if they had beaten us, the country would at once have lost the priceless services of the most wonderful

S. of S. that ever was known? I need not tell you that I had no share in this wrathful composition, but it has had a salutary effect. The backsliders protested that they meant no harm. "Why," cried one of them, "I'd die rather than hurt a hair of his head!"

August 2. — This brings me to the other side of the Partition Question. Yesterday I had my fifth and final talk with Gokhale — the first talk since my Budget deliverance. It is of vast advantage that we should be on terms with him; I believe, from all I learn, that his influence on the Indian section in the H. of C. has been most salutary, and that he has stood up for my speech and its promise of good against the men who complained of it as vague, timid, tepid, hollow. He has a politician's head; appreciates executive responsibility; has an eye for the tactics of practical common-sense. He made no secret of his ultimate hope and design — India to be on the footing of a self-governing colony. I equally made no secret of my conviction, that for many a day to come — long beyond the short span of time that may be left to us — this was a mere dream. Then I said to him, "For reasonable reforms in your direction, there is now an unexampled chance. You have a V. R. entirely friendly to them. You have a S. of S. in whom the Cabinet, the H. of C., the press of both parties, and so much of the public as troubles its head about India, reposes confidence. The important and influential Civil Service will go with the Viceroy. What situation could be more hopeful? Only one thing can spoil it. Perversity and unreason in your friends. If they keep up the ferment in E. Bengal, that will only make it hard, or even impossible,

for Government to move a step. *I ask you for no sort of engagement.* You must, of course, be the judge of your own duty, and I am aware that you have your own difficulties. So be it. *We* are quite in earnest in our resolution to make an effective move. If your speakers or your newspapers set to work to belittle what we do, to clamour for the impossible, then all will go wrong."

Forgive this fearfully long speech of mine. He professed to acquiesce very cordially in all of it, and assured me that immediately after my Budget speech he had written to his friends in India, and pitched a most friendly and hopeful note. By this time — or before you get this — you will see whether his tuning-fork has done its harmonising business.

Only one more word. I half suspect that what they really want a million times beyond political reform, is access to the higher administrative posts of all sorts, though they are alive to the inseparable connection between the two. I wish very much that you would from time to time as occasion serves talk about this great subject with sensible and liberal-minded men of all conditions: of course without being in any hurry to form your own judgment.

I am sending you a dispatch about Flogging which I humbly beg you not to allow a department to bury in a pigeon-hole. Opinion here is very strong and warm. If I can find it, I will enclose a passage written by Cromer the other day about Flogging in Egypt — the subject raised here by the executions at Denshawi.

I am thinking much of you this morning, for the papers reproduce (per Reuter) the comments of the *Pioneer* and *Times of India* about our "grave

blunder," etc. etc., and I daresay there may be plenty more of it. All this was, of course, to be foreseen. We can only possess our souls in patience. If things now go decently well for a time, we shall be justified. If they don't, we shall hardly be in greater difficulties than we should have been if Fuller had remained. To me here Indian leading articles won't make any difference, but to you who are on the ground and in the midst of them, they may be uncomfortable. At any rate, be sure that I will make a good stand-up fight here, and that you will be stoutly defended, in the Press and elsewhere. I will take care that Balfour and Percy are kept well informed of the truth of things. I don't think there is any predisposition in any quarter to think ill of us.

Here is a subject on which I hope we shall find ourselves in agreement. I have before me a letter from Lord Roberts to Stedman, talking of "the jubilee of the Mutiny campaign" in 1907 or 1908, medals to veterans, etc. Surely all this is entirely wrong. As soon as the King comes back from Marienbad, I mean to bring the matter before him, and I trust he will encourage us to veto any commemoration whatever, great or small. Pray let me know in a sentence or two by wire what you think.

I am starting in a few hours for a very melancholy expedition to Scotland, to the funeral of poor Lady C.-Bannerman. I may not be back in time for Friday's mail, so I write you a short epistle beforehand. What a curious change in the Prime Minister's public position has been seen in the last few months! He has become generally popular; his ascendency over the H. of C. has never been surpassed; in the Cabinet he is felt to be the one indispensable man

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among all of us. His wife has been his inseparable companion for 46 years, and her influence over him was boundless. She had an extremely strong will, any amount of courage, and, as he said to me yesterday, an extraordinarily good political *flair*. She kept well away from political cliques and sets, and seemed to read both the character of men and the significance of events by a sort of intuition. It will be lonely for him, but he will stick to the ship. He has sold his private house in Belgrave Square, so I suppose he intends to spend the rest of his days in Downing Street!

[The Fuller difficulty came to a head and into full public view in July. The boys of certain schools at Serajgunj had been guilty of violently unruly conduct in the town, and the Lieutenant-Governor had officially applied to syndicate of Calcutta University to withdraw recognition from the schools. The Government of India pointed out to him that if he insisted on University taking action, result would be acrimonious public discussion in which partition and administration of new province would be bitterly attacked, and they thought it most desirable to avoid such contingency, and would prefer to rely upon New University regulations to deal with political movement in schools. For these reasons they suggested withdrawal of his request to University. The Lieutenant-Governor asked that either these orders should be reconsidered, or else that his resignation should be accepted. Lord Minto was quite alive to the objection against changing a Lieutenant-Governor in face of agitation, but it became every day more evident that the administration of the new province was unreliable and might lead to further difficulties. If we persuaded him to remain we should run the risk of having to support him against ill criticism. So the resignation was accepted. I telegraphed concurrence without delay.]

October 5. — I must very reluctantly once more bring you to the Fuller episode. I had a talk with him yesterday which lasted two solid hours and a half. I did not grudge the time, though it was a pretty stiff dose. For the first ten minutes we were a little awkward, and then we found ourselves on the footing of our common humanity. His extraordinary vivacity attracted me; so did his evident candour and good faith; he soon became free and colloquial in his speech, playing with cards upon the table, in which tactics I followed him, both of us being perfectly frank and entirely good-natured. He is evidently a shrewdish, eager, impulsive, overflowing sort of man, quite well fitted for Government work of ordinary scope, but, I fear, no more fitted to manage the state of things in E. Bengal than am I to drive an engine. He had been asked to prepare a statement of his case for use in Parliament; also to write to the newspapers. The latter he refused (for he has a high standard of official duty), but he has written down a few pages constituting material for Parliament. He said they were composed without any heat, and with no bad language about either you or me. He felt that he had a right to be heard in his defence, etc. To this view, of course, I gave my cordial assent. He said I might see his document if I liked. I thought I had better not. He will describe his conduct from the beginning; he admits one real article of charge only, and that he does not deny to be very bad — the Barisal business. "Well," said I, "you have a right to present your case in your own way. My reply will be a very simple one, and it will be this: 'You resigned, not because you had been ill-supported by the G. of I., but because you could

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not have your own way in a particular matter where you took one view and the G. of I. took another. That is the only question that arises on this set of facts. *My* firm principle is that if any official resigns because he cannot have his way, I (if it be my business) will definitely accept his resignation, and I cannot see that Lord Minto had any other alternative. Your policy was not recommended by success. You talk of the injury to prestige caused by the acceptance of your resignation. You should have thought of that before you resigned. The responsibility is yours. I don't believe it is for the good of prestige to back up every official whatever he does, right or wrong.'" The effect of this eloquent burst of mine was to procure a vehement expression of *agreement!* There are some points that stuck in my mind. He had opposed the present form of Partition, and had written to Curzon in that sense. He had not the least expectation that we should accept his resignation — such a thing had never happened before; when he opened your fatal telegram of acceptance he was astounded.

October 11. — I have, for my sins, read more in my time than my fair share of the doings of revolutionary parties in France; I was much in with Gambetta, Clemenceau, etc., after the smash of the Empire, and the battle for the Republic. Again, I saw Irish "rebel" action at close quarters, and for some three years I saw them with the eyes of official responsibility. Moderates are always at a disadvantage. The same forces that begin the move, continue their propulsive power. The only question is whether by doing what we can in the Moderate direction, we can draw the teeth of the Extremists. This depends on local

conditions of all sorts, both superficial and deep, which I don't pretend to have grasped, and which probably you, though on the spot, don't pretend either. Meanwhile our chart and course are clear enough for to-day's navigation.

The Guicowar made a point, for some reason to me inscrutable, of paying me a farewell visit at my own house instead of here. Curzon-Wyllie was rather against it, and thought the red carpets of this Office, on mighty occasions, have a real though occult virtue in them. However, little as you might think it, my motto is "Anything for a quiet life," so the potentate came to my Tusculan villa at Wimbledon. I explained to him how sorry I was not to have twenty-one guns, though I have a six-chambered revolver for suburban burglars. I wondered what all the saints and sages on my bookshelves would think of this Oriental taking five o'clock tea and home-made bread and butter among them. Well, I did not let the host displace the minister, and I gave him some paternal admonition on his prolonged absence from his State. I submit for your consideration the expediency of your inviting him to come and see you.

P. S. — Since beginning this letter Fuller has sent me a little pamphlet of less than 50 pages, containing his story. It is written, he said in a private note to me, at the suggestion of certain of his friends, and is meant for private circulation only. I have run over it, without grappling with it. The temper is excellent — no acrimony — nothing personal against either you or me. He says that he will omit anything that I may judge ought to be omitted. In thanking him for his courtesy, I shall abstain from all suggestions,

and the responsibility will be his own. I still think that we should only present to Parliament the papers bearing on the particular occasion of his resignation. We will wire to you when the number of the papers is finally decided.

By this time I suppose you are off to Simla. I have just been reading two new volumes of Robert Lytton's letters. He was for many years a close and most delightful friend of mine, and they recall to my mind his pretty vivid dislike for the viceregal circles at Government House. He was born a Parisian, with a pleasant touch of Bohemian added, and the Puritan and Philistine graces of Simla were repugnant to him. You are assuredly no Bohemian, yet it may be that you too are sometimes bored by everlasting officialism.

I spent last Sunday with Lord Roberts in their fine new house at Ascot — all full of Afghan things, weapons, pictures, flags, etc. — and we talked Afghanistan all day long. He made me feel much at home on the frontier with his good soldierly way of talking. I find him extraordinarily attractive.

Now, back to India, after this page of irrelevance. I hope you do not think me cross-grained about anticipations of sanction. I have an inveterate prejudice against irregularities as such, and it is all the more violent in a state of things where they must necessarily go with expenditure and extravagance. In matters of my own privy purse I am the least of a miser that ever was known, but as the guardian of public money, and particularly a public like India that cannot guard its own money, I learned from Mill, and still more in my years of friendship with Mr. Gladstone, to be a real dragon with fangs and

eyes of flame. While I write this sentence, I have looked up a passage in my book on Mr. Gladstone, and as probably no copy of it exists at Quetta, Peshawar, Agra, New Chaman, Mile 300, or even in the highly enlightened regions of Simla, I take the liberty of begging you to accept a copy from me, and to read Vol. II. pp. 61–65, just in order that you may think leniently of my financial churlishness, in consideration of the frightful school in which I was brought up. When you have done with it, pray add my book to the kinematographs, brocades, Martinis, and other appropriate presents to Cabul.

The Fuller papers will be laid before Parliament in a day or two. One matter in connection with them lies rather heavy on my conscience, and it is this. There is not a word to show that the acceptance of F.'s resignation had my entire concurrence, and I have a feeling that you may think it rather shabby in me to remain in the innocence of a lamb before Parliament. The Office were obdurate about the production of my telegram, on the ground that the G.-G. is technically and constitutionally the sole authority over Lt.-Governors, and on the further ground that both G.-G. and S. S. should communicate with one another in absolute freedom, and this freedom would be much impaired if either felt that his letter or telegram might be planted in a blue-book. I will try to get it known in Parliament that I warmly concurred in your acceptance of the resignation. I only hope that you will believe I am not thinking of saving my own skin, which after all this time has become conveniently indurated.

November 9. — I have no doubt that you have seen and noticed a letter from —— to —— dated

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Baghdad, 25th August 1906. Quite apart from his conclusions, I find it uncommonly full of real knowledge of facts and conditions on the ground. So much more useful and luminous than any amount of mere "views" of departments; perhaps even of Cabinets. I felt something of the same sort in my conversation with ——, our agent (is or was) at Baghdad. Do you know, I am sometimes amazed, and a trifle horrified, when I contrast the loose free-and-easy way in which politicians form their judgments with the strict standards of proof, evidence, fact, observed by every conscientious critic or historian. So little evidence goes such a long way when once your mind is made up, and circumstances are calling for decision and act. Mr. Gladstone and Chamberlain were very unlike in many ways, but they both of them often astounded me by the tenacity with which they held to dubiously supported opinions. You will not suppose that I claim for myself any exception from this weakness of the tribe.

November 15. — Reading Dufferin's life the other day, I found him observing how *dull* a Viceroy's time is. The same night, meeting Lansdowne at Windsor, I asked him whether Dufferin was right. On the whole I don't think he much disagreed; he had never held a great office before India, and when that came, he did feel it rather overwhelming, and a good deal of it tiresome and monotonous. Lytton certainly was often and undisguisedly bored to death. For myself I don't think I should find the boxes unendurable, but the ceremonial dinner-parties would be deadly. Anyhow, I must say over and over again how I envy your tours, and sights of men and places.

The Baghdad Railway is now beginning to assume

a position of *actualité*, and I hope we shall find a good way through its entanglements. So far as procedure goes there is to be a consultation between the F. O. and Mr. Ritchie and Sir James Mackay of this Office. Their report on the various points to be considered and examined will be submitted to Grey and to me. We two shall then come to such conclusions as we may, and bring the questions arising from our survey before the Cabinet. The letter that you were good enough to send me on the Railway, I have reserved until the time appeared to have come for sending it on to the F. O. The time has now arrived, and I have directed that it shall be duly put forward. After all, I cannot but feel that what we want is not so much views and arguments as the facts of the case — the state of the land and the peoples between Baghdad and Bussora and the debouching point on the Gulf, the prospects of trade, the plans for provision of the cash, at the time when Lansdowne kept out of our participation.

I am perfectly fascinated by that idea of yours, of you and me taking a walk together on your frontier. But then I have misgivings — when I think of the possible effect upon your mind of the teaching of your new friends at Kashmir, and their maxims upon "the political convenience" of "the quiet removal to another world of a troublesome colleague." What a temptation to rid yourself of an importunate economist once for all! Your description of the enchantments of Kashmir brings the wonder of them well before me, and makes me half jealous of you in my own trade of man of letters. I suspect that it must be like the Middle Ages, as you say. I wonder how much Kashmir really differs in moral standards from Machiavelli's Italy? When I return again for

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a short span of my dwindling days to historical philosophy — if there is such a thing — I shall have learned a great deal from my last twelve months of Indian affairs. Still, reading is a poor substitute for actually seeing, as you are doing.

I think that I have pretty well mastered the discussion on the admission of an Indian to your Council — which I suppose to be the most critical of all the questions before you. When I say mastered, pray don't think that I have formed any definite judgment, for I have not, and I am quite as much alive as you can be to the risk of going too fast for European sentiment in India. I do not forget the row about the Ilbert Bill, and I can see the elements of uneasiness that are roused, or may easily be roused, by the present trouble in E. Bengal, and elsewhere. The fuss about the Fuller episode shows the easily excitable frame of mind of your Anglo-Indian community. On the other hand, I ask myself how it will be possible to resist admission of an Indian in face of the fact that two out of four of your own Committee are not afraid.

I enclose you a little piece about cruelty to animals in certain religious sacrifices. It is prompted by an article in the *Nineteenth Century* for October last by the Bishop of Madras, interesting but revolting. If you could by good fortune make any move against such diabolic doings, it would stand you in good stead at the Day of Judgment, I do believe. If it were not all so horrible I would try to enlist Lady Minto. Blessed are the merciful.

The Prince of Wales sent me last Sunday an extract from Scindia, which I now send on to you. I told the Prince that the suggestions were interesting,

but would need a good deal of consultation and consideration. So they will, with a vengeance. I told him that I would forward them to you, which I hereby do. I thank you particularly for your kind telegram about my Afghan dispatch. It gives me the utmost pleasure that you should so readily have appreciated my object. I need only repeat that I shall much value any criticism.

November 30. — How lucky you are to be able to carry on your business without interruption from a grand parliamentary and political crisis. After the tremendous experiences of such things in Home Rule, I have become a little blasé and detached about them in our calmer days. Still, a battle between Lords and Commons, and a graver battle between Church and Chapel in the schools, do rather quicken the pulse and take up hours. By the time you get this, you will know for certain whether or not on your return home four or five years hence you will find a H. of L. to shelter you, or will have to seek a seat in the H. of C. If the latter, allow me humbly to suggest the Montrose Burghs.

Brodrick, by the way, returned from S. Africa a day or two ago, and I had an evening's talk with him. They have enjoyed their trip immensely, but he takes no cheerful view of the economic and financial prospect in S. Africa. I like Brodrick as an honest and capable fellow.

In the Office here, the event of the week in my eyes has been the arrival of Beauchamp Duff upon the scene. We shall now know where we are in these tangled things. I have had a preliminary talk with Duff and found him very satisfactory in the way of clearness and precision. I also thought him pleasant,

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and that does no harm. I gave him a warning to keep his lips closed tight, for I am beginning to believe that there is almost as much tittle-tattle and wire-pulling among soldiers in Pall Mall as among politicians at Westminster.

You have tempted me to read Knight's *Three Empires* over. It is a capital piece of work. But I don't find Achabel. You are far away from there by now.

I rambled into the H. of L. last night, and saw three ex-Viceroys, one of them leading the Government (Ripon), and another leading the Opposition. So you see what lies ahead. I also heard an ex-S. S. (Devonshire), whose speaking I have always liked, even in Home Rule days, though Mr. Gladstone used to growl: "Ah, he never spoke like this when he was speaking for his own side."

I keep pondering over the questions of the Arundel Report on Reforms, and wondering what turn will be given to them and the great issues they raise by your dispatch when it comes. I slightly foreshadowed some of the difficulties in writing to you last week, and I won't go over the ground now. You will easily enough — only too easily — find a perception of them for yourself, though it will naturally be harder for you to have a full view of my elements in the House of Commons. It has occurred to me, not quite for the first time, that we might set up a Parliamentary Committee such as they used to have regularly in the days of the East India Company — a joint Committee of Lords and Commons to inquire into the distribution of local and centralised powers in India, the finance (Fawcett got a House of Commons Committee on this branch of the subject some time in

the early seventies, I think), education, railways, and other public works, etc. etc. If we could get on to such a committee a dozen men of the front rank, it would be of immense service in instructing the public as to the real nature of Indian problems. Gokhale, for instance, would say his say; then Denzil Ibbetson would say his. Do not suppose that the idea is fixed in my mind, or that I am blind to the risks. But then think of the risks and increasing embarrassments of standing still or shivering on the brink. Godley is against it, and swears he will only agree if I promise to sit in the chair. Do not think of taking the trouble to reply to this; you need not say a word; only in odd moments turn it over.

I am keenly interested in what you say of the inner working of your Council, and I hope I shall hear more of Baker's "strongly-worded notes" and "emphatic protest" to H. M.'s Government. In so far as he is for acting as dragon in guard of the golden apples, all my sympathies would go with him. But if he is for setting up an *imperium in imperio*, and for claiming "a predominant voice in the terms of settlement" — *i.e.* in a political settlement — then he is taking ground from which he will find himself dislodged in a single dispatch. I am even more jealous than he is of using Indian money for Persian or any other Imperial purposes, and, as he will remember, I refused to sanction a sovereign unless the Chancellor of the Exchequer here planked down a sovereign of his for every one of ours — a rather bold innovation in B.'s own sense. But this talk of "predominant voice" will never do. We are already in pretty deep waters in respect of our self-governing colonies, and if the Government of India are to advance the same

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sort of claims — founded not on the principles of free government, but on the arbitrary decisions or views of a *close body of officials* — then we shall indeed be in a scrape. However, as I said before, I had better keep out of a battle royal, until I know in terms what exactly it is to be about.

To-night I dine with Grey and Hardinge alone, and we shall no doubt touch on Persia and other matters of interest to you. As usual, I would cheerfully go dinnerless, if that would bring you to sit for a couple of hours in my place. A more exciting quarrel, and perhaps fundamentally a more momentous one, is that between France and the Vatican. Though I am not a son of the Vatican Church, it is painful to me as to any of them to see this violence and fury in association with faiths and professions that ought to be so remote from fury. My French republican friends have often assured me on other occasions of war against the Church, that I idealise the R. C. Church, and do not see plainly enough that it is a ferocious creature, with horns and trampling hoofs and sulphur flame in her nostrils. Be that as it may (and I don't believe a word of it), what I care for is that the French Republic should stand, and the old Italian gentlemen in Rome may prove as formidable to that, as they did to Bismarck when he tried to chain them up by Falk laws. I wish I could tell you of a talk I had in 1896 with the General of the Jesuits then incognito at Rome, but you have no time to listen. In truth I only hope that you are not wondering why I do not stick to Jelalabad and the rest of my proper business.

December 21. — We are all of us to-day in the extremely pleasant bustle of the end of a session, and

after the strain of a long year you may guess that our satisfaction and complacency are exuberant, in spite of icy weather and a general atmosphere of influenza. The miscarriage of the Education Bill is a vexation, and won't bring grist to anybody's political or educational mill. The speech of the Duke of Devonshire I honestly believe to represent the verdict, not only of our master, the Man in the Street, but also of most sober-thinking men whether Churchmen or Chapelmen. Anyhow, we Ministers feel very comfortable as to our general position. The Cabinet is the most harmonious that ever was, and the Prime Minister exercises in a singularly quiet and easy way an extraordinary ascendency over both the Cabinet and the House of Commons. So in short we are off for holidays like schoolboys, *all* of whom (on our side) have got prizes.

When the Royal Speech was being settled in the Cabinet, they were astonished at the marvellous brevity of my Indian contribution of a single sentence. I don't think you would have thanked me for more? If I had crowed over the decent order that seems to prevail in E. Bengal, then we should have got into a scrape with the agitators, and perhaps we should have had new trouble. So do not think that this meagre paragraph is any measure of our appreciation of the service that your sound judgment and right feeling have rendered, and will go on rendering.

I have just got your telegram, for which I am cordially obliged, about Morison on my Council. I believe he will be extremely useful here, and I should expect it to give pleasure to people whom it is our interest to conciliate in India. He has been inclined to visionary notions occasionally, but his replies to

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Hyndman in the *Times*, and his new book on Indian Industrial Organisation show plenty of solid quality. I have known him all his life, so I gave him a strong preachment on the duties of a member of Council — not at all like Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son, but a most unctuous discourse on the Virtues of Red Tape.

CHAPTER III

OPENING STAGES OF REFORMS — INDIAN MEMBERS OF COUNCIL

1907

January 18. — The success of the Amir's visit seems to be splendid, undoubted, and up to this point unqualified. All the public world here, from His Majesty downwards, is delighted. I warmly congratulate you on your personal association with an important and historic proceeding, and on the share that your own good judgment and tact have had in this satisfactory result. The difficulties were obvious; they were formidable; they might easily have become extremely dangerous. You and your lieutenants appear up to this point, if I may say so, to have mastered them admirably.

Shall I confess that I read one paragraph in your letter with a touch of mystification? It is where you say that you in India are face to face with risks that you "cannot express to people at home without being looked on as an alarmist." But what people at home? Not wise people; and as for foolish people, who cares? Who are these wicked sinners? You are not a bit more of an alarmist than I am, and have for many years been. As if I of all men on this planet were heedless of the fact that "a big frontier

war would be a serious affair." Why, that is the song I sing every day. However, I shall be horribly sorry if you do not frankly write me all that is passing through your mind, just as I tell you what is in mine. I believe that you and I are on those terms, and it is most important in every way that we always should be. Only I am sorry that you meet with people who think (if they do think) that responsible Ministers are really bad enough to be willing to sacrifice military efficiency and the safety of India for political reasons, that is to say, personal or party or whatever other anti-patriotic reasons we like. Of course, I thoroughly understand you, and sympathise with you, when you say how "strongly you feel how dangerous any appearance of a reduction of our military prestige in India would be." But I hope this does not mean that every request from the military people is to be held sacred and inexorable. This will never do, and you are the last man in the world to say that it will do. So now, Good-bye. Cordial congratulations and every possible prosperity.

January 25. — I have been, and am, rather immersed in K.'s military policy. We have got to work at the Defence Committee. Esher, Haldane, Lyttelton, Ewart, French, are the W. O. men, and I am in the chair. Duff stated his case (or Lord K.'s) in an admirably written paper, and stood a cross-examination on it, with great ability and skill. Yesterday we had Nicholson (Sir W.) — at least as clever as Duff or more, and full of Afghan experiences. I enjoy it immensely — a table covered with maps, figures, etc. etc. If my interest in military things goes on at this rate, you will hear of me taking the field one of these days!

My Secretary has just this minute brought in to

me your portrait! It is excellent, and I am delighted to possess it. This afternoon it goes to the framer, and on return will be placed on my walls here, to keep company with Warren Hastings and other Indian celebrities, until in due time I carry it off to my library afore-mentioned. I thank you, and will pay brass for gold by sending you my own homely picture at some early day.

On Saturday I go to Windsor for a couple of days, where I understand that I shall be much interrogated about your Amir. H. M. agrees with the notions that I am telegraphing to you about the pupils whom the Amir proposes to send to Lord K. Is it a little odd that Mahometans should come to a Christian Government to be taught, not the Sermon on the Mount, but the noble arts of human slaughter?

For once I am really at the end of my tether, intellectual and epistolary. I have been at a long Cabinet, I have had several interviews, I have dealt with any quantity of files, and I have the prospect of more files and more interviews before I escape home.

February 7. — My labours at the Defence Committee are making me as intimately acquainted with Peshawar as I am with Piccadilly or Wimbledon Common. Lord Roberts came with evidence this week which I rather fear would give you almost unalloyed satisfaction.

We are still Arctic. I went to Windsor last week-end and, among other people of interest, found Balfour there. He is immensely pleased with my procedure on the Defence Committee, which he admits to be an improvement on what he found possible in his day.

I may as well enclose you a lecture of Lyall's. You need not trouble about Alexander the Great, who disappeared centuries ago, but the last half or

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quarter will, I think, well repay you. You remember Lord Salisbury's famous warning to people who were excited about the N. W. frontier to look at big maps? I often think a similar warning to us to mount to the high summits of policy where Lyall (himself an Indian expert of the first rank) invites us to stand would be just as salutary. That is by no means to say that we must not come always to the closest quarters with the urgent questions of to-day.

Everybody to-day is sorrowing at the death of Lord Goschen. He had been a good friend of mine for many years: one of the very *cleverest* men, in the strict sense of the word, that I have ever known in my life. The papers are quoting to-day what I said about him in my book on Mr. Gladstone: that he had the large views of Liberal Oxford along with the practical energy of the City of London, added to a hard fibre given him by Nature. Poor man — I'm truly sorry he has gone.

February 15. — Your budget looks very satisfactory indeed on the whole. The reduction of the salt duty will certainly please everybody here, and I am persuaded that it is right, if there is to be any decency in taxation at all. As to opium, of course, I know your difficulties, and I understand your sensitiveness — financial sensitiveness, I mean. But I confess that it jars on me when I see in the *Times* newspaper and elsewhere (not quite excluding communications from the Government of India) so much cynical incredulity as to there being any sincerity in Chinese professions. I see nothing to shake my faith in what Satow told me, that there is a large and powerful body of honest anti-opium people in China. They may be the minority, and their virtue may be

the mantle for a pack of knavish politicians (such people are by no means entirely confined to parliaments) who are thinking only of revenue or of private gains of one sort and another. But then this is always the way in which reforms begin, and it is surely our business, as a nation loudly bragging of its civilising mission on this planet, not to throw tubs of cold water on the smoking flax (see Isaiah xlii. 3, if you please).

Our session has opened very tamely — of which you may be sure that Ministers are the last persons to make any complaint. On Monday we are to have a sham fight on fiscal reform — a policy towards which I think I have heard that you nurse some friendly feeling. Nothing will come of it at present, nor for some years at any rate, and *we* judge it dubious tactics for Balfour to have chosen this for battle-ground. His party is so weak for the moment, however, that choice of ground does not much matter.

I nurse a lingering hope that, before this letter departs by to-night's mail, I may have a telegram from you about the important dispatch [Reforms]. You may be sure how concerned I am . . . but I declare that I cannot for the life of me see why deliberations originated by you last July should not by this time have ripened into at least one or two pretty definite proposals, proper for the consideration of H. M.'s Government. That you should seek more time for the extension of the elective element in local councils I readily understand, but the points named by me in my speech of the 20th July are utterly stale; they have been under consideration for years. You may say Aye or No, as you please; but considering that these particular questions have been threshed

out to the very dregs, I am puzzled that your Council should not be able to say either Aye or No. Then, again, if the Committee of the Executive Council presided over by Arundel was able to come to conclusions in one direction or another within a very reasonable time, I am puzzled to see why the whole Council should need what threatens to be a very indefinite quantity of time in travelling the same journey; and this is all the more wonderful, considering that they had the material of the Arundel Report ready for them to start upon. Your letters show me that you, at any rate, kept your own mind pretty steadily turning over these questions with constant anxiety to see daylight. They show me, moreover, that in the very momentous question of admitting a Native Member to your Executive Council, you had come to a distinct and firm opinion. Well, I am a great believer in the virtues of collective consultation, and I am all for taking time and giving opportunity to allow men to come round to your own judgment. But time is one thing, and eternity is another. And I wholly fail to see what new material, either of argument or fact, time is likely to bring to view.

February 28. — I am sincerely vexed if the wording of my telegram of the 6th February gave you the slightest notion that I was for discouraging the very frankest interchange of all thoughts and projects, hopes or apprehensions. That, as you say, "would indeed be disheartening"; and I must say further that if I found the terms between us to lose the friendliness and freedom of the last fourteen or fifteen months, I for one — who hold to office by rather a loose rein — should be tempted to *bolt*, and leave your battle to be

fought out with some other warrior. Of course you and I cannot be expected to agree in the whole line of imperial policy, and the occasional differences of judgment are bound to come to light from time to time, and a word used by one of us may jar upon the ear of the other. But that need not, and will not, hinder the general situation from being *all right*. We are both of us uncommonly hard-worked men, and men in that case have their susceptibilities, I suppose. *I* have, I know.

One great spring of mischief in these high politics is to suppose that the situation of to-day will be the situation to-morrow. If I were writing a manual for a statesman, I should say to him, "Remember that in the great high latitudes of policy, all is fluid, elastic, mutable; the friend to-day, the foe to-morrow; the ally and confederate against your enemy, suddenly *his* confederate against you: Russia or France or Germany or America, one sort of Power this year, quite another sort and in deeply changed relations to you, the year after."

I don't know whether it is worth while for me to say anything about the famous Arundel Report. Most strongly do I feel with you that the question is too full of momentous possibilities for us to deal with them other than slowly and seriously. And you won't suppose that I do not make all possible allowance for the flood of interruptions that are always besetting you. That flood unluckily will never cease, and we need not wait for it to exhaust itself. I understand, too, that your mind should fluctuate about the Native Member: you will have gathered, I think, from my letters that I, like you, or even more than you, was without vehement conviction

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either way. Only, when you named a man whom you would recommend for my consideration (——), I began to think that probably the thing would have to move forward. It does not surprise me that, now you have come to the brink of a final decision, you should want to think twice, nay, thrice, before defying the "bitter opposition" of your colleague, as well as "violent British opposition" in the country. The latter is what impresses me as containing formidable possibilities.

I am slaving away at the Defence Committee on the N. W. frontier. By Easter I hope that we shall come to decisions.

What you say of the difficulty you have in really knowing the inner state of things in the mofussil, limited as you must be for the most part to official surroundings, goes to the root of our difficulties, doesn't it? It is nobody's fault. The officials sincerely mean all that is good, and they undoubtedly speak the truth, or wish to speak it. You are keen to hear, and apt to seize every hint that reaches you.

After all, you may at least rejoice in the indirect influence that you are exercising for good. You may not hear all about the mofussil, but the mofussil and that unsympathetic tribe, the Anglo-Indians of Calcutta, etc., hear all about you; so do the Native Princes. And what they hear is dead against bullying and over-meddling and racial arrogance and social exclusiveness. This stream may not make a great brawl, for anything I know; but it must spread into many channels for all that, and do infinite good.

I have not yet escaped from the labours of my frontier committee. Whether my conclusions will command approval from colleagues, I am not sure.

They won't be violent or *doctrinaire* or anything else that is exciting, though, do you know, I find soldiers, much as I like most of them, rather susceptible. To me they are as kind as can be, but in respect of one another they are no better, if no worse, than lawyers or doctors or journalists in professional touchiness.

March 28. — I have just been reading since breakfast the half column in the *Times* of your doings yesterday on the Budget. All seems to have gone well, but I long to read your speech and Lord K.'s *in extenso*. The qualifications are constantly the most significant part of speeches. You have evidently thought it wisest to open the question of reforms in the broadest way possible, and to rouse public interest and expectation to its fullest extent. I think you were wholly right in disowning pressure from home. That will stop in advance what would otherwise have been the first parrot-cry of Anglo-Indian criticism and resistance official and otherwise, and your public Native and European will have to judge the proposals on their merits. On the other hand, it leaves me free from responsibility up to this stage. That will help to take the proposals out of the party lines, and Balfour and Lansdowne will be bound to treat respectfully a policy emanating from a Governor-General appointed by them, and a member (as I believe) of their own party. The man who will carry most weight in the business is undoubtedly Lansdowne, and I should half expect him to be adverse to a good deal in your proposals. In an idle moment at the Cabinet yesterday I threw the advance telegram across the table to Elgin. I saw him read through it twice, with an uneasy physiognomy, and when he flung it back, he gave me a discouraging shake of the head. Ripon,

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poor man, has not been in London since his sore loss of his wife: he will pretty surely be on your side, but then they will say that his experience is out of date. The Cabinet, I believe, will give me my head. My Council I do not expect to be very impassioned either way, but certainly, with one or two exceptions, they are not exactly of the noble tribe of born reformers.

I have directed that the telegram shall not be communicated in the Office, until the full dispatch comes. I don't want men to commit themselves until (1) they have all the material for judgment; (2) have had a chance of private and individual discussion with me.

April 4. — A word about the Defence Committee. The thing stands thus. My draft report will be considered and settled by the Sub-Committee ten days hence; and then by the Prime Minister, etc., ten days later. It will be a secret document, but of course I always intended to ask the P. M. to let me send you a copy. I will even send you, without leave, a copy of my draft, but for your personal eye only, and — at that stage not for observations.

April 12. — This brings me to what, you may be very sure, is the subject constantly before my mind — the *dispatch*. I received it last Saturday, and on Tuesday brought it before the Council, with a few introductory remarks of a neutral character, commending it to the special and prompt attention of a committee of seven or eight members. I have since had short and provisional private talks with three or four of them. I believe the Council will be of one mind against the Indian member on your Exec. Council.

If my Council is unanimous against it, like your Council (bar one), it will be impossible, as I believe, to secure support for it here: in the Cabinet probably; in the H. of C. certainly; in the H. of L. certainly not; in the Press ditto. The fear of reawakening the uproar of the Ilbert Bill days will be a powerful factor in most minds. These are only first and unformed impressions. I had a short talk with Percy last night. I told him I was half inclined to show him your dispatch, because, of course, the tone of the Opposition would be an element in deciding my tactics. We agreed that he should ask Balfour and Lansdowne whether they approved of his entering, even to this moderate extent, into my secret counsels. As I told you last week, Lansdowne from his great Indian experience and his general reputation will count for more than anybody else; and it would be a help to me if I knew whether he would fight it high or not.

As was to be expected, considering who they are and what are their antecedents, my Council show no enthusiasm; on the other hand, they show neither impatience nor wrath. They are, almost without exception, conservative and sceptical about reform. And, almost without exception, they won't face the state of opinion and feeling that is described in para. 38 of your dispatch. Yesterday I said to them, as I would say to the majority who framed para. 38, "The truer all you say is — about 'inflamed minds, sedition-mongers,' etc. — the more incumbent it is upon you to tell us how you hope and intend to abate the inflammation."

April 26. — You named H. to me. He is now in London, and I had a long talk with him a day

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or two ago — most interesting, among other things, because he is out of the official groove. I pressed him to say what all the language about Indian unrest really amounted to. He found it hard to describe, he said; but in every quarter there is *expectation:* the air seems charged; the disquiet of mind is vague, but real; European and Native alike seem waiting for something, they know not what; though not exactly afraid of a storm, he finds the atmosphere uncomfortably like the eve of storms. He made a remark about my extension of Lord K. as Commander-in-Chief that struck me a little. [I extended Lord Kitchener's term as C.-in-C. for a further period.] "I am extremely glad you have extended; a year or six months ago, I would not have liked it: to-day I think it very wise; it will give confidence."

At the same time we must use language to convince people that we mean to stand no nonsense, and that disorder will extinguish the chances of reform. Some of the Council request me to take the line of Cromer in his last report. (The same people, by the way, would like to see reforms accompanied by a large increase of the white garrison.) I daresay the Lord will put words into my mouth, when the time comes. Meanwhile, I am not slow to recognise your courage, steadfastness, and magnanimity, and I believe you will find, when the froth of the controversy subsides, a general willingness to do you full justice for these not too common qualities. But it stops my pen when I think that, before you get this, I shall have crossed our Rubicon.

May 3. — The net result I have already made known to you by telegraph, and I don't know that there is very much worth adding. On none of the

proposals in the Cabinet, save the Indian Member, did I say anything, beyond naming them. On the Indian Member, the ruling considerations were the attitude of your Council and mine; and second, the possible risk of an Anglo-Indian fit of wrath and fear. Then what carried great weight, as was to be expected, was the fact that Ripon, whom nobody will suspect of want of sympathy with Indian hopes and claims, was hostile to the proposal on the merits — mainly on the Secrecy argument — that the Member would have to know military and foreign secrets, etc. etc. Elgin also was hostile on the same ground, or about the same ground. Fowler, ditto, on all grounds. I told them that what influenced my own mind was not the weakness of your case on the merits — the arguments against you seeming to me of the nature of moonshine — but this, that the gain of having a Native on your Executive Council, whether in improving administration or in pacifying Native aspiration, was not decisive enough to justify the risk of provoking European clamour. In this country, what I firmly believe to be a wholly disproportionate stir is worked up about Unrest in India whenever some wretched riot is reported. Everything is put under a microscope, and a whole horde of old Anglo-Indians pounce down with alarmist letters. This sort of thing is reason the more for keeping the Native Member back — for a while at any rate. It is not the most solid or satisfactory of reasons, and I wish it did not prevail. But cabinets and ministers have to take the world as they find it.

It looks from your Punjab news as if we were approaching deep waters. It is a pity for a hundred most obvious reasons, perhaps most of all because it

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will make it much harder, to carry out the bold line of reform that you and I have marked out. It is an old and painful story. Shortcomings in government lead to outbreaks; outbreaks have to be put down; reformers have to bear the blame, and their reforms are scotched; reaction triumphs; and mischief goes on as before, only worse. Well, we must make the best of it. If rows go on, I daresay some stern things will have to be done. You may be sure of my firm support, even if the sternest things should unluckily be needed. It may turn out that you will want that support not only against sedition-mongers, but also against your law-and-order people, who are responsible for at least as many of the fooleries of history as revolutionists are. I only hope that plenty of deliberation, and comprehensive balancing of pros and cons, may precede any strong measures. I hope further that where time permits you will acquaint me with your intentions well beforehand, more especially where the Press is concerned. It won't surprise me if you desire to take some steps in Press matters, but you should know that people here are very sensitive about this, not merely ultra-Radicals, but papers like the *Spectator*, from which I enclose you an extract as a specimen. Much attention has naturally been paid to Cromer's resolute refusal, in his last report, to muzzle the Press in Egypt. If there be a scintilla of real *evidence* that seditious rags are infecting the Native Army, nobody would refuse suppression. Only you won't forget that in moments of excitement, such as this may become, people are uncommonly liable to confuse suspicions and possibilities with certainty and reality.

The H. of C. will, I believe, be perfectly reasonable,

so long as our majority feel sure that they have the plain truth told them; or if I say the truth cannot all be told, that there is some good reason for reserve. Balfour is behaving well, as might have been expected. He told me that he had passed the word to his men, that they are not to molest me. Only all depends, so far as H. of C. is concerned, on my being perfectly frank and straightforward; and for that purpose, all depends on my being kept by you in the fullest possession of all that you are doing — not by any means for public use, but so that I may know the ground. If I have a single thing to grumble about, it is that I am somewhat meagrely supplied with reports, etc. You have no idea of the sensational headlines in some of our most widely-read prints! One would have supposed that Pindi was a scene of fire and sword, carnage and rape, as if it had been the siege of Magdeburg in the Thirty Years' War. Idiotic, isn't it?

As you may not be surprised to hear, this sort of thing produces some not unnatural excitement in certain high latitudes at Windsor. I was reproached the other night in a good-natured, half-playful way with taking the riots too coolly, whereas they ought to "prevent me from sleeping at night"! I said, "Well, Sir, if they did, I should not be much good by day." Lord Roberts was standing by us, so I appealed to him whether he lay awake when campaigning. He said, decidedly not; and at any short halt he always dismounted and had a good nap on the ground under his horse's nose. It might do no harm if you wrote a tranquillising letter.

Talk of the Boer War — I have had a good deal of conversation with Botha. He is an attractive fellow

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— a mixture of ease, directness, sense, geniality, and stoutness. He assured me that he will do his very best to mitigate the sharpness of the anti-Asiatic ordinance, and in truth this is an unwritten condition of a certain favour that the Government have agreed to do for him in a financial direction. So, if the occasion should arise, and any fault be found with me for not vindicating the Asiatic cause, you are at liberty to say (without detail) that you know I have done the best that was possible, and that there is reason to look for care and consideration in working the law.

To turn for a moment to trifles or trivialities. The P. of W. was applied to the other day for a subscription to the Clive business, and he asked my advice. I said that he had much better keep out of it; that the thing was being criticised in the Native Press with its usual elegance; that if he subscribed, he would expose himself to this sort of language; that you and I might subscribe, but that was a semi-official proceeding: for H. R. H. to come forward and be attacked would be quite different. As I have said, the promotion of reforms was one main limb of our work; the other was the suppression of disorder and sedition. The task was steady perseverance with the first, along with firmness in the second.

. . . You will wonder how I find in my heart to take up your time with such *misères* as all this. I wonder myself. . . . The reply that I shall send you by the next mail is a wretched sort of affair, and though I have written a thousand pieces in my ill-spent days in which I took but little pride, I never felt so little proud of anything as this. People find fault with your dispatch, as speaking with two voices,

as inconsistent with itself, etc. I tell them in reply that it could not be otherwise. You were speaking with two voices, and so am I. As it seems best that they should never see public daylight, after they have served their purpose, I don't know that it much matters. I think it might have been better tactics if you had opened (without preamble) with proposals about extending the principles of 1892, and then glided into the Native Member, Council of Nobles, and Budget. Still, I appreciate your desire to present the whole case as it presents itself to you, and to put into the front place the proposals that would be most likely to strike the imagination.

The question is the Future. 'Tis like the Czar and the Duma. Are we to say, "You shall have reforms when you are quiet. Meanwhile we won't listen to a word you say. Our reform projects are hung up. Meanwhile plenty of courts-martial, *lettres-de-cachet*, and the other paraphernalia of law and order." People here who have been shouting against the Grand Dukes in Petersburg for bullying the Duma, will shout equally vociferously against you and me if we don't in our own sphere borrow the Grand Duke policy. Percy (a thoroughly good and extremely clever fellow) told me to-day that the strong feeling in society and the City is that rows in Lahore and Pindi are the results of accepting the resignation of Fuller. Was there ever such unreason and absurdity? On the other hand, a Radical friend of mine is to ask me on Monday whether I will repeal the *Regulation of 1818* [allowing deportation]. Of course I shall tell him No. But you know the ground too well in Pall Mall, Westminster, and the City of London, for me to need to draw a picture of

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the forces that will wax active in the various directions. I daresay they will all die down. That will depend on India. Nobody in the world has better reason for desiring us to suppress the row than the Moderates among the Congress party, for they will be dished if disorder prevails. It is no use saying more until we know more — that is to say, until events have shown us what the sedition is made of and amounts to. I fancy you are of a good temperament for troublesome times, and I believe that I am not bad. So we come well out of it; only don't be too economical in telegraphing.

May 16. — I have had a pretty stiff week, and yet on the whole, now that there is a lull, I don't think that I have had any obdurate difficulties to face. Only there was always the off-chance that something might go wrong, first in Cabinet, second in my Council, and third and most dangerous in the H. of C. As it is and up to now all ends well enough, and we have breathing time for the Whitsuntide holiday. The Cabinet practically gives me an entirely free hand, both for present and the immediate future. The Council jibbed a good deal about the Indian Member *here,* as well as with you, but they loyally accept, what in fact they could not deny, that the appointments to Council are exclusively my business, and none of theirs. Then I expected that they would urge me to drop the reply to your dispatch, and to tell you that all reform must be hung up. One of them wrote to me strongly in this sense. To my surprise, however, they were unanimously of my opinion, that the dispatch-writing should go on. So the thing goes by this mail, and a very botched affair it is. But I am mightily concerned to think out how

much of the story I am to tell on the 30th, when I am to expound the situation to the House of Commons. It is here that clouds may arise. Deportation is an ugly dose for Radicals to swallow; in truth, if I did not happen to possess a spotless character as an anti-coercionist in Ireland, our friends would certainly have kicked a good deal. As it is, if a division is forced after my speech, we shall have against us the Irishmen, most if not all of the Labour men, and a fair handful of our ordinary rank and file. This may put me personally into something of a hole; for I don't see how I could carry on, if I found myself opposed by a majority of our own party. However, we need not say good-morrow to the Devil until we meet him.

I suspect your difficulties will only now be beginning, for the reactionaries are sure, after getting their first mouthful of Energy, to clamour for more — right and left. Personally, I am not at all squeamish in such a community, or mass of communities, as India is, for a conflagration there would be too terrible. The worst of it is that we do not really know, and cannot know, what is going on in the subterranean depths of the people's own minds. I have had a second long talk with ——. I showed him the telegrams; he pooh-poohed some of the alarmist things: "Of course," said he, "I knew there might be elements of unrest, because there always are; but I had no reason to suspect seditious conspiracy or anything of that sort."

May 24. — Your telegram of yesterday, about the line of our pronouncement in Budget speech, is worth silver and gold to me. It fits in exactly with my own notions, and I do believe that, in spite of

the delay and discouragement about your Arundel dispatch, we ought to get the train back into the track again. A Viceroy, a Cabinet, a H. of C. majority, all looking in the same direction — such a conjuncture of the powerful elements in the firmament must lead to good, unless we bungle. Perhaps I ought to say unless *I* bungle, for all depends on the way in which the problem and our solution of it are stated, and if I use (as is likely enough) a wrong turn of sentence or phrase I may get you and all of us into a bad scrape either with the Moderate Natives, or with the Bureaucracy, or with the British Radicals, or the British Tories acting as allies of the Bureaucrats in India and at home here. I am not very clever at egg-dances as my old Chief was, but I'll try my best; and I know that in you, who are the person most directly involved, I shall have a judge who will make allowances.

I am only one quarter ready with my discourse to the H. of C. next Thursday, so I shall only send you to-day a mere note of amicable greeting. It will be a delicate sort of performance, as you may easily imagine, and words will have to be pretty carefully chosen. The only comfort is that my immediate audience will be not at all unfriendly in any quarter of it, though Radical supporters will be critical, and Tory opponents will scent an inconsistency between deporting Lajpat, and my old fighting of Balfour for locking up William O'Brien. I shall not, however, waste much time about that. I have always said that Strafford would have made a far better business of Ireland than Cromwell did, but then that would be an awkward doctrine to preach just now.

June 7. — All went well yesterday afternoon,

and the H. of C. — which I have sometimes held *in terrorem* over you — came well out of the ordeal. I made a tremendously long speech in an extremely bad voice, in which I preached sound doctrine and told them plain truth, which is something. A good many of our people had deepish misgivings, and if they had gone with Irishmen and Labour men, it might have been awkward. The Irish, however, told me beforehand that they would not vote, seeing my years of friendship for them. The Labour people were sensible, as for that matter they usually are. And my speech succeeded in leaving the Radicals decently satisfied and comfortable. Balfour had nobly ordered his men down to support, in case it should be needed. If a division had come off, we should not have had 30 men, I think, against us. An excellent result.

Forgive me for adding a single line, to beg you not to allow any of your officers, great or small, to abuse or press too far the good position in which we now stand. That is a very possible danger, so pray keep a good strong curb-chain on. To tell you the truth, the more I think both of —— and ——, the less do I value the judgment of either one or the other. And now, by the way, that we have got down the rusty sword of 1818 [Act for deportation], I wish you would deport —— and —— [two officials]. What do you say? I should defend that operation with real verve.

Poor Ibbetson reported himself to me two mornings ago, before he put himself into the hands of the surgeon; and I had an hour with him. He was perfectly simple, and free from any sign of trepidation. On business, he spoke of a Press Law, and of some

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means of meeting a movement for refusing to pay revenue. I told him the first would need a good deal of consideration, and in truth I doubt whether I could persuade the H. of C. to stand it.

I send you by this mail the report of our Imperial Defence Committee — strictly secret and personal. As Lord K. wrote to me last week, my obduracy in his respect was for a moment softened; I have sent him also a copy. I don't value the said report at all highly myself, for all will depend upon the state of the frontier case when the time comes. All is too problematical and hypothetical and contingent, for us to trace a firm full-dress scheme. However, it may interest you, when you have nothing better to do. The present is far too loaded with its own responsibilities and cares, for you to have much spare time for things so far off as Russian aggression.

'Tis the Longest Day: five o'clock in the morning; cool breezes; delightful (and rare) sunshine; trees, grass, shrubs, fresh and glorious rhododendrons, which I rather think first came from your Himalayas, just losing their colour; and as the old hymn says "only man is vile." In other words, I am a trifle oppressed by the vexatious prospect, that though there is to be no autumn session, yet we shall not be free much, if any, before the very last day of August. Think of that! If the weather should turn hot, then I shall be bowled over. Forgive this dolorous opening. I am not really dolorous at all, for your affairs and mine have gone a vast deal better than we might have expected. And all the previous page of grumbling means is that I am sighing for a holiday.

With singular folly, I have yielded to pressure in presiding over another Defence Sub-Committee on

an inquiry into the military requirements of Egypt. It is interesting, and the talk often reminds me of Indian things. There are many bits of parallel between India and Egypt, as you well know — among other things in the growth on both soils alike of hot-headed, high-handed folk, full of alarms and swagger, and clamour for more force. Cromer is still in his rest cure, and I have not yet been allowed to see him.

Your latest general telegram (19th June) is not over-comfortable reading. But then comfortable reading is what from India one has no right to expect. I will copy out for you a little piece from a speech of Lord Canning's just before he left for India, and not very long before the Mutiny: I came across it the other day, and it struck me as being the exact truth for Viceroy and S. S. to have ever at the back of their minds:

> I wish for a peaceful term of office; but I cannot forget that in our Indian empire, that greatest of all blessings depends upon a great variety of chances, and *a more precarious tenure, than in any other quarter of the globe.* We must not forget that in the sky of India, serene as it is, a small cloud may arise, at first no bigger than a man's hand; but, growing bigger and bigger, may at last threaten to overwhelm us with ruin.

Canning was not many months in India before the storm broke.

I bespeak your quiet consideration of a dispatch on the financial powers of the Government of India which will reach you in a mail or two after this. The worst of all dispatch-writing is that it is so apt to engender a spirit of *contention,* both in the man who writes and still more in the man who reads and has to reply. He naturally throws himself into a

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defensive, or even an aggressive attitude. I will beg you and your colleagues to give my views on the constitutional relations of the G. of I. with the S. S. in Council, a not unfriendly access to your minds. Nobody on the habitable globe is more open than am I to reasonable arguments stated in the tone of reason.

Yesterday afternoon I had the honour of a visit here from Lady Minto, who was curious to see the foundry where I forge thunderbolts, and receive the thunderbolts from Simla in return. We had a famous talk about persons and things, and, to use your own expression, Lady Minto's detail brought out all sorts of "light and shade," and gave me a graphic notion what your life and work in Government House are like. We talked on one or two annoying topics connected with the wire-pulling of certain persons whom I need not name, in newspapers and elsewhere. I wish that I had thought of an Irish word that Walter Scott discovered in some visit to Ireland, and constantly used afterwards in his letters when trivial disagreeables came in his way. "*Nabochlish!*" which is old Irish for new French "*N'importe.*" When I hear or read some malicious or injurious word in politics, I find real comfort in saying to myself "*Nabochlish!*" with convinced emphasis. What does it matter? Why need I care? It won't alter the facts. Time will prove. Wait. The facts are what justifies — facts and time. There's a grand dose of philosophy for you! And yet, from ——'s account, you stand in no need of it, and so much the better. In one sense I need it more than you, for since deportation began, I am often wounded in the house of my friends — "shelving the principles of a

lifetime," "violently unsaying all that he has been saying for thirty or forty years," and other compliments of that species. This from men to whom I have been attached and with whom I have worked all the time! I wince, and then out comes my talismanic "*Nabochlish.*"

An hour later Ibbetson came to see me — rather a wonderful recovery, it strikes me. He is clear-headed and firm of purpose according to his lights and experience: that he reads his experience aright, I don't feel so sure. It cannot be easy for any man to waken up to new times, after a whole generation of good honest hard labour in old times. It is your hard lot to have to carry things by the agency of men whose feeling is inclined to be backward. Well, we must make the best of it. I talked to him a little of the difficulties — not considerable at present, but very real — of the S. S.; and hope I opened his mind, though it is a hard mind, I suspect. I told him of the case of ——. He agreed with me that if deportation is to be used, it ought to be a quick and unconditional stroke. But he thought deportation without condition or choice would do good. To this my reply was that if prosecution failed, then we could go forward to deportation with a clear conscience. The plain truth is that *if there were any solid and substantial reason for believing India is drifting into a dangerous condition*, and if that can be decently established, then — so far as opinion in Parliament and the country is concerned — we can do what we please.

The —— —— newspaper started a scare campaign this week. The Editor came to see me, and I treated him with a judicious mixture of frowns and smiles,

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scolding and bowing, that seems to have been fruitful; for the next day, the meek individual who has usually been pelted as a pure stiff-necked doctrinaire is hoisted up on to a pedestal where he jostles Chatham, Pitt, and Frederick the Great. On the whole, the Press all round treats us very well, and with a fair amount of consideration, though I can see that in some quarters, both Ministerial and Opposition, Tory and Radical, the fingers of the scribes are itching to have a fling of the usual kind. As for the H. of C. I believe I shall carry things safely and quietly through the session, with your aid.

July 18. — Nothing could give me heartier gratification than your approval of my speech, and the particularly kind way in which you express it. Public life is rather an arid pursuit compared with one's dreams as an ambitious collegian, but it has the consolations of comradeship. Yes — I do believe that you are right in saying that "we look at things in the same way," and that is both a vast comfort to us and an advantage to the State.

I saw Ibbetson on Monday and thought his spirits a trifle lower than they had been. No wonder, for he seemed in some discomfort, and he must know, I should fear, that the physical mischief is by no means at an end. He was in no unreasonable frame of mind, and we parted good friends. I was truly sorry for him.

I have no sort of turn for theatrical effects in politics. But it occurs to me that the promulgation of an extended system of government whenever it comes, would be a not unsuitable moment for letting out the two deported men. We Englishmen are somehow never over-cordial to the doctrine of Amnesty,

and never have been. Yet it softens political resentments, and both in France and the United States has been rather a successful as well as a glorious element in their history. British rulers have always been, as I think, unwisely hard and stiff about political offenders. I am reminded of them by the portraits of great soldiers with high military stocks that line the walls of the Club. I hate the sight of a stock. Of course, if times happen to be unsettled, we cannot grant an amnesty on dilettante grounds of moral elegance.

Risley has come upon the scene, and I see that before we part I shall have got an immense deal out of him. He is evidently a clever, stirring fellow, and will set your constitutional proposals into good shape before us. He has had no difficulty in convincing me that my reply dispatch was clumsy and misleading about the Council of Notables. Whatever my Council may be, I am entirely of the views that you set out in your letter of June 27, and we will do our best to mould it in your sense. No time shall be lost, and I hope that by the time you descend from Simla, you will be at the end of the whole operation. That it will close the chapter of "sedition," I don't believe, nor will anything else that the wit of man could devise. But it will be an honest trying to help us over the stile.

I must say a single word about "interception of suspicious correspondence." I have enjoyed a considerable familiarity — to borrow John Bright's sarcasm about people "enjoying bad health" — with operations of this sort in a country nearer home than India, and came slowly but rather decidedly to the conclusion that they are *mostly* futile.

This mail carries the Reform Circular to you, and unless your Council make a fidget about it, there is no reason why it should not be given to the listening earth, with or without "the wondrous story of its birth," before Parliament rises — which is just now our standard and measure of time and all its seasons. If at the same date I publish my appointment of the two Indian Members on my Council, it will look like a single operation, and ought really to make a great move, leaving the appointment of an Indian Member on *your* Council for some other not too distant day. Your subjects may be as unappreciative as they like. We shall have tried the best experiment within our reach. All depends on the strength of the sensible people in India. The worst of it is, when things get into a certain condition of disquiet, political aspiration, and other revolutionary humours, then the sensible people retire into their shells and leave the violent people masters.

Your dispatch about a Press law gave me some shivers, though I have long foreseen that such a proceeding in some form or other might be for good reasons or bad inevitable.

August 23. — Our parliamentary session is now within a few hours almost of its close, and though I am in these my latter days a very bad member, yet the fact that I rather neglect my duties makes it a relief when there are no duties to neglect. So you will observe that I have still conscience enough to feel remorse for my sins. On the whole, Ministers are not at all dissatisfied with the position. Our majority has stood firm as a rock; no sign of crumbling inside the H. of C., and what is more, no sign of serious reconstruction among our opponents. Nobody

finds fault with administration of departments. We have rather broken our knees over the Irish Council Bill and the Scottish Land Bill, but the fracture does not seem to be particularly painful. The H. of L. has done us the service of giving us something to swear at and swear by, and those who care about it are in good spirits about an autumn campaign against hereditary legislators. There is no chance of a general election for a couple of years, as I think, for the only thing that could precipitate one earlier would be the withdrawal of the Prime Minister, and I am glad to say that he is in better condition every day. So in short we are in Jack Horner's humour, jaded as most of us profess to be. Politics are a dubious trade, to be sure; but I have always maintained that they are very good for the vital energies. How I shall employ my freedom, I don't quite know. I have sometimes played with the idea of a scamper to India, and your friendly words about talks together at Calcutta made me quite warm to it. How glorious it would be! But my shagreen skin (you know Balzac's *Peau de Chagrin?*) is rapidly shrinking to a sadly diminutive scrap, and I am above all things a home-bird. Yet I would honestly give up a moderate bit of my talisman skin if I could have a week's talk at Simla with you.

I won't write business to-day. We have really, between us, made a move and a beginning. Our Indian friends may of course belittle our programme. The admission of two Indians to my Council, if you probe its full significance, is a step of prime moment. For my own part I should never, I think, have had the pluck to take the step, but for your courage in proposing the bolder plan of an Indian on your

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Council. And I regard the present move as the sure precursor of a move in the very near future as far as you would like to go. It often crosses my mind, that if there were to be a vacancy in your Council, we might without any fuss do what you no doubt have still at heart.

[It was on August 26, 1907, that I made these two memorable submissions to the King:

Mr. Morley with his humble duty to Your Majesty has the honour to announce to Your Majesty that in discharge of the duty imposed upon him by Statute he is about to make the following appointments to the Council of India:

1 and 2.

3. Mr. Krishna Gobinda Gupta, Indian Civil Service.

4. Mr. Saiyid Husain Bilgrami, some time a member of the Viceroy's Legislative Council.

The first of these two Indian gentlemen is a Hindu, and has acquired an excellent character as one of the two members of the Bengal Board of Revenue — the highest post to which an Indian has yet risen in the work of the Civil administration of the country.

Mr. Husain is a Mahometan, declared by English authorities to be shrewd, competent, and loyal. At the same time he enjoys the full confidence of his fellow Musulmans throughout India. He is now the principal adviser of the Nizam of Hyderabad.

Mr. Morley trusts that in appointing these two gentlemen to the Council he proposes a step on which Your Majesty will look with favour.

To this was duly prefixed the talismanic "Approved. E. R." The soldier prose of a gazette takes the stir and flame out of battle, and all the din of drum and trumpet out of victory. But these plain official sentences mark a shining day worth living for!]

I am at last just off for a trifling sort of holiday in Switzerland — none too soon, for I have had a long and unbroken spell of labour. There only remains a burst of hot weather to finish me off altogether, and it feels to-day as if after long waiting we were in for heat. I shall be all the happier for being 4000 feet up towards the skies. I suppose that to a man in sight of the Himalayas 4000 feet are a flea-bite.

Risley has interested me much. He has much more vitality of mind than any other of your Tchinovniks whose acquaintance I have so far had the chance to make. As I said before, I don't know how far he belongs to the class of men who carry guns, but then I daresay he carries quite as many guns as men who are stiffer and more pedantic than he is.

When I had got thus far, Edward Grey came into my room. We have had rather an anxious week, for there has been some quarrelling in the Russian Cabinet on other grounds than the *entente*, but disturbing our negotiations, and last Monday it looked gloomy. To-day the sun shines again, and the three conventions will pretty certainly be signed before many days are over.

Your Reform Circular was circulated — what fearful English I am writing! — yesterday in Parliament and the newspapers. Of course there has been no time yet for any serious opinion to form itself, either good or bad. But already they see what an important move it is, and so far the general judgment is entirely favorable; though I observe that one or two prints, representing the Extreme Left of my Party, say that it is too conservative, leans towards wealth and property, and neglects "the peasants." Two things would depress me if I let them: the common in-

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difference to India, and, second, the absurd self-confidence of the few who are not indifferent, but are ignorant and apt to be unteachable. After the experience of this session, I don't think that the interests of India will suffer in the hands of King Demos. The danger is in India itself, both Indian and Anglo-Indian, each about as impracticable as the other. I wish I could see whence and how and where the currents are to flow that may possibly make for improvement.

I find myself at the end of my holiday. We have had noble weather; have seen beauties of nature on a fine scale; and I have been perfectly able to free my mind from cares of State. It was not to be expected that I should banish Indian difficulties and hopes altogether from my thoughts, but I saw them from wider points of view, and in changed perspective.

I really believe I do the very fullest justice to your intense reluctance to take any step that might revive the fatal clatter of 1905. As I have shown, I am willing to stretch a good many points rather than run any risk of those scandalous proceedings for which Curzon, K., Brodrick, and Balfour's Government may divide the blame among them as they please. But it goes against all my Ministerial conscience to acquiesce indefinitely in an arrangement [our settlement of the military quarrel] that is as you admit good neither for administration nor for economy, simply because its suppression would possibly cause ill-natured talk. I am loath to believe that either you or the C.-in-C. is not abundantly and superabundantly strong enough in the public eye to face talk of that sort with indifference. I will undertake that the step is fully understood and vigorously

justified before public opinion at home here. If the Military Supply Department is a superfluity — and nobody seems to deny that it is — it ought to go. "Anything for a Quiet Life" is undoubtedly one of the soundest maxims in the great art of government, but it is not the only sound maxim. I shall, of course, study your dispatch with care, and treat the question on its merits. Only remember that, in my creed, waste of public money is like the Sin against the Holy Ghost.

At this point they have just sent me your press telegram of yesterday. It startles me that even hard Tchinovniks like your —— and your —— should so far forget that they are the servants and agents of Parliament in a free country, and should dream that a S. S. could live one hour after the assembling of Parliament who should have assented to these new provisions. I see that —— says that this drastic power of muzzling an agitator will save the necessity of "urging deportation." He must have forgotten what I very explicitly told him, that I would not sanction deportation except for a man of whom there was solid reason to believe that violent disorder was the direct and deliberately planned result of his action. Who are these —— and ——? The very men who resisted you in your Arundel reforms — the most admirable and prudent thing that has been done in our time! The very men, or the sort of men, who urged us to take advantage of disorder at Lahore and Pindi, as a plea for dropping Arundel reforms! And then, at a time when the Cabinet is dispersed, the lawyers are dispersed, and my Council is half depleted, they give me a short week in which some of the most delicate and thorny points in the whole range of law and politics are to be disposed of. I daresay these

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executive gentlemen (who are so ready with compliments to one another for sagacity, experience, and all other virtues) can dispose of them in a week or an hour. But then they have the advantage of not having to argue and defend their proposals. I am not in so happy a position. I have often told you of my wicked thought that Strafford was an ideal type, both for governor of Ireland in the seventeenth century, and governor of India in the twentieth century. Only they cut off poor Strafford's head, and his idea of government has been in mighty disfavour ever since. My decision will have reached you by wire before this, but I shall be much surprised if it is anything else than a flat veto. If a man's harangue provokes a riot, why don't they lock him up for riot? Have they not police enough? If not police, what then has become of the "obligatory garrison"? It is all very well to say that these proposals are held by the G. of I. to be necessary "for the peace of the country." But what is the use of saying that, when Parliament won't accept it? And I, for one, should think I was abusing the confidence of Parliament if I tried to make them accept it.

The former proposal to pass a general Press law to be put in force exclusively on the initiative of the military authorities, was, I should guess, about as stiff a dose as ever was proffered to a British Minister within a hundred years. But this notion of turning a private meeting into a public one almost beats it! And the notion of giving the Lt.-Governor or other authority the right of forbidding a speaker whose views he dislikes to open his mouth in a given area! Let —— go for an honest guillotine and have done

with it. And let him try, in Gordon's phrase, to put himself in the skin of an unlucky S. S. who has to oil and grease the slider.

Before I go on to broader matters, I wish to tell you for your private knowledge only of a thing that will interest you, I am sure. With a flash of what I must think happy inspiration, I bethought me of Lord Cromer for my Council, and he very kindly and willingly assented. Then that most tiresome of all things, an Act of Parliament, reared its unwelcome head. The law (1858) forbids the appointment to the C. of I. of anybody who is "capable of sitting and voting in Parliament." A peer is capable. Does the Act mean that the S. S. may not appoint a man, whether peer or M. P., who is capable, etc. etc.? Or does it mean that during his tenure of office he shall not be capable, etc.? On either construction Cromer is unavailable, because he is not prepared — quite naturally and rightly — to renounce his position as an active member of the H. of L. Then I fell back on the idea of passing a bill next session altering the law so as to make a peer eligible. I don't know what the Cabinet would say. I shall try hard, for he would give to my Council a strength and authority in the public eye, of which, if we are in for troublesome times, we shall stand in much need.

My imagination is struck by your sitting down (October 3) in your tent to write to me with "a villainous pen." It was kind of you to break into your holiday for an hour. At any rate you mastered the villain, for you have given me a most charming description of the scene. I read it to my wife, and we sighed to think that we shall never see the Himalayas. The things in the way of sublimity that

linger in my mind are the weird desolation of the Gorner Grat, the glory of the Matterhorn as the dawn steals out of the ice-caves, and lastly the maniacal fury of the Niagara *Rapids* — not the Falls: no doubt you saw them more than once when you were in Canada. I often think of that ferocious rush of waters still going on, while we mortals are fuming about our transitory pains and pleasures.

Your telegram yesterday about my speech [at Arbroath, Oct. 21] gave me keen satisfaction, not merely from its contents, but because it showed such considerate feeling in you to send it. What I said has pleased everybody here. I used to be greatly addicted, not wholly for pleasure, to platform speaking, but latterly I have been studiously silent. On Monday night (October 21, 1907) some of my old zest returned, and my vocal chords rose nobly to the occasion. I hope and intend that it is my final platform speech. Perhaps you smile, and recall how often Grisi, Patti, Mario, and other gods and goddesses of the lyric stage, announced their last appearance *positively* with double guineas for box and stall. I beg you not to smile, but look your gravest. I am, as it unluckily happens, much beset to-day by some private affairs, and cannot bring my mind to anchor on the weighty subjects to which your letter points. Our situation — yours and mine — is a curious one, isn't it? We both try to understand India in the same way, and look at our common business in the same spirit. Yet it is and must be from the necessities of the case, that one horse in the pair is sometimes tugging to the right, and t'other to the left: or is it like the tandem in *Pickwick* — the leader turning round to stare at the wheeler? You have

to think of a whole host of facts and people and atmospheres around you. I have to think of Parliament and doubting colleagues and irresponsible newspapers and political watch-words, that are as sound as gospel here, but are no better than windy platitudes out where you are. Though my position in public confidence is as good as I could desire, yet I shall get into a certain row about the Meetings Act. Ripon, who forgets that it is over twenty years since he saw India, is very unhappy. However, I am quite ready to fight it out.

Parliament is likely to meet on *January* 15, so perhaps you won't mind giving this your early consideration. I was immensely pleased by your telegram of October 11, about the meeting of leading Mahometans in the Meerut Division. It is such a change to get a word of recognition from any of the sects for any of our acts. I had a downright laugh of enjoyment at a blunt line in the telegrams yesterday in the *Times*, reporting Indian opinion on my speech: "The comments in the Native Press are all *of an abusive nature.*" You know a maxim that I repeat once a month, or oftener: "If you would love mankind, you must not expect too much from them."

Not even from Keir Hardie? I am so very glad you saw him, and your report is exactly what I should have expected. He is an observant, hard-headed, honest fellow, but rather vain and crammed full of vehement preconceptions, especially on all the most delicate and dubious parts of politics. Perhaps it is only the men with these unscrupulous preconceptions — knocking their heads against stone walls — who force the world along.

One of the most interesting Indian things that

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have come my way this week is a letter from —— to ——, dated the 11th October. The one absorbing question, he says, is how the split in the Congress, now apparently inevitable, is to be averted. "The outlook at this moment is as dark as dark could be." He has no hope that any solution can be found, short of removing the sittings of the Congress from Nagpur. But this "means a split, as the New Party in that case will probably insist on holding their own separate Congress at Nagpur." "*If a split does come,* it means a disaster, for the Bureaucracy will then put down both sections without much difficulty." They will brush Gokhale and his friends aside on the ground that they have no large following in the country; and will put the New Party down on the plea that the most thoughtful people are against them. A party manager, or for that matter any politician aspiring to be a leader, should never whine.

I must not forget to inform you that "the feeling against *Mr. Morley* in the country is so strong at present, that no one who puts in a word for him has a chance of being listened to. In fact it is no longer mere regret or disappointment, or even dislike or distrust: it is, I grieve to say, *disgust* and *detestation,* and God knows if it ever will improve." There is a terrible tale for you!

It cuts me to the heart that you should think I judge you "hardly." Nothing would vex me more, for I try to keep as much alive to your difficulties as I am to my own. Now, you say, "The question [1] seems to me to be, whether public opinion, *especially at home,* would accept the change without an outcry that might

[1] Alteration of military supply.

do much harm." What opinion at home, I wonder? To the best of my observation the old Curzon-K. quarrel is — so far as public opinion is concerned — a completely spent controversy. People were sick to death of it, when my dispatch of last year brought the thing to a sort of end. The row will not be easily revived, for the Opposition will have no heart nor interest in such a row. And, on the other hand, the Government in Indian policy stand extremely well, not only in Parliament, but even in those circles in Pall Mall where military anger is most ready to rise. Even the Indian Secretary in this country is not the object of more than half the dislike, distrust, disgust and detestation, which, according to ——'s beautiful crescendo attends his odious name in India. So, in short, I shall not be at all afraid. There is a clear case for abolition. I appreciate your good-humoured racing phrase, and should be content enough to "wait in front," but you want the money. You might spend it in soldiers' pay (increase) with some reason, but Waste, pure Waste, as here, ought to be stopped, and most of all at a moment when it seems all too likely that Famine will drain you.

November 22. — The visit of the German Emperor has been a great event, and will much improve the chances of a little decent calm all over Europe. Even those who were most sceptical about any good coming of it, now admit that the result has been in every way advantageous. I saw much of him at Windsor, and was surprised at his gaiety, freedom, naturalness, geniality, and good-humour — evidently unaffected. He greeted me with mock salaams and other marks of oriental obeisance. Seriously he put me through my paces about India.

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When I talked, as we all should, about the impossibility of forecasting British rule in the Indian future, he hit his hand vehemently on his knee, with a vehement exclamation to match, that British rule would last for ever. When I told this to Lord Roberts he laughed and said, "The Emperor doesn't know much about the facts." He asked how our Radical labour men treated Indian things. I said, "Without any ground for quarrel." He again struck his knee, praying that his own Socialists would only show the same sense. In your *most private ear*, I confide to you that important talks took place about the Baghdad Railway.

December 5. — Am I wrong, I wonder, in thinking that the scheme of Reforms will need a good deal of recasting and reshaping? Have you any sort of idea when things will be ripe for a dispatch from you? I do not suppose that Parliament will be in the humour to meddle very actively, for we have a good many fish of our own frizzling in the pan. Still, it will be safe to have plans and arguments all ready in good order, if it be possible.

December 20. — Persia and its Gulf are our prime preoccupation this week. About the Emperor's personality. I hear a good deal of talk from some who saw him at close quarters: some of it little better than gossip, it is true, but from authentic gossip one may pick up a grain of ore. The general verdict from people well qualified to judge seems to be adverse to any claim to a place in the front rank, *e.g.* with men like Bismarck, or Cavour, or old Metternich, or statesmen of the foxy breed like Leopold of Belgium. Superficial — hurried — impetuous — badly balanced — these are a few of the descriptive epithets. You will

observe that we are not half so good-natured to our royal guests as you were. One impression — and in my eyes it is a golden impression — he appears to have left in the mind of everybody, namely, that he does really desire and intend *Peace*. You may laugh at this in view of the fine brand-new Naval programme which the Germans have launched at a moment supremely inconvenient to H. M.'s Government. . . . And that brings to my mind the approach of the opening of the H. of C. I should be very grateful if you would kindly supply me with some facts and figures for the debate on the Address, about Famine and Plague. The more fully I am equipped on these two unhappy themes the better. Then Military Expenditure? That will be associated with the Russian Agreement, and I shall be sharply pressed for reductions. The business of the Chumbi Valley and its evacuation will be settled, I hope, before Parliament meets, and if Curzon were there, we should hear his voice against us for certain. As it is, Curzon, as spokesman of the late Government, will not have much to say, because it was their own policy. At Windsor I thought he looked certainly unwell. I was amused the other day at his fishing out some old writing of mine, in which I seem to have denounced Warren Hastings as a great criminal, a tyrant, and sundry other compliments, no doubt borrowed by me from Burke, then a high idol of mine, as, for that matter, he remains to this hour (and perhaps also he does to a descendant of Gilbert Elliot). However, my assent to deportation has atoned for all youthful indiscretions in Burke's direction, and Curzon magnanimously received me into the bosom of the Imperialistic Church.

Yesterday, as it happens, I had a letter from Aldis Wright, Vice-Master of Trinity, reporting an opinion of Cowell, the famous Sanskrit scholar (or was it Arabic), that we should do well to strike out Macaulay's Essays on Clive and Hastings from the text-books commended to the ingenuous youth of India. I confess that I think the idea sensible enough, but I quail at the thought of the hurly-burly that would follow such a move. I wonder what Alfred Lyall would say. He is the only man who ever makes Indian history really readable to me.

The news has just come in that the Congress, so far from being "flat," as I expected, has gone to pieces, which is the exact opposite of flat, no doubt. For it means, I suppose, the victory of Extremist over Moderate, going no further at this stage than the break-up of the Congress, but pointing to a future stage in which the Congress will have become an Extremist organisation.

CHAPTER IV

REFORMS ON THE ANVIL

1908

January 8. — I have read with close attention and the liveliest interest all that you say in reply to my hints about Persia, and the nature of its official relations with the G. of I. I do not think your case could be better put, or more ingeniously, only forgive me for saying that all this military analogy from Fortress and Glacis strikes me as essentially misleading, or at any rate narrow and partial; and the result of it is to make the Government of India, as it always is, and always will be (except when by the mercy of Heaven there is an accidental S. S. of the opposite persuasion in power), virtually and by the natural drawbacks of the position what I will call for short and without offence *Jingo*. I think this mischievous for several reasons, and among others because this sort of absorption in military apprehensions, forecasts, and the like, withdraws the best and most capable minds in Government from the vast problems lying outside the master idea of a Fortress. In a poor country like India, Economy is as much an element of defence as guns and forts, and to concentrate your vigour and vigilance upon guns and forts, and upon a host of outlying matters in Tibet, Persia, the Gulf, etc., which

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only secondarily and indirectly concern you even as garrison, seems to me a highly injurious dispersion from the other and more important work of an Indian Government. Then again, notwithstanding all you say about the Man on the Spot, I humbly reply that this is just what the G. of I. is not. China, Persia, Turkey, Russia, France, Germany — I have never been able to understand, and never shall understand, what advantages the G. of I. has for comprehending the play of all these factors in the great game of Empire. On the contrary, the G. of I. is by no means the Man on the Spot. That, I say again, is just what the G. of I. is not. The other day I read over again a Memo. sent to me by your Foreign Department a year or more ago upon the Baghdad Railway. Really it was painfully wide of the mark. I am sure that if you think of it, you will see that it could not be anything else. Your F. O. is and must be what I will venture to call provincial. Don't think that I want to screw you down to the still lower level of parochial. And don't think that your views, as fully and frankly stated as you please, on the whole range of imperial questions won't be welcomed by me to-day and always.

I need not tell you with what care I have studied — yes, really studied — what you write about the frontier tribes. I cannot wonder at your being rather captivated by the people who come to us, beseeching you to take them over. Sir Dennis Fitz-Patrick, once Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, and whom I was heartily sorry to lose from my Council, used to say, "Yes — 'tis all very well — they ask you to take them over, perhaps by way of deliverance from some enemies of their own — and then, when you have done

their business, they are ready to turn round and rend you." You say we made a great mistake when we refused to take over the Orakzais some years ago; we should have been better able to deal with recent raids, and some of them would probably never have occurred. I have been reading over the papers about the transaction here referred to, and of course I do not wonder that —— thinks the decision at that time was a mistake, because it overruled his proposal. Remember, the decision was the act of the Cabinet of the day, and Curzon — then in England — wrote an excellent minute in support of it. The Government stuck to the principles of Frontier policy laid down in George Hamilton's dispatch of 1898 — after the Tirah campaign. I believe the principles there set out are the principles of H. M.'s Government to-day. It is surely no better than a guess to argue that if we had taken over these gentry, we should have had no raids. However that may be, there is no denying that we have raids to deal with now, and we cannot stand chronic disorder when it takes that shape. Of course I admit that, only I do not believe the time has come for absorption, incorporation, or by whatever other name your D.'s and C.'s choose to call a process that would inevitably mean fresh responsibility and increased expenditure. And I do know that there are men of wide frontier experience and men on the frontier now, who are not afraid of saying that if there were a trifle more of the spirit of conciliatory management of the jirgas of these wild gentry, we should make a far better job of it.

January 31. — The debate is over!! No bones broken, no blood shed, and no light shed either. It would have been very easy to come down with a

heavy hand, for the supply of foolishness was considerable. But one must not crush butterflies on Whig wheels. They told our Whip that they would not divide against us, provided I did not "hit them in the eye," as they put it. So I escaped with a little rather inane persiflage. My faith in the political prudence of our democracy is unshaken, and I don't wonder that the German Emperor should have wished that his men of that kidney were half as sensible.

February 14. — I have passed some time, probably without much profit, in looking into a discussion in 1895, turning on the relations between members of the Viceroy's Executive Council and himself on the one hand, and the S. S. on the other. The case is not on all fours with the —— matter, but it is not without interest and illumination of a general kind. I trust the occasion may never arise during your term, but if it should, it would much refresh me to think of your addressing your men as Elgin addressed his Council on December 27, 1894. There is also a dispatch of Fowler's, June 26, drafted, I believe, by Godley, which contains some most edifying and nutritious doctrine on the position of Parliament in regard to India, from the Duke of Argyll and Lord Salisbury. Everybody knows it all, of course, but then we all know such a multitude of things of which it does us no harm to be reminded.

February 19. — The Anglo-Russian Agreement is now well over the bar in Parliament, the Press, and the country. I certainly don't mean that all the politicians and journalists who approve have a right to any opinion at all, whether in the way of approval or of disapproval. But there it is. Public opinion, much or little as it may be worth, runs strongly for

the Convention. We had two first-rate speeches in the H. of C. from Percy and Grey. Percy is before all else a Turcophil (am I quite wrong in suspecting a degree of Turcophilia in you?), and therefore he is hostile to all Russian accommodations. He really differs altogether from Lansdowne's more experienced and responsible views of the Agreement, but of course he could not give full cry against the Convention when Lansdowne had blessed it. He is a singularly attractive speaker; a most pleasant voice, excellent command of language, and a very genuine air of sincerity and good faith. Only when a Treaty has once been concluded, the H. of C. is not keenly interested in what may be said against it, unless it be made the ground of a hot party fight. Grey followed Percy, in that curiously high, simple, semi-detached style, which, combined, as it always is in him, with a clean-cut mastery of all the facts of his case, makes him one of the most impressive personalities in Parliament. Or must I qualify this immense panegyric of mine? He has got no great ample pinions like Mr. Gladstone; he hardly deserves what was said of Daniel Webster, that every word he used seemed to weigh a pound. Still, he is a remarkable figure, wholly free from every trace of the Theatre; and I confess it warms my heart to think that we have two men like Grey and Percy to fill the seats of Power in our country, when the time comes. Balfour made no attempt whatever to deal with the subject. So he only talked a lot of skimble-skamble stuff. However, when I wound up with even worse skimble-skamble than his, by claiming from him a practical acceptance of the thing, as broad and unconditional as Lansdowne's, he confirmed my challenge by

demonstrative assent. Benckendorff, who has been talking to me at the Levée, has noted all this, and the performance on the same business in the H. of L., and also the line generally taken in the Press — in truth universally taken — and is writing to Petersburg strongly in that sense. Do I discern a trace of ironical smile on your face as you read all this — as who should say, "Ah, wait and see!!"? You speak of Frontier policy, and suspect that I only half understand your view. I do believe I understand it wholly, though I read the lessons of the Tirah Campaign in a different sense from yours. Now I dislike a ragged edge as much as you do, and in many painful ways the state of the borderland is what you bluntly call it, "disreputable" — and if we had a quarrel with the Amir, or with the Czar, these 300,000 catamounts, or caterans, or whatever the name may be, would be not only disreputable but dangerous. Only I cannot but think that any policy tending towards a repetition of Tirah (when we had over 60,000 men in the field) would be, or might be, a great deal more dangerous still. And I feel as strongly as I can feel about anything relating to Frontier policy, that Lord Salisbury's Government were as right as right could be when George Hamilton drew the whole moral of Tirah in a dispatch of which I sent you (I think) a pregnant specimen, followed by another specimen in the same key from Brodrick in 1904.

I follow the military doings with lively interest, and we have people in the Office who know the ground. So, by the way, does Winston Churchill, who was there with Bindon Blood. I should like to draw the contrast between professional politicians of this new breed and the breed of patrician Whig, with

which you are not unacquainted. At the top of the Whigs that I have known, I think I should put either Kimberley or Spencer: capacity, industry, probity, independence, entire single-mindedness. Devonshire has a claim to a still higher place in our contemporary politics, because he was more than once called upon to take great decisions for himself and other people. But though we have long been well acquainted, I never sat in Cabinet with him.

We are rather anxious about the Prime Minister. King Edward once sagaciously warned one of his ministers that what broke men down was not the work of their offices, but big dinners, late hours, and casual speechifying after the office work of the day was over — about as sensible a doctrine as king or commoner could propound. We can hardly look for his recovery of full strength, even at the best. The *Times* is for sending him, still as P. M., up to the H. of L. But this, natural as it may look, has some serious drawbacks.

I have begun in the Defence Committee the operations of which I spoke to you, upon the Persian Gulf and the numerous complexities arising from the prospect of a Baghdad Railway and other matters. As you know, I believe, I am very sceptical about the expediency and the justice of making India pay one half for Consuls, etc., in Persia; and I am for cutting down the intervention of the G. of I. in Persian affairs to a minimum. You may hold up your hands with horror, if you like, and cry out that you have got a Secretary of State who is not only that dismal creature, the Little Englander, but that even more dismal being, the Little Indian. I let the tail, or whiskers, of this horrible Cat out of my private bag to the Committee,

and intimated in gentle terms that I should need a good deal of persuasion before I could agree to put before the Indian Council a proposal for a contribution towards Gulf expenditure. We meet again this week, when I expect we shall decide at least on the point of advising a subsidy to the British Combine, aye or no. I'll report to you how we advance. The whole proceeding will be very interesting, for when we have done with the waters of the Gulf, I am to take the Committee on to the dry land of Persia.

March 12. — For the moment you will easily believe that preoccupations about our brave Prime Minister float mistily all day among one's departmental business. It is almost certain that he will not be able to return to his active place and part in public affairs; and in truth, by the time you get this, the doctors may have felt compelled to launch the verdict already anticipated. Apart from the sore regret of every one of us at the disappearance of so gallant, honest, and experienced a Chief of our party, with his extraordinary command of the majority in the H. of C., more than one question of a rather delicate kind will fall to be settled. Not as to the succession to his immediate post. That has been tolerably decisively settled by circumstances. But of course the disappearance of the Prime Minister shifts the centre of gravity. As a Cabinet, we have been the most absolutely harmonious and amicable that ever was known, and I see no reason why the same frame of mind should not remain, for our future Parliamentary safety and for the advantage of the country. Only there will have to be a little readjustment of one or two offices, first, to keep the balance between the two wings of the Cabinet, the

Liberal Leaguers on the one hand, and the pro-Boers, for instance, on the other; second, to meet one or two strong, and indeed almost indefeasible, claims.

March 26. — The wrath of the Presbyterians has been the sensation of the week. I had a long conversation with the Archbishop of Canterbury, who knows the subject thoroughly, and takes a liberal line. I showed him your tale of the anger of the Gordons and their disgust at being made to grunt and sweat and fardels bear by the feuds of the clerics, especially their own clerics. The Presbyterians in the H. of C. have been very lively — some 15 or 16 questions to me on the paper one afternoon this week. However, I ingeniously threw a handful of dust, by promising them a dry memorandum setting out the actual facts. I keep thinking of Oliver Cromwell's remonstrance to a band of troublesome presbyterian pastors, "My brethren, in the name of Christ I beseech you to think it possible that you may be mistaken." I find many lions in the path. I wish it had not fallen to me, who am an obstinate dweller in the outer courts of the Gentiles, to have to meddle in these things. And I am now concerned in the naming of a Bishop of Bombay, and it interests me intensely by the odd circumstance that the Bishop of Birmingham may accept. To give up a solid, important, powerful position at home, to do the work of the Church in the squalor — not merely physical squalor — of a place like Bombay — what a splendid spirit it shows! It rather sets me on fire.

April 2. — One thing came into my mind at the Cabinet the other day. We were talking of the finance of the Irish University Bill, due to Birrell, who has succeeded where Gladstone and others

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failed — so much to the credit of one of the most admirable of our men of letters. Well, I was struck by the jealous scrutiny of the *cost* — equipment, professors, buildings, etc. etc. This virtuous regard for economy in details — so I reflected — comes from the vigilant and zealous ferocity of the Treasury, and the ferocity of the Treasury comes of the fear of the criticism of the House of Commons. From that not very original reflection, I proceeded to meditate ruefully on the stream of sanctions that flow in upon a S. S. every week — to say nothing of felonious anticipation of sanction — from India. In India it is thought that if the object of a given proposal is a good object money should be found for it, and may be properly demanded from the Council of India. I am quite willing to believe that an able and active-minded man like ——, for instance, keeps a sharpish eye on new outlay. But the tradition, as far as I can see, runs the other way, and there are reasons in the history of Indian government since 1858 why this should be so. A government of energetic and universal beneficence is sure to tend to be extravagant. The spirit moved me last Thursday to offer a ragged sort of remonstrance to my Council in this sense. I was good-natured, and so were they; but I fancy that I spoke in an unknown tongue, and the Indian atmosphere tends to asphyxiate the economist.

April 9. — We are in the middle of what is called a crisis here. It is not very exciting, but still it rather draws one's attention from one's proper business. Everybody is sorry for the circumstances of C.-B.'s withdrawal, and we can hardly hope that it will not soon be followed by withdrawal in a more solemn sense. His successor has not yet attracted

the popular imagination, but he has made an enormous advance in the H. of C. since he has been the acting leader, and I for one believe that he will make the same advance in popular favour as time goes on. There is not much to say about other changes. The two most important I foreshadowed to you a week or two ago. You know what governments are: down in the trough of the sea one day, and on the crest of the wave the next. The fluctuations are quick and often vague. To-day we're rather on the crest, which is pleasant while it lasts. The Brewers are the enemy, and they will pay us out at the next election, but in the meanwhile they cannot turn our majority into a minority.

[It was on one afternoon at this time that Asquith came to my official room at the House of Commons and told me that he understood the King, then at Biarritz, would send for him to kiss hands as the new head of the Government. "Yes, of course," I said, "there could be no thought of anything else, that is quite certain." He hoped that I should remain with him, and would like to know if I had any views for myself. "I suppose," I said, "that I have a claim from seniority of service for your place at the Exchequer, but I don't know that I have any special aptitude for it under present prospects; and I am engaged on an extremely important and interesting piece of work. As you know, my heart is much in it, and I should be sorry to break off. So, if you approve, I will stay at the India Office, and go to the House of Lords." "Why on earth should you go there?" "Because, though my eye is not dim, nor my natural force abated, I have had a pretty industrious life, and I shall do my work all the better for the comparative leisure of the other place." He made no sort of difficulty, so after cordial words of thanks from him and good wishes from me, we parted.

To Lord Minto I wrote (April 15): "By this time you will probably know that I have taken the plunge and gone to the other House. My inclination, almost to the last, was to bolt from public life altogether, for I have a decent library of books still unread, and in my brain a page or two still unwritten. Before the present Government comes to an end, the hand of time will in my case have brought the zest for either reading or writing down near to zero, or beyond. I suppose, however, one should do the business that lies to one's hand. The peerage has been received with an immense and unbroken cordiality that has taken me by surprise, but is none the less gratifying on that account."

To say unbroken is perhaps too strong, for some of my old friends took it as a sad declension in a professor of democratic gospel. To one of the stoutest of them I wrote:

"*April* 20, 1908.

"My dear Watson — It *is* rather a shock, isn't it? But then it is tit for tat. The Liberal party shocked *you* when half of it went for the Boer War. I could not help it (Peerage). I would have if I could. My disposition was all that way. Only, as you have found out many a time before now, in politics nobody can do what he likes — it would have been a sorry bit of vanity to quit a post of usefulness in India and in the Cabinet, rather than give up a name without a Nobiliary Tag. There's as much vanity in 'Plain John' as in 'John Viscount.' Whether Plain or Peer, I always remember that it was you who started me on the journey; that the seven Newcastle fights, with your clarion blast in my ear, are the real glory of my public days, and that the very kindest memories of all my time are my sojourns under your roof. These, with your wife reading the Bible to your young and loved ones of a morning, stand out in a soft and golden light. Love to her. Ever your affectionate friend."]

April 15. — Buchanan comes here by my express desire. I wanted C.-B. to let me have him for Under-Secretary when Ellis left, but Haldane walked off with him instead. He has been an intimate of C.-B.'s, and is of the same type in some ways — only more educated: Balliol, First Class, Fellow of All Souls: unselfish, loyal, plain, assiduous: not exactly popular in the H. of C. — but not otherwise. He comes to the India Office with a good deal of knowledge of one or two great leading Indian questions. He was on the Welby Commission on Indian Expenditure, and composed a Dissenting Report of his own, of which Curzon said to me once that it showed a public man — the *only* English public man — who had really grappled with, and understood, all the issues involved in the distribution of charges between England and India. So he ought to be really helpful to us, for he takes the Indian view, and is by the habit and tradition of his life an economist. I rather think he was caught in the sad heresy of Liberal Unionism, but he came round to the Orthodox faith before it was too late. Whether the W. O. was particularly fond of him, I doubt; for, like me, he is old-fashioned, and wants peace, retrenchment, and reform. I impressed upon him by way of comfort that under the present régime in India we finish our war in a fortnight, and at the moderate cost of £56,000!!!

I observe that Reuter to-day, from Calcutta, says that the Indian Press endorses what is said by the London Press about my staying on at the India Office. "It is hoped, however," he proceeds, "that the tendency to over-centralisation at the I. O. will be checked, as public business is frequently impeded by the constant references of matters of detail concerning

the civil and military administration." You will believe that I am much too old a hand to fash myself about what Reuter says, or what irresponsible newspapers say; but whispers of the same purport reach me from more serious quarters. And I seem to be dimly conscious that the huge craft of which you and I are supposed to be the navigators is not sailing quite steadily just now. I hate to molest you with tiresome controversy, for I know, and never think of doubting for a single moment, that if you — like Reuter — thought the references of detail to the I. O. excessive and superfluous and needing a check at my hands, you would at once frankly tell me so.

Poor C.-B. has gone at last: for him a great relief, I'm sure, though he had borne the weary weeks with a cheery patience and fortitude characteristic of him. Mr. Gladstone was less happy in his exit; he had months of acute anguish. Harcourt was the most lucky of all, for after an easy evening in his family circle, he was found dead in his bed, with fingers in the pages of a book. Yet, say what we will, believers or unbelievers, Death is Death.

April 30. — The stir and fuss incident to a change of government is now near its end, and we are all settling down to the work of the ship, and continuance of our cruise. The weather is a little *thick*, as in politics it is always apt to be; but the new pilot is a sober-minded and most attentive man; the crew are aware that if they play tricks, the ship will founder with themselves in it, and the country is in no hurry about anything in the political line — least of all in a hurry to bring Balfour back again. I daresay people in India (I don't mean Indian) will look on our electoral reverses as portents of ministerial doom.

They will be wrong. Reverses can only be really understood by wire-pulling experts who know the ground, and analyse the elements of which majorities and minorities are in a given case made up. The belief among competent observers in the place is that the resounding defeat of Winston at Manchester was due to wrath at rather too naked tactics of making deals with this, that, and the other group, without too severe a scrutiny in his own political conscience of the terms that they were exacting from him. It is believed that he lost 300 or 400 of these honourably fastidious electors. I have a great liking for Winston; for his vitality, his indefatigable industry and attention to business, his remarkable gift of language and skill in argument, and his curious *flair* for all sorts of political cases as they arise, though even he now and then mistakes a frothy bubble for a great wave. All the same, as I often tell him in a paternal way, a successful politician in this country needs a good deal more than skill in mere computation of other people's opinions, without anxiety about his own. I hope you don't belong to the school who look with ironical glances upon parliamentary and electoral warfare. From the point of view of old Carlyle's Eternities it all doubtless seems poor enough; but then, from that point of view, so do most other mundane concerns seem poor. Anyhow, I'd rather have parliamentary rule with all its faults than Prussian bureaucracy.

May 7. — I greatly like what you say in the telegram as to the mischief done by "irresponsible talk and war fever." I rejoice that you take this line so energetically, and I only hope that it will be generally known. Here the Press, on the whole, is

as reasonable as you wish it to be. But now the tide of excitement — most naturally indeed — flows in another direction, as you might be sure that it would. This villainy of the Bombs, the revelations connected with the Bombs, makes a new situation for us, and perhaps, in one comparatively narrow and political sense, more for me than for you. Your line, I should guess, considering the latitudes in which you live and move and have your official being, is likely to be for a policy of repression. Mine will here — as in one or two other cases — be towards the drag-chain on random violence. This divergence we argued out, to a certain extent, in connection with your demand some months ago for a new Press law. What I, with all respect and appreciation of the case, call the reactionary view, if the discussion become acute, and if ugly events are frequent, may find as much support in London as in Calcutta (to which you have, I think, applied the word hysterical). The ex-Anglo-Indian official, with plenty of time on his hands, and a horrible facility of penmanship, flies to the newspapers in most lively vociferation, above the familiar signatures of "Indicus olim," "One who knows," and so forth. Then, more sensible and more serious, are the various orders of Money-Changers, who are interested in Indian loans of all kinds. That they should watch us with anxious eyes is in the natural order of things; and so it is that they should curse *us* for want of Vigour and all the other fine words in that specious vocabulary. Well, I'm as much for Vigour as they are, but I am not going to admit that Vigour is the same thing as *Pogroms*. When I read of the author (or printer) of a "seditious pamphlet" being punished with seven years of transportation, I

feel restive. I have ordered that the pamphlet and proceedings shall be sent to me, and it may prove that I have been misinformed. I hope so. Then —— is said to have sentenced some political offenders (so called) to be flogged. That, as I am advised, is not authorised by the law either as it stood, or as it will stand under flogging provisions as amended. Here also I have called for the papers, and we shall see. —— said to me this morning, "You see, the great executive officers never like or trust lawyers." "I'll tell you why," I said, "*'tis because they don't like or trust law:* they in their hearts believe before all else the virtues of will and arbitrary power." That system may have worked in its own way in old days, and in those days the people may have had no particular objection to arbitrary rule. But, as you have said to me scores of times, the old days are gone and the new times breathe a new spirit; and we cannot carry on upon the old maxims. This is not to say that we are to watch the evil-doers with folded arms, waiting to see what the Devil will send us. You will tell me what you think is needed. I trust, and fully believe, that you will not judge me to be callous, sitting comfortably in an armchair at Whitehall, while bombs are scattering violent death in India; while men like —— are running risk of murder every hour for year after year upon the frontier; while all sorts and conditions of men and women are enveloped in possibilities of hideous horrors like those of fifty years ago. All I can say is that we have to take every precaution that law and administration can supply us with; and then and meanwhile to face what comes, in the same spirit of energy and stoicism combined in

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which good generals face a prolonged and hazardous campaign.

May 15. — My letter to-day will be, I fear, a thing of scraps, for my week has been horribly dispersive, with even less than the usual chance of gathering up consecutive ideas. For one thing, I have actually begun attendance in the H. of L., and it interests me uncommonly, after my immense length of years in the H. of C. and after some observation of Senates, etc., in other countries. The subject discussed was not very genial — to wit land-valuing in Scotland, but behind this repulsive title lurked mighty issues affecting the sanctity of property, especially property in land. So, as you might suppose, the Opposition benches were well packed, and they listened with that real sort of attention given by men who are familiar with a subject, and are aware that their pockets may be touched by the decision. The points were intensely technical, but the difficulties were excellently brought out by our Lord Chancellor on the one hand, and Balfour of Burleigh on the other. I am bound officially to believe that the Chancellor had the best of the argument, but we had sadly the worst in the divisions. So we are in for a skirmish between the two Houses — the *whole* of the Scotch members of Parliament being for the Government bill. However, this will not be by any means the great battle.

I met Curzon by chance at luncheon at the Athenæum the other day. He said he would do nothing to embarrass me on any account, but unless I strongly disagreed, he thought some Indian questions ought to be mentioned in the H. of L. in any form and at any time that I might think convenient. I

made no objection whatever. He writes to me this morning that he has spoken to Lansdowne, who approves of such an operation. So I have now decided to fix the thing for June 17; after the Whitsun holiday he will call attention to the state of India in respect of policy on the frontiers, and to its internal condition, and he will move for papers. The last formula will give him a right of reply.

The Nepal Minister is here, and I have had the ordinary round of talk with him. But he is certainly much more than an ordinary man. His little speech to the King was admirable, both in feeling and expression, and H. M. was much taken with him.

Yesterday the Bishop of Lahore (Lefroy) called — one of the most attractive men I ever met. In the midst of a rather heavy day he not only interested but excited me, and carried me for a while into the upper ether. Why did you not recommend *him* to be Lt.-Governor of the Punjab? There's an experiment for you! His ideas delighted me.

I don't know if either Calcutta or Bombay has the good luck to possess in prominent office a man with the genius of a great Detective — say like Pinkerton who hunted down the Molly Maguires in Pennsylvania some 30 to 40 years since. That story makes a volume almost as interesting as Wilkie Collins's *Moonstone,* or Meadows Taylor's book about the Thugs.

May 28. — I have been very busy for a good many hours about your *Press proposals.* Luckily a Cabinet had been fixed for the forenoon to-day, and to the Cabinet I propounded the case; that is to say, I told them the provisions desired by the G. of I., with the modifications that I had to suggest, after

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working the matters over, under the sensible and highly competent legal guidance of Sir Lawrence Jenkins. In the Cabinet, Ripon was very restive, remembering his own reversal of Lytton's Press policy. I do believe that our introduction of a *judicial* element at every stage is an improvement, apart from general principles of a Free Press on the one hand, and the maintenance of Law and Order on the other. In the first place, it will tend to reconcile liberal opinion (not in a party sense) here, and that is something. In the second place, it will make it easier for the Moderates to resist the Extremist attack. Such an attack is sure to come, and it is our business, as I think, not to do anything that will give substance to Extremist taunts and reproaches against their Moderate opponents. Of course, our proceeding must be effective, but I do not think that any of the modifications suggested here will at all impair your purposes. In any case, do not forget the vital importance — *from your own point of view* — of carrying English opinion with us. If there are any signs in the Press, or in the H. of C. that a substantial body of opinion here condemns these new powers as excessive or as superfluous, then the Incendiaries in India have something plain to go upon, both in antagonism to the G. of I., and to their Moderate opponents. If I have been able to do any real service during the difficulties of the last eighteen months, it has been this, that I have succeeded in keeping back the formation of any serious group at Westminster whose utterances and tactics in our public life would have provided powder and shot for revolutionists in India. The Indian Committee of Members of the House of Commons had a meeting this week. About 40 men

were present, and Gokhale and Dutt talked to them. A deputation of three of their number, including the chairman, came to me afterwards, saying that they had expressed unanimous confidence, shared by the two Indians, in the S. S. So, even if I have to stay long in Purgatory for my many misdemeanours, I shall claim a corner in Paradise for this particular performance. And let that be my apology and extenuation on a point in your last letter (May 6) about "my taking a more detailed interest in the welfare of India than any previous S. S." I read these words, as I knew you would have me read them, with a friendly smile. My only excuse is that I have to aid you in your battle with the new forces and growing perils of India, from the point of view in this country, that if it were neglected or taken amiss might easily become formidable on your side of the water.

I have been quite desperately interrupted all this week, and — what is worse than interruption — desperately fatigued by "functions" of various kinds, due to the President of the French Republic. I was years ago a friend of Gambetta, and others of that historic camp to which Fallières, then only a political subaltern, belonged. So I delighted in the exaltation of the Republican flag, and the strains of the "Marseillaise," even fifty times a day, have given me much satisfaction. But *tiring!* In truth I am now nearly as tired of the "Marseillaise" as poor Louis XVI. can have been.

June 17. — Your last letter touches a host of interesting and inviting topics, but somehow what haunts me most is the notion of Lady Minto faring across the plains, in a train with the thermometer at 119°. How terrific! One half day of such a Tophet

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would destroy me. It recalls an observation of Sir Henry Maine's — perhaps the most capacious mind (with all respect to ——) that England ever sent to India. "British rule in India," he said whimsically, "would be better if it were not so hot: there is a physical pressure on the nerves." I have always heard from Anglo-Indian friends that this is really so, and accounts for Anglo-Indian sensitiveness to attack, among other things, and addiction to polemics in long-winded Notes and other forms of controversy.

After all this, it would be stupid of me to plunge into polemics with you about the British constitution and the statutory duties of an Indian Secretary. There is no reason why I should, for we have got through half your term together, and perhaps much more than half of mine, without any real difficulty whatever, in spite of difference in political opinion. You are entirely right in saying that I like you to express any views you hold upon our common affairs, in the most open way you please. So, without being polemical, I'll be open likewise, but only in a few shortish sentences. And I begin by confessing that your tone about the H. of C. produces in me just the same *jar* that would be produced in you by disrespectful language about the King. I have sat five-and-twenty years in the H. of C., and for more than two-thirds of that period it was a Tory or Unionist assembly. From personal experience, therefore, I have no good reason to worship its wisdom and virtue. Nobody is more familiar than I am — for I've been a pretty close observer of the creature — with its weaknesses. They are only superficial, believe me, and so far as they affect political opinion and action, these weaknesses only reflect those of the country at large,

sometimes in a Tory mood, sometimes in a Liberal. Apart from general reflections, what does rather puzzle me is why you, of all agents of H. M. G., should complain of the H. of C. In what respect has it thwarted *you?* Half-a-dozen members, who themselves count for little in the H. of C., have put me tiresome questions on points of no really deep significance; and the House itself has stood by the S. S. steady and unbroken. If ever there was a time when a ruling assembly deserved credit for its confidence in a Minister, and the local agents for whom he is answerable, it is this present House, Radical though it be. So, when you say that the modern H. of C. is "perhaps the greatest danger to the continuance of our rule in India," I cannot for the life of me discover any evidence, *so far,* for any proposition of that formidable kind — quite the contrary.

Take the case of the Bombs. If I remember rightly, I said to you in my very first letter after, "You will tell me what you want in the way of legislation." Very wisely, I am sure, you were in no hurry. Then I telegraphed a hint to you about the English Explosives Act. By and by you submitted your proposals. I got them on a Wednesday night; I secured Cabinet assent the next day; and on the Friday I telegraphed instructions in a form to which you found it unnecessary to take objection. Where's the sign of "nervousness," "timidity," "slackness," etc. in the Home Government in all this? You say that a crisis will come one of these days, "if the G. of I. is not given a free hand to rule the country they understand." Let me note in passing that this is what Fuller argues about E. Bengal: "I was on the spot; I understand the conditions;

I knew India; what did Lord Minto and Mr. Morley, then fresh to power, know or understand?" It is also what Curzon proclaimed in all sorts of ways and places, and it is what his own party Cabinet would never allow, and they even let him resign rather than accept. This notion of the "free hand" is really against both letter and spirit of law and constitution. It cannot be; and let me assure you, on my word and honour as a student of our political history, that nobody would have been more opposed to it than that excellent ancestor and official predecessor of yours, Gilbert Elliot, the friend and disciple of Burke and one of the leaders against the greatest of all Governors-General. I have not time to verify by looking into his speeches, but I am pretty sure that if the latest Lord Minto ever comes to be impeached for carrying the doctrine of the Free Hand too far, his assailants will find the best powder and shot possible in the arguments of Minto the First. At this point, I have amused myself by turning to Burke's correspondence, and in a letter to Gilbert Elliot I find this:

> "No politician can make a situation. His skill consists in his well-playing the game dealt to him by fortune, and following the indications given him by nature, times, and circumstances" (including H. of C. and the British Demos!).

This sage reflection of one of the greatest of men needs not to be quoted to you, for it is exactly in the vein of your own political temper.

Oh, but I must hold up my hands at your hint of "Prerogative"! What a shock to all the Greys, Elliots, Russells, and other grand Whig shades, discussing over and over in the Elysian Fields the foundations of the happy and glorious Constitution

of Great Britain! But then you say that on this, "I feel that I am getting into deep water, and would rather sit upon the bank." My temperature had been slowly rising, but at this good-natured doubt it instantly fell to normal; and I thought how, if you and I had been conducting the controversy with face answering to face — you as a Tory, I as the good orthodox Whig — we should have pushed our chairs back, and gone forth laughing for a saunter in the garden. But just one parting shot before I go into my Tusculan greenery. The Viceroy can no more "submit" anything to the King, than Godley can. Any Whig ghost, or living lawyer, will convince you of this.

And as for the G. of I. being the best judges of the right way of meeting difficulties in India, is it quite clear that Asquith, Grey, Loreburn, and even the S. S. are less competent hands than such queer paragons as certain of your Council, etc.? Is it certain that we are so ignorant of racial hatreds and all the other conditions of Oriental communities? And after all, have these good men been so successful in knowing and understanding all about Indian life and character, that we must take their word for gospel? It is not you nor I who are responsible for "unrest," but the over-confident and over-worked Tchinovniks who have had India in their hands for fifty years past. Heaven knows, I don't want to be censorious or presumptuous in judging; I know the huge difficulties; I recognise the splendid devotion to duty. On the other hand, I demur, in the uplifted spirit of the Trodden Worm, to the view said to be profanely current at Simla, that the Home Government is always a d——d fool.

June 24. — You are weary of constitutional discussions, and so am I, and not a word shall escape my pen this week upon the unfruitful (though very important) theme. As for your doctrine that "it was our total want of sympathy and our failing to understand existing conditions that lost us the American Colonies," forgive me for saying that I have never read that page in our history in your way. On the contrary, it was, among other things, the men on the spot who did the mischief — misleading opinion at home, and violently irritating opinion in the Colonies. Anyhow, this sort of question does not arise in our system of Indian rule. Curzon tried a fall with the Cabinet, and was overthrown. As for "over-interference by Parliament," I only repeat what I said last week, that I am not aware of any parliamentary interference with Indian affairs since I have held this office. Parliamentary boredom if you like. No great harm in that. If our rule in India is such a rickety business that —— can give it a shake, it won't last long, that is very certain.

Next week I'm to have my long-deferred tournament in the H. of L. with Curzon. He told me he proposes to open with a speech of forty minutes, which I daresay will expand into sixty. I shall be relieved when it is over, for he has a vast and sure knowledge of India, which I can have no pretensions to rival. And he has, as you know, a fine imperial style. Still, I shall survive in some shape or another; and even if I don't, the sun will rise with his usual punctuality the next morning.

July 2. — The day before yesterday we got over our grand engagement, and I'll fill half a sheet with

my impressions thereof, leaving weightier things of State for another day.

The House was full, and Curzon spoke for nearly an hour and a quarter. He is a fine speaker — excellent voice, well managed, and pleasant to listen to; good diction; firm sentences; well-ordered arguments and sets of propositions; abundant and accurate knowledge of his subject. But have you ever heard of this account of a political speech and its contents? Success depends on three things: who says it, what he says, how he says it; and of these three things, what he says is the least important. In Curzon's case, a great deal of what he had to say was as true as gospel, and nobody now in Parliament could have said it better. Yet he did not carry the House. I had prepared an elaborate discourse, with a vast deal of trouble to myself and to other people; a very magnificent thing, I can assure you — weighty, highly philosophical, yet intensely practical; dealing airily with Indian finance, learnedly with Indian history, severely with Bombs and Murder Clubs, profoundly with Frontier Policy, sympathetically with everybody's aspirations. Whether it was more like Demosthenes or Cicero, Pitt or Fox, I am not sure, and you will never know, for alas, alas, it was never delivered. As I listened to Curzon and realised the situation, I felt that my wonderful masterpiece was not to the point of the moment. So I put it away, and launched on a vigorous sort of assault, in as rough and rugged a speech as even I ever made in my life. The House, though judging my oratory indifferent, was not ill-pleased at finding an untimely speech plainly rebuked. They keenly relished one or two small things I said about You, as you may be sure they

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would. There is a strong feeling that you are pursuing the right line, with coolness and courage. It gave me pleasure this morning to receive a kind little note from your daughter, to say she had been present in the H. of L. and liked some of what she heard.

July 24. — We have got our Budget well and comfortably through the H. of Commons. Buchanan did his work most excellently in every way, as in truth he always does. He is diligent, accurate, shrewd, and he entirely understands the arts and the temper of the H. of C. He is also altogether loyal and unselfish and impersonal, without being an atom of a Goose. You would like him. The House and the Press are pleased and satisfied.

Percy followed. His speech was not of the important sort, but I listened with a good deal of interest to what he had to say about education. I hope you will find time to read it, and then we may be able to exchange ideas. Percy was not unfriendly to reform. But he doubted what he called our project for separating judicial from executive. I could hardly restrain myself from calling out from the Peers' Gallery, in the unceremonious style of the H. of C., that it was not our project at all. So likewise he was anxious to know when we were going to carry out your words about a general Press law. Take note, therefore, I humbly beg of you, that utterances at Simla come home to me to roost.

Nothing else happened worth speaking of, except perhaps Keir Hardie's speech. People expected a rousing onslaught on us and all our works. Instead of that he first repudiated the reports of what he had said in India; and then he proceeded to general observations and admonitions about reform, etc.,

which, whatever else may be said about them, were entirely in the key of good sense and moderation. Did I tell you that he came to lunch with me at Wimbledon (of which I hear that he has spoken to his friends), and that I dismissed him with my blessing and an exhortation, in very polite terms, not to play the fool? You may depend upon it that if they are decently and considerately handled, the British demos are all right. Buchanan was inclined by our parliamentary habit to put himself too much into the ordinary attitude of fencing with the Opposition. "Don't you mind the Tories," I told him; "they're all right as to India just now; what we have to do is to keep good friends with the Radicals." I'm firmly persuaded that this is in our power, without compromising a single sound or necessary principle on your side of the water.

I must confess to you that I am watching with the deepest concern and dismay the thundering sentences that are now being passed for sedition, etc. I read to-day that stone-throwers in Bombay are getting *twelve months!* This is really outrageous. The sentences on the two Tinnevelly-Tuticorin men are wholly indefensible — one gets transportation for life, the other for ten years. I am to have the judgment by the next mail, and meanwhile —— thinks he has said enough when he tells me that "the learned judge was in no doubt as to the criminality of the two men." This may have been all right, but such sentences! They cannot stand. I cannot on any terms whatever consent to defend such monstrous things. I do therefore urgently solicit your attention to these wrongs and follies. We must keep order, but *excess* of severity is not the path to order. On

the contrary, it is the path to the bomb. It will be insupportable if you, who are a sound Whig, and I, who am an "autoritaire" Radical (so they say) (?), go down to our graves (I first) as imitators of Eldon, Sidmouth, the Six Acts, and all the other men and policies which we were both of us brought up to abhor.

August 6. — I am glad that you call a truce on all constitutional and historical questions. I should be a traitor to my professional calling and the lucubrations of a lifetime if I were to pooh-pooh them; but after all, for us two history and constitution begin with 1858. For my own part I am half sceptical, or even worse, about making Indian history much of a subject for our I. C. S. candidates and probationers. I wonder how much English history is really known even in the House of Lords, or in our Whitehall purlieus? This is by no means to say that the world began in 1858. We are all of us a good many hundreds or thousands of years old, two minutes after we find our way into the midwife's arms. There is a dark saying for you!! And you will think that I am taking a holiday with a vengeance, when I float about in vague psychological waters of this sort, instead of minding my business!

You ask whether it would be possible or desirable to make Jenkins C. J. at Calcutta, when Maclean goes. Well, now, I profess to be a disinterested sort of creature, and I should be sorry to let my personal convenience stand in the way of a good public servant's career. But I really don't think I can spare Jenkins. He is one of the two or three most valuable men of my Council. He is a remarkably clear-headed man, with a copious supply of knowledge

in law, as well as of political imagination. So, in short, I cannot afford to transfer him, whatever his own wishes may be.

Now for Reforms. I am uneasy as to this all-important business. First, as to time. I admire the industry, patience, acuteness, and comprehension made manifest in the great mass of material that has now come into my hands. But it is a truly awful example of the way in which, as I have heard a million times, the Indian machine toils and travails. A very summary survey makes me wonder whether we shall not be laughed out of court for producing a mouse from the labouring mountain. We shall have to go both wider and lower. Moreover, we must make the thing *interesting* — if we can — and as it stands, partly from the unconscionable time that has been consumed, it has somehow got a stale sort of flavour, like the Children of Israel's manna after the second day. Then, to return to the point of time. At this pace, Lord Grey's Reform Bill of 1832 would have become law in 1850 or 1860, and Nottingham and Bristol blazing all the time. The other day I was reading how Napoleon, having performed some high-handed exploits about making or moving bishops in Italy, the Pope protested pretty sharply that Emperors had no business to settle such high things without consulting the Holy See. To which Napoleon replied, "What's the use of consulting you? You and your Cardinals can never decide anything under between three and four years! What's the use? *Italy can't wait.*" And you are the very first man to say that *India can't wait.*

I am bent on being in a position to make some sort of announcement here early in December — quite as

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much for the sake of India as for parliamentary expectations. The whole operations will demand abundant communication between you and me, but extraneous references ought to come to an end. You will be even more glad of this than I can be, and that is saying a good deal.

August 19. — 'Tis no "red-tape necessity," as you call it, that makes me take my pen; but a feel that I shall like to send you a word of greeting, with as little of business in it as possible. I am recruiting such energies as I have at Skibo, in Sutherland, with delicious lochs, and purple hills, and bracing air, and delightful company, and plenty of idle, easy books. A daily pouch, not too heavily loaded, reminds me of Duty, without oppressing me.

August 26. — I am still loitering in Scotland, but every day's post brings me away to India, and even if the post failed, native activity of mind would suffice to carry me off in solitary and reflective hours to the same delectable region.

Having paid myself that handsome compliment, I at once hasten to balance it by a word or two on matters where I am dogged and impenetrable. You warn me against "disapproval at home of severe sentences," and you draw me a vivid picture of the electric atmosphere of the daily life around you, and of the dangerous inflammation of racial antipathies. Vivid — but I'm sure not a single shade too vivid for the plain facts. I wish you would in your next letter tell me the end of the story of the young Corporal who in a fit of excitement shot the first Native he met. What happened to the Corporal? Was he put on his trial? Was he hanged? I cannot but honour Curzon for his famous affair with the 9th

Lancers, so far as I have correctly heard the story. If we are not strong enough to prevent Murder, then our pharisaic glorification of the stern justice of the British Raj is nonsense. And the fundamental question for you and for me to-day is whether the excited Corporal and the angry Planter are to be the arbiters of our policy. True, we should be fools to leave out of account the deep roots of feeling that the angry Planter represents and stands for. On the other hand, is it not idle for us to pretend to the Natives that we wish to understand their sentiment, and satisfy the demands of "honest reformers," and the rest of our benignant talk, and yet silently acquiesce in all these violent sentences? You will say to me, "These legal proceedings are at bottom *acts of war* against rebels, and locking a rebel up for life is more affable and polite than blowing him from a gun: you must not measure such sentences by the ordinary standards of a law-court; they are the natural and proper penalties for Mutiny, and the Judge on the bench is really the Provost-Marshal in disguise." Well, be it so. But if you push me into a position of this sort — and I don't deny that it is a perfectly tenable position, if you like — then I drop reforms. I won't talk any more about the New Spirit of the Times; and I'll tell Asquith that I'm not the man for the work, and that what it needs, if he can put his hand on him, is a good, sound, old-fashioned Eldonian Secretary of State. Pray remember that there is to be a return of these sentences laid before Parliament. They will be discussed, and somebody will have to defend them. That somebody I won't be. Meanwhile, things will move, or may move, and we shall see where we stand when the time comes. ——, writing to me by the

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last mail, says this: "If the situation took a turn for the worse, I wonder if you would support me *in the deportation of two or three dangerous men?*" etc. I have replied to this cool demand for a number of blank *lettres de cachet*, given under my hand, to be filled in at discretion, by saying that "no resort to this proceeding must be taken without previous reference to me, with a full statement of the case." I am writing this in Scotland away from official archives, but if my memory is right, I attached the same condition about deportation in regard to the G. of I. itself. *A fortiori*, to Bombay, Madras, or any other local Government. However, I fervently hope that things will *not* take a turn for the worse. Anyhow, it is silly to be in such a hurry to root out the tares as to pluck up half your wheat at the same time. If we have any claim to be men of large views, it is our duty not to yield without resistance to the passions and violences of a public that is apt to take narrow views. Clemency Canning was a great man after all.

September 10. — I've no news. London is a wilderness. Nothing short of a section of a statute would give us a quorum of 5 on the Council. Grey and Haldane came down to us at Wimbledon for a night and we set the world to rights. You know how easily that is done after dinner, and over a flagon of sound wine. They are both of them keenly awake about India. Our colleagues in that interesting and simple subject take us for gospel.

October 1. — I have just read in the *Times* news from Simla this morning that the dispatch upon Reforms is to be sent forth on its journey to-day. And what a journey it will be! I only wish the reply dispatch were ready to cross it on the road. I am

waiting in red-hot expectation first for your summary telegram, and then for the full dispatch. The Committee has been priming itself with the replies from the local governments, etc., and on Saturday (Oct. 3) they are to have their first formal meeting — when I shall lay before them your telegraphic summary, the claims of the Congress party, ditto of the Muslim League, as propounded to you by their Deputation. Then, after putting the points that seem to require decision, and urging them to expedite their answers, I shall leave them to their own devices, only bargaining that I am to have plain Ayes and Noes, without Notes, Minutes, Dissents, and all the rest of Indian paraphernalia. Parliamentary Committees, and even Cabinets, don't load up their conclusions with this sort of thing, and yet they take plenty of pains in reaching them.

It seems agreed that my Committee is a very strong one. I have had endless talks with all of them, and I hope well of the prospect. Only one can never be perfectly sure that people won't develop angles. You have found that out by this time? When I was Irish Secretary I presided for 36 *days* over a H. of C. select committee on Irish land! How would you have liked that? It gave me more insight into the peculiarities of human nature than Bacon, Locke, Plato, Aristotle, and all the rest of the sages put together.

As you say, the telegraph between us will be very busy for a long time to come, but I rejoice to sympathise with you in washing your hands of the thing for a fortnight or more; and you, I hope, will condole with me on finding myself up to the elbows in constitutional soapsuds.

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By the way, as to Jenkins. If we are once round the corner of Reforms — and if you continue to desire it — I might be willing to pass a self-denying ordinance, and send him. It would be a serious sacrifice, for nobody on my Council is more useful. Isvolsky is to arrive next week. The King gives him a dinner at the Palace on the 11th, and the next night Grey and I dine with him *à trois*, I mean he dines with us two. Pray don't fear that we shall give India away.

[This was the fiftieth year since the assumption of Indian government by the Crown, and Queen Victoria's famous Proclamation of 1858. It seemed a convenient opportunity for adding gravity to our new schemes by an address from the King to his people in commemoration of the anniversary. It was not easy, in the existing divisions of Indian feeling, to find good words for addressing India as a whole.[1] The Royal Message was read by the Governor-General in Rajputana in November, at a grand durbar: a great tent thronged with Rajput nobles, the road lined for miles with retainers, many of them in chain armour from head to foot, turbans and dresses of all colours, beautiful gardens approached through the archway of fine public buildings — a fascinating picture. The Message itself was much approved in Bombay and Madras; Bengal pronounced it disappointing and wholly unworthy of the occasion; Extremist rags were frankly abusive of "words meant to cheat men as if they were children": Simla at first was content not to deny that the King's English was fairly up to the Simla mark, but was at first disposed to think it too self-laudatory and likely to provoke retort. On second thoughts, it came to the true view that it was a manifesto not only to India, but to the world, for the world had been very ignorant, and not at all charitable in criticisms of our rule.]

[1] See Appendix.

Balmoral, October 7. — I had a conversation with the King last night about the Proclamation. He is pretty indifferent as to date. I came here in good hopes that I should have a week of rest in these pleasant latitudes, but, behold, the best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley. Great Britain, in spite of the creed of Simla, is still something of a European power, and Austria has suddenly plunged us all into a Balkan crisis, and as I'm on duty here, I have to discuss with H. M. telegrams from the F. O. half the day, and to transport myself from the Ganges, Helmund, and Brahmaputra, suddenly to the Neva, Spree, Danube, and Dardanelles. To-day the barometer points to a pacific solution, but there has been such a quantity of intrigue, secrecy, and downright lying, that we don't know whether we stand on firm ground or on treacherous bog. At the best, we have a mighty uncomfortable time before us and before Europe. . . . At the station at Aberdeen I came upon Mensdorff fresh from Vienna on his way to Balmoral, and the bearer of a special message to H. M. You know the intense interest of the King in foreign policy, and his intimate first-hand knowledge both of the players and the cards in the Balkan game. When I was up here last autumn he found time to take me two long drives through the forest, and splendid scenery it is. I did not much wonder when he told me that if he could have chosen his life he would have liked to be a landscape gardener. It will need a clever set of gardeners, with good strong axes, to trim the diabolic Balkan thickets. I admired the diligence, attention, and shrewd sense with which he tackled the cunning tangle. He made me take the long journey with him up to London alone in his

special compartment, red boxes with new supplies of diplomatic points at each of the few stations where we stopped. It would have been bad taste, I suppose, to remind him of Bismarck's excellent saying that not even the worst democrat has any idea how much diplomacy conceals of nullity and charlatanism.

I have had a daily bulletin from my Reform Committee. They are working with a will. I am considerably disappointed at one of their conclusions: by 5 votes to 3, they are against an Indian on your Executive Council. Well, we'll see. I fully enter into all you say about the tension of feeling among Europeans and Indians alike. It is thoroughly intelligible, natural, and, under the circumstances, not unjustifiable. As for the feeling in this country, I declare that I don't see what there is to complain of. You cannot expect people here to give a blank cheque to all the officials and magistrates in India. It is they — people here — who are responsible; it is to them, and not merely the G. of I., to whom the destinies of India have been entrusted. They cannot delegate their imperial duty to their agents wholesale. The British public never have abdicated, and I fervently trust they never will. You speak of our having "too much respect for the doctrines of the Western world quite unsuited to the East." I make bold to ask you what doctrines? There is no doctrine that I know of involved in regarding, for instance, transportation for life in such a case as Tinnevelly, as a monstrous outrage on common sense. And what are we in India for? Surely in order to implant — slowly, prudently, judiciously — those ideas of justice, law, humanity, which are the foundation of our own

civilisation? It makes me sick when I am told that —— or —— would make short work of seditious writers and spouters. I can imagine a certain potentate answering me — if I were to hint that boiling offenders in oil, cutting their throats like a goat, blowing them from a gun for small peculation, were rather dubious proceedings — that I was a bewildered sentimentalist, with a brain filled by a pack of nonsense quite unsuited to the East.

October 23. — The event in this Office for the week is the arrival of your Reforms dispatch. It is to come up for formal consideration next Tuesday, and meanwhile its topics are simmering and stewing in all the pots, pipkins, and cauldrons of my colleagues of the Council. It is no use for me to go into the points until after Tuesday.

October 30. — We have now had all but three years of it, and considering the difference in our experience of life and the world, and the difference in the political schools to which we belong (or think we belong), and the intrinsic delicacy of our official relations, our avoidance of reefs and snags has been rather creditable all round. When December 11 comes — the anniversary of my taking my seals — I feel as if I could compose a very fine *Te Deum* duet, in which you shall take one part if you will, and I the other. I was reading the other day — perhaps I have already mentioned it — the saying of a divine, "Besides a man's professions, and gifts, and many of his sayings and acts — there is something else: there is the *man himself*." That is what one is apt to forget when vexed by this or that petty incident. So do you please to forget the petty incident, and remember that the man himself has nothing but the

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soundest goodwill. I almost feel as if it were impertinent to give you this assurance.

I am up to my neck in your "Reform" dispatch, and we are all of us here hard at work upon it. On the whole, people are surprised, and very glad, to find that the differences between the G. of I. and ourselves are not more serious. I hope nothing insurmountable will present itself, though you may think one or two of our fences are too stiff to be ventured.

November 5. — It was very kind of you to send me the telegram that all had gone off well at your great function. The good news gave me lively satisfaction, and the papers make it clear that, as might have been expected, you did full justice to the high part you had to play. I wish I could have been an eyewitness. 'Tis rather tantalising to have one's mind full of the East, and yet never to have a chance of seeing an Oriental spectacle. Here the Royal Proclamation has been received with much approval, though Mr. ——, and one or two others of that breed in Parliament, have dropped a little peevish criticism. With you, I should gather from the scraps from newspaper articles in India telegraphed to London, that the general impression has on the whole been decently good. I don't believe that we shall ever soar much higher than that moderate quantity of popular approval, whatever we may say, do, promise, or fulfil.

About Reforms. I told you of the Special Committee. Your dispatch and the Report of the S. C. have now been well discussed and considered in Council. They had three good meetings, conducted in the right spirit. It is now for me to make up my own mind what to say to you. I am in hopes that a

short week will see me through it, if I can keep out of too many interviews and other interruptions. The subject is grave; to keep in step with you is all-important; to present a front that won't offend the Bureaucracy, nor the non-official Anglo-Indian, nor the Mahometans, nor the right wing of the Congress men, is no joke, you will after your own experience decidedly agree. Happily everything comes to an end.

You will be sorry, as am I, to hear that Curzon writes of himself to me as an invalid. You may have seen that he was seriously bruised in a motor collision some time back. He is now off on a voyage for some months, as I understand. I cannot help a great liking for him, and admiration for his gifts that is not far from affection.

November 12. — Now for my programme as to Reforms and other matters connected therewith. My plan is as follows. You will be acquainted by cable (before you get this, I hope) with the exact nature of our reply to your dispatch. The dispatch itself ought to be in your hands by December 12–15. I shall, in the H. of L., state a general view of the Indian situation and the policy of H. M.'s G. in respect of it (as in a Budget speech): then proceed to offer an outline of Reforms, in connection with the bill to be presented to Parliament at the opening of next session in February. I shall be pressed, no doubt, to lay the two dispatches (yours and my reply) on the table, but I have not yet quite made up my mind whether this would be expedient, because it would increase the risk of there being so much adverse criticism during January both in India and here that when our project comes before Parliament, it

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would have become stale and fly-blown. On the other hand, there is some impatience here, and I understand from a friend who has seen Gokhale, that impatience is quite as lively in India, or in truth much more so, because the chance of the Moderates holding their own against Extremists when Congress meets in the last week of December, depends on their being able to show that we have our scheme actually ready for Parliament. The scheme itself, as far as my information goes, will give them more than they expect from us — which is all to the good.

Of course, I have yet to bring Reforms pretty fully before the Cabinet, but I don't doubt that they will assent to what is to be proposed. At our last meeting they heartily agreed that we are not to allow anarchist conspiracy to arrest our policy.

Since writing the last sentence, I have a box from the F. O. with a very private letter from Petersburg, I wish I could send it to you, or a copy of it, but I can only put bits of it in another cover for rigidly personal perusal.

From very great to very small. I have a dispatch from G. of I., under date of September 17 about a memorial for clemency. The prisoner was sentenced to 8 years' rigorous imprisonment by the sessions judge at Guntur in January 1906. There had been previous convictions. The theft, as I understand, was trivial, a lota (?), jar or some such thing. Surely 3 years, even for an impenitent offender, are enough. But I don't want to bring down the sledge-hammer of the Crown. I only bespeak your personal interest in the case. When you have leisure peruse the Beatitudes — Chapter V. of St. Matthew — I refer from memory. Pray let him out, will you?

I was going to fulfil the promise of my last letter about native officers. But Isvolsky has taken all my time — to say nothing of Reforms.

November 19. — This is a letter that is no letter. I am up to the neck about Reforms, about Exceptional Legislation against Murderers, and — about State Banquets!! They take up a vast deal of time, and are extremely fatiguing, as I daresay you find in your own vice-regal existence. Last Saturday I treated myself to a real holiday, in the shape of a visit under the flag of Sir John Fisher to the *Dreadnought*. It was vastly interesting, you can well believe, and I came to the conclusion that if I had to begin life again I would start on the road for becoming Admiral of the Fleet. Perhaps he, too, has his troubles, like Ministers and Viceroys, if we only knew them. Do not think from this easy, or even frivolous opening that I forget or underrate your anxieties. They must be very sharp, I know full well. Be certain that I constantly think of them and of you, though, do you know, I generally find myself wishing that I were by your side in the thick of it all instead of surveying it from the Olympian heights of Whitehall and Westminster.

November 27. — It was with uncommon relief yesterday that I wound up the Reforms proceedings in Council. There were two Dissents — chiefly, or indeed entirely, on the point of official majority. I argued that it was a perfectly conceivable policy to have no Reforms at all, but "Martial Law and no d——d nonsense." "Not one of you," I said, "advocates that policy; you all agree in the new numbers and powers of Legislative Councils, and in new and large facilities of discussion, amendment, and

recommendation. What is the use or sense of offering this, and then taking it back by means of official majority with a *swamping* vote? And don't you see that in the last paragraph of our dispatch we give a discreet but very intelligible hint to the Lt.-Governor to exercise his full authority in case motions or bills should take a wild-cat turn?" The Council, without the two dissidents I have named, were in full accord with this general line, as they have been from the first. I need not say what conclusive force I drew from your telegram of general assent. They did not like my leaving the question of the Council of Chiefs so open as para. 3 now does, but I put it to them that a wholesale refusal point-blank of your notions on this head — delicate as it must be in dealing with those potentates — would tend to lower your authority in their eyes, and might, moreover, rouse a feeling in their minds that we were for snubbing them. So, in short, all's well that ends well. The Cabinet took the thing on trust, having rather urgent business of much domestic moment on their hands in the shape of the Schools first, the Pothouses second, and the cloudy prospect of Rates and Taxes third. You must not infer from this that people here, either in the Cabinet or out of it, are free from uneasiness about India. That is by no means the case. Happily the uneasiness is not acute as yet, but it may any day become so with our sensational Press, and the brood of "Indici olim" ready to swarm down as soon as ever the editors will open their columns to their angry croaks. It matters little. So long as you and I keep steady and in step, we shall get on well enough.

I had a pleasant three days at Windsor last week. The King in great spirits. All of them very much

alive about India, but without any extraordinary disposition to be fidgety. The watchword, as you may suppose, like Strafford's Thorough is Firm — to be reiterated with much emphasis and in capital letters. Pray believe that I went bail both for you and for myself in that respect.

December 4. — I had a thought of writing you rather a full letter this morning, but as it happens there is a mortal combat between Church and Chapel raging just now, and I'm called to an unexpected Cabinet, where important questions have to be discussed. Once upon a time I took an active interest in the controversies about national education. The questions that were then blazing have not moved in the line that was expected five-and-thirty years ago. The Church, for instance, has turned out a great deal stronger than it then was; only in tone, temper, and relations to other religious bodies, it has grown to be a different Church; still militant enough, but very tolerant. Forgive this momentary digression. Though a Cabinet Council to-day is a bore, there is some refreshment in having to turn one's mind from India. Here I have an advantage over you; for you, I fear, have little chance of ever turning your mind in any other direction (save now and then a tiger), and I don't suppose that it is easy to get out of the official atmosphere, or that this atmosphere is other than stiff, monotonous, and tiresome. However, the monotony is now at any rate broken with a vengeance, and, for the passing hour, yours is about the most actively interesting post in the Empire. Though I am not on the spot, as you are, I feel that you are thoroughly right in calling the position decidedly critical, and in saying that "we don't know what we

may have in front of us." That's the worst of it. All we do know is that it is sure to give us plenty of trouble, and may bring plenty of danger. And you may well say that we want the best men we can get. I hope you will act freely on this principle, and make short work of "*claims.*"

You return to the charge about Sir Lawrence Jenkins, and I have had a second talk with him about coming to Calcutta as C. J. He is a fine fellow. "I will do whatever you tell me to do," he said; "if you think I should be more useful at Calcutta, I'll go; if you want me here I'll gladly stay." "But your *preference?*" "No, it is for you," he answers, "to decide." So he goes.

I had a farewell talk with Gokhale on Wednesday. He thinks he will never come to England again: no more work to be done for India here: must work in his own country: this is the moment of crisis: if nothing comes of *our* attempt (yours and mine), then the Extremists will have their own way: confusion, danger, ruin, will follow. On the whole, his tone both attracted and impressed me. He promises very confidently a good reception for our Reforms by the Congress. I did not disclose to him their precise terms, but of course it was easy enough for an old hand like him to guess pretty well on what lines they were sure to run. It looks to me as if the reception in England would be distinctly good. There will be the cry that we ought not to touch Reforms until we have rooted out the last Murder Club. But I don't despair of carrying even the H. of L. with us over this stile.

I hear that I have fallen into dark disfavour with "public opinion" at Simla, and some Simla patter

was reported to me — chiefly, as I gather, from the soldiers. What a sad ungrateful animal is Man! As if it were not wholly due to the odious S. S. that the present C.-in-C. reigned over the Indian Army — at this moment! Did I not with infinite satisfaction extend his term? If I heard Whitehall talk against you, I should come down as heavily as I could upon the talker, and I'm quite sure that the patterers of Simla take care to keep their chatter from your ears, and only transmit it to London newspapers by post.

I hope anxieties do not strain you over much. I know nothing that involves much closer strain than discussion with lawyers about bills, and of all bills Coercion bills are worst in this respect, as in a good many other respects too.

Politics are dubious and uncomfortable all round. Publicans jubilant (though a little timid about high licences): churchmen and chapelmen sorry for themselves — both of them — and neutral men vexed and wearied: Ireland tiresome: *India* — the very deuce according to some, but they cannot make up their minds whether it is all my fault or all yours. What zanies do politics make of man! The Indian group in the H. of C. waxes more worth every day that the arrogant, privileged, hereditary, abominable H. of L. should have the early Indian asparagus and first dish of green peas and all the other delicious *primeurs* from my oratorical garden, hothouses and forcing-pits. Asquith, to my astonishment, pressed me very hard to let Buchanan expound our projects first in the H. of C. The feeling is so strong against the H. of L., he said. I was utterly inexorable. It would have been to give an intolerably wrong notion of the dimensions of

what is intended for a reform of the first order, wise or unwise, not to let the S. S. have the first innings.

December 18. — I am rather a rag of a man after my exercitation in the House of Lords yesterday; and I am sitting in a Cabinet, with many anxieties about Naval Estimates; and my medico thinks I should be wiser in my bed. But still I must find energy enough to send you a word of greeting, in the midst of your tiresome cares. The House of Lords was extremely friendly, and I did my best to fight our whole case as high and as broad as I could. If you have time, you will find the story in the *Times* report, and I hope that one or two friendly references of mine to you will give you a fraction of the pleasure to read that they gave me to make. Lansdowne (who was altogether extremely handsome) took notice of them, to the lively gratification of the House.

This can hardly be a "merry Christmas" for either you or me; but anyhow I offer you and Lady Minto my most sincere good wishes for the season and for the new year; and I hope you won't let public cares weigh too heavily on private life, — only, as I know, it isn't easy always to keep the two in water-tight compartments. Still, I feel about you, as was said of the old Roman, the deeper you plunge him, the better he comes out, *pulchrior evenit*, and we'll ride this storm with stout heart, and, what is at least as important, with steady eye.

Only I would say a word on a passage in your last letter about Deportation, and the avoidance of the mischief of parliamentary questions by throwing all the responsibility on You. Undoubtedly this would be easier for me, but to put the thing in a single word,

it is impossible; and as it is the mark of a bad workman to quarrel with his tools, so a man who has to work the parliamentary system, as I have directly, and you have indirectly, had better make the best of that system. . . . Do you think this rather rambling talk? Well, it is not; and what I am at is to press on you

(1) that we cannot escape a bombardment when Parliament reassembles in February;

(2) that party spirit will in a quiet way raise its head — undoubtedly discouraged strongly by Balfour, but irresistible to irresponsibles working on the Tory back benches, in view of a slowly (or rapidly) approaching general election;

(3) that in your own interest you should be careful to give these people — Liberal and Tory alike — as little leverage as possible, by resorting as little as you reasonably can to drastic measures.

One thing I do beseech you to avoid — a *single case* of investigation in the absence of the accused. We may argue as much as we like about it, and there may be no substantial injustice in it, but it has an ugly continental, Austrian, Russian look about it, which will stir a good deal of doubt or wrath here, quite besides the Radical Ultras. I have considerable confidence, after much experience, in my *flair* on such a point.

Yesterday, I got two Liberal editors to visit me, who had been writing foolishly about Repression ruining the chance of Reforms, the indispensableness of undoing Partition, and all the other nagging points. I dealt with them as faithfully as ever I could, and

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they departed wiser and sadder men. A young man once applied to me for work, when I was editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette.* I asked him whether he had any special gift or turn. "Yes," he said, "I think I have a natural turn for *Invective!*" "That's capital," said I, "but in any particular line, may I ask?" "Oh no — General Invective." I found myself yesterday blessed with a wonderful outpouring of this enchanting gift.

You may guess how eagerly I have looked every morning for the telegrams about the reception of Reforms. Surely it has been better, far better, than was to be expected; or am I wrong? Here it has been a chorus of approval, but India is what really matters. If the Indian likes the thing, and the European and I. C. S. don't kick, then we shall be all right. About the Native Member? Time will soon press. Opinion here is full of doubts. But I don't draw back. There should be no time lost about working out Reforms. Do put your foot down on promiscuous Noting.

CHAPTER V

HISTORIC PLUNGE TAKEN BY PARLIAMENT

1909

January 6. — Jenkins, Gupta, and Dutt have been dining with me, and you may believe that we had a cheerful meal, though I was the only drinker of wine. They were jubilant at the way in which the Moderates have really rallied to our common sense. They insist that it will last, and that you have now a National party more or less committed to constitutional ways. If the path of wise advance lies in widening and popularising local governments in all its phases, then we have undoubtedly taken a good stride. Much, very much, will depend on the mood of your Civil Service. I should be truly grateful for any crumbs from your table on this subject.

January 13. — I don't know whether disputatious clatter will be louder with you than here, only bear in mind, if you will, that when a subject that is in itself not over easy, once gets into Parliament in the shape of a Bill, there is no end to the strange shoals and snags that may suddenly appear. I expect that on the whole the debates will be conducted in good faith, but you never can be certain that the Devil won't insinuate himself into the best men's hearts, until you have got to the Third Reading.

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One last word about the eternal subject of Deportation. I chanced to spy a sentence the other day in a letter of —— (not to me) which ran as follows: "I have not the slightest doubt of his (Native's) very dangerous influence as an organiser, and of his sympathy with acts of violence." I confess that it alarms me that a capable man like him should suppose that the fact of his having no doubt of another man's sympathy with something constitutes the shadow of a justification for locking him up without charge or trial. You may take my word for it, my dear Viceroy, that if we do not use this harsh weapon with the utmost care and scruple — *always, where the material is dubious, giving the suspected man the benefit of the doubt* — you may depend upon it, I say, that both you and I will be called to severe account, even by the people who are now applauding us (quite rightly) for vigour. It is just some momentary slip in vigilance that has often upset apple-carts and damaged political reputations, if reputations matter.

January 21. — It is rash of me, or anybody, to predict the course of any Bill in the two Houses of Parliament, but on the whole I rather look forward to a pretty smooth voyage. My present intention is to introduce it in the H. of L. as soon as ever the debate on the Address is over. Not very many people will want to speak. I should hope that four or five sittings, or even fewer, would see it through all the stages. Then I should bargain with Asquith that it should be the first Government business (bar perhaps some supplementary estimates) in the H. of C. *There* the Opposition may, in the persons of its less responsible members, commit the heinous, but too familiar crime of obstruction — not from any preju-

dice against our Bill, but from a patriotic desire to keep back other business, and to make difficulties for the most iniquitous of imaginable governments. However, we will not bid good-morrow to the Devil until we meet him, and I am not without a hope that we shall emerge by Easter.

It is lucky that my appointment of an Indian member on your Executive Council does not need parliamentary sanction, for I don't believe the H. of L. would agree. My Council, or most of them, would be averse. L——, for instance, thinks it would fret the native Princes to see a common man set on the seat of power, where their affairs might come up for decision. However, it does not affect my purpose. I have agreed to receive the sons of the Crescent next week. I wish the Prophet himself were coming!! There are not many historic figures whom I should be better pleased to summon up from Paradise. Before the session opens I have to make reports on two sub-committees of the Imperial Defence C., over which I have presided: Egypt for one, Persian Gulf the other.

January 28. — Yesterday I had my interview with the Moslems. They were strangely quiet, though they listened to my words of wisdom with severe attention.

The end of my eloquence, so I am informed, was that the honest Moslems went away decidedly disappointed. I never expected it would be otherwise. How could I satisfy them by straight declaration off my own bat? We have to take care that in picking up the Mussulman, we don't drop our Hindu parcels, and this makes it impossible to blurt out the full length to which we are or may be ready to go in the Moslem direction. The bitter cry against the Indian

Member grows more and more shrill — reinforced of course by our Moslems. But if I once make the recommendation, the cry will drop. Meanwhile, not a single newspaper for us!

February 4. — The gale of wind still blows, whistles, and even screams in my ear. I bear it with much composure, and when the thing is done all the world will wonder what the fuss was about. I don't pretend for a moment that the step is not a serious change. It is — very serious in all its indirect bearings. I know that, but then the state of India marks a serious change, and demands "tremendous innovations." If it does not turn out well, then the next S. S., when the time comes, may put a White Man into the Dark Man's place.

I am sometimes tempted to end the controversy by submitting Sinha to the King's pleasure right away. But neither Parliament, nor our honest public outside, has any relish for *coups*. Nor have I. You remember the fearful row in 1871, on the abolition of Army Purchase by Royal Warrant, *i.e.* by Prerogative? The appointment to your Council is by the Crown, on the advice of the S. S., and nobody else has any *locus standi* in the appointment, and it is all by Statute. Still, though to have made a Native Member compulsory by a clause in our Bill would have lost the Bill in H. of L., on the other hand it might look unreasonably rough to dismiss in advance all chance of a little discussion, considering that Lansdowne has already given us notice that he does not like the thing. As soon as my Bill is through the Lords, I do not propose to postpone the appointment beyond that. The H. of C. won't mind; on the contrary, the vast majority there will cordially approve.

February 11. — Pray enjoy your short outing with a clear conscience, only occasionally turning a friendly thought to a S. S. engaged in steering the craft through parliamentary rapids, spates, and all the rest of the chances and hazards of a Bill. To carry a Bill through the H. of C. was Mr. Gladstone's definition of Ministers' hard work; all else he thought might involve labour, pressure of meditation, and assiduous study and attention, but the strain of contention long sustained, of sudden dangerous surprises in argument or party attitude — *hoc opus, hic labor.* For 80 days or more I sat on the bench with him sixteen years ago over the Home Rule Bill. I think a twentieth part of that vast span of time will see me through my immediate and personal share of our Indian Bill, and I hope that Buchanan will not be under the harrow so very much longer. I happen to know that Gokhale has written to Cotton urging him to make as few difficulties as possible; and Dutt is dealing faithfully in the same sense with others of that section. The Irishmen are, for reasons of their own, rather out of humour with H. M.'s Government, and Birrell thinks they may obstruct my Bill like any other piece of Government business. I incline to doubt that. For one thing they owe me a certain debt for old friendship; and for another and much weightier thing, they will hardly like to resist proposals in favour of another people "rightly struggling to be free," and using a good many of their own watchwords against John Bull, the common foe.

It gave me great pleasure to make my peace with Sven Hedin last Monday. We had an enchanting talk together at dinner before he gave his lecture; the audience was immense; I moved a vote of thanks to

him, with compliments ingeniously adjusted to myself for refusing to let him go from India, and then to him for going to Tibet in spite of me. The brave man was delighted, and in the presence of many hundreds of male and female geographers he took my hand and publicly swore eternal friendship. The Scandinavian always strikes me as such a *wholesome* sort of being. Nansen is another example.

February 18. — In his opening speech Lansdowne gave us some pleasant chaff about that monster blue-book of yours, and then rather went out of his way to read me a short lecture on my duty to give the Man on the Spot a free hand, etc. This was much approved by his colleagues on the front bench, Halsbury, Ashbourne, and the rest. It was very maladroit of him to raise this point, and I shall take the liberty of reminding him next week of the beautiful respect they paid to their Man on the Spot, who threw up the reins in disgust and wrath, because in his own words they wanted to "make a puppet of him." The presence of the puppet by his side on the bench should enforce the little irony.

The Indian Member on the Executive Council will be debated in the course of the discussion on the Bill — but I shall make it plain to them that whatever they may say, I shall recommend an Indian. I hear that in private conversation Lansdowne is very keen against. But I am forgetting that by the time you get this, the battle of words will be over — so I need say no more. I am perfectly comfortable about it.

I had a long talk with the Aga Khan last Saturday on the eve of his retreat into a nursing home. As always, I found him pleasant, extremely intelligent, and quick. I begged him to dismiss from his mind

what I had seen stated, that, "like all other English Radicals, I had a hatred of Islam." What other Liberals thought about Islam, I did not know; but for myself, if I were to have a label, I should be called a Positivist, and in the Positivist Calendar, framed by Comte after the manner of the Catholics, Mahomet is one of the great leading saints, and has the high honour of giving his name to a Week!! This will soon be expanded into a paragraph in the *Daily Mail*, that the Indian S. S. has turned Mahometan. That, at any rate, would tend to soften Mahometan alienation from our plans? Forgive all this nonsense. Like many another man of grave (or dull) temperament, I seek snatches of relief from boredom by clapping on a fool's cap at odd moments.

February 25. — We have got over another stage of the great journey, and the Bill was read a second time in the H. of L. last night at the sacred dinner-hour, after two days of debate covering not more than seven or eight hours in all. A high-class performance.

On Tuesday I moved the Second Reading in a speech listened to by a rather brilliant and very attentive, but not over-sympathetic, audience. Then came Curzon. He is a first-rate parliamentary speaker, and he strode over the ground in fine style. He took point after point and detail after detail without acrimony, but with the air of a grand drill-sergeant at the blundering manœuvres of new recruits. His criticism was wholly of the destructive sort, and entirely unhelpful, but it was heartily relished in their quiet muffled way by the people around him, to whom of course the very word "Reform" is of evil savour. There was plenty of force in his argument,

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if you only admitted that all we need do was to sit still and let agitation take its course.

Ampthill came next, very warm and enthusiastic. Macdonnell began his discourse in the regular Anglo-Indian fashion with a history of Indian government since Lord William Bentinck and a short *aperçu* on Noah's Ark; strong against the Indian Member. Here ended the First Lesson. Yesterday Midleton opened with a really good speech, seeking comfort on one or two points to which he took objection, but still essentially friendly. He represented, in truth, the dispassionate and sensible practical spirit, proper in discussing a Bill on which nobody even dreamed of suggesting that they should take a division.

Lansdowne wound up with a speech whose spirit was rather a surprise to me. Though, as always, he was entirely courteous and decently friendly in manner, he showed a pretty direct antipathy to the whole thing. Here again, as in Curzon's case, he would or might have damaged us a good deal, if he had only had any positive plan of his own. It comes to this, that though he admitted we must make "concessions" (a way of putting it that for my own part I never use), we ought to make them as narrow and grudging as we possibly could.

The House was full for me and Curzon, but otherwise the red benches were emptyish. On the whole I am heartily pleased to have got so much support, and to have escaped from *my* Rhinoceros more comfortably than your aide-de-camp appears to have fared with his. Now I must have a final grappling with your Regulations, etc. Don't think me a coward or a sluggard, if I confide to you that my

appetite for them by no means *vient en mangeant.* I think of Easter as the schoolboy does.

"Reforms" will be in the H. of C. in a few days. Cotton promises me that the reception will be most friendly, but there will, of course, be a bitter cry against leaving so much of the shaping of the scheme in the hands of G. of I. and the bureaucrats. It won't come to anything, for nobody dares take the heavy responsibility of wrecking the scheme, and I gave C. a hint in capital letters that we can stand no nonsense.

The Native Member is still a fashionable stumbling-block. Last night, dining at Crewe's, I was honoured by a long conversation with H. M. He told me that he had written to you at the time of my audience, and was sure that I had informed you how strongly he felt. I said I had done that, but that withdrawal of Native Member would now be taking the linch-pin out of the car. His tone was that of earnest, but extremely kind, remonstrance. The *Times* runs on the same line with unabated perseverance. Our critics are making most of the point (also pressed heavily I see this morning in the *Pioneer*) that the G.-G. is nobody unless he is G.-G. in C. — the answer to which is the very obvious one that the burden of selection is imposed by law on the responsibility of the S. S. and nobody else. I am not at all sorry that we are having the question threshed out now before the plunge. It is not without peril. But the row would have been much worse, if we had taken the plunge without discussion. I hope every word of this will be as stale as the first chapter of Genesis or even the Ten Commandments by the time you get it.

March 5. — We got through Committee on the Bill

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last night, but left a little of our fur in the trap, in the shape of a clause which is probably of no vast moment, but still is worth something in view of possible contingencies ahead of us. I doubt whether Lansdowne would have divided upon it, but after a strong speech against the clause from Curzon, it was difficult for him (L.) to assent. I have cabled to you this morning, and whatever else happens, we shall have it back when the Bill reaches the H. of C.

Curzon — a little scarred by his motor mishap — is characteristically active. As I said last night, he hates the Bill and the whole policy of which the Bill is the instrument. But they did not dare to take the responsibility of throwing it out; and so they have to be content with attempts to whittle it away. His arguments, however, all of them, rest on the view that the whole attempt is a blunder, and that we ought to have persisted in his policy of shutting eyes and ears to all "political concessions" whatever. Brodrick is excellent; could not be fairer or more helpful. Ampthill an enthusiastic supporter. Wenlock not friendly to the Bill, but kind and moderate. Northcote doubtful, but without any approach to acrimony. Sandhurst, a conscientious opponent, but he allowed his conscience to carry him too far when it took him into the enemy's lobby, instead of letting him walk out without voting. Cromer, though the kindest of men in feeling, and the best of men in seeking sound judgment, is not yet quite at home in parliamentary waters, turbid and curious as they are. The Native Member, who figured largely in the debate on the Second Reading, has been left out in the discussion yesterday in Committee upon the clauses. Still, I know that he is at the back of all

their minds, even when they are talking of things that have nothing at all to do with him.

March 12. — I sometimes wonder what you make of all our parliamentary doings, as rendered by piecemeal scraps of Reuter — what queer shadows and ghosts the speeches must seem — how far off from the close real facts around you. Well, we got our Third Reading yesterday afternoon, and no great harm done after all. On the whole we have nothing particular to complain of. Of course the marked favour with which they received my first announcement on December 17 slowly clouded over. I knew it would. So often have I seen a sulky political noon follow a grand sunrise. And our proposals no doubt expose plenty of surface. Nobody could possibly have produced a scheme that was open to no objections and criticisms, and that would please everybody. If we had satisfied the Lords at every turn, we should certainly have been laying up trouble for ourselves in the Commons. You will laugh at me as a horrible double-faced Janus, for having in one House to show how moderate we are, now in the other to pose as the most ultra-reformers that ever were. Such are what we call tactical exigencies! All will come right in the end, and before any very long time we shall be out of the wood, and you will have to take up the load — and a very heavy load too — of shaping rules and regulations.

I thought it best to fortify myself by a fresh Cabinet decision. So I brought it up on Wednesday. I read your account of Sinha, which made an excellent impression. The decision was unanimous. The same day I wrote a pretty full letter to H. M., telling him of the unanimity of the Cabinet, and enclosing

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your story of Sinha. I also cleared myself of any sort of desire to shift any atom of responsibility from my own shoulders to "the Crown" as an individual — a point on which, as I think I told you last week, H. M. had become a little sensitive, owing to a misconstruction of some perfectly innocent words that had fallen from me in the H. of L. I believe this will go on all right, and by the time you have this epistle in your hands, the plunge will be over. I do not conceal from myself that, on whatever line we may choose to argue it to-day, it is a far-reaching and deep-reaching move. When I opened it to the Cabinet, I said, "No more important topic has ever been brought before a Cabinet." Speaking to Alfred Lyall after, I told him what I had said. "Absolutely true," he answered, "about India. No more momentous Indian topic has ever been settled." He is staunch for it, and I do not know of any more competent judgment.

The last stage has been far from agreeable to me. As I told you, I wrote to Biarritz a letter, putting the thing in as good a way as I could, meeting especially one or two misapprehensions that I knew to exist in the mind of H. M. A prompt reply reached me last Monday, evidently written with much strong feeling, "protesting" against the whole proceeding, but admitting that there was no alternative against a unanimous Cabinet. To this I answered by sending the formal submission, and a very short covering letter, doing full justice — well deserved — to the trouble H. M. had taken in forming his judgment; recognising the force of some adverse arguments; only pointing out that withdrawal from the Native Member now would chill and check the warm response

in India to the policy of Reforms announced in his message of November last; and finally expressing my belief that this marked fulfilment of the historic promise of Queen Victoria in 1858, that race and colour should be no bar, would secure for him a lasting place in the affections of Indian subjects of the Crown. I am afraid he will count all this no more than idle words; they won't reconcile him to the step; but at any rate I have done my best, and the step is taken. I shall watch with eager interest how it will go on *your* side of the water, both for your sake there, and mine here.

Sir L. Jenkins has been of immense value to me about Reforms — and a more willing, ready, and resourceful man in the legal and legislative line, it has never been my fortune to meet. Besides that he has made a grand sacrifice of personal ease and domestic comfort in consenting to exchange his snug life here for a return to Calcutta, and only because he was told that you desired it, and that I thought it would be for the public good. Do remember that he has made a sacrifice to duty, just as if he were a soldier.

March 25. — So far, — that is to say, twenty-four hours after the event, — the launch of the Indian Member has produced no shock. The *Times*, which in India matters is almost the only journal that really counts, shakes its head a little solemnly, but without scare. They shed tears over the fact that Sinha has not some score of the rarest political virtues in any world — courage, patience, tact, foresight, penetration, breadth of view, habit of authority, and heaven knows what else — just as if all these noble qualities were inherent in any lawyer that I could have fished

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out of Lincoln's Inn; or even as if they are to be found in *all* the members of the Executive Council as it stands to-day. Delicacy forbids me to name one or two of your rather dubious Paragons. The article, however, breaks no bones. Nor, so far as Reuter allows one to guess, has any very loud shout been raised in your world. The only point seems to be that I should have waited until the Councils Bill was through Parliament; and this is a very poor and bad point. Balfour and Percy will doubtless administer a scolding next week, but nothing will come of it.

April 2. — We got our Bill, safe and sound, through Second Reading in the H. of C. last night. The House was very slack and thin. I counted, as an average, fourteen on our side, and eight on the other!!! The debate was spiritless, though Asquith and Balfour were among the speakers. Buchanan opened in a quiet sensible speech, saying all that was required. Percy followed, not with particular grasp, but threading his way elaborately through all the details. He knew all the points that are to be made against us (just as you and I know them, if we had nothing else to think of), and he was free from acrimony. Only there was no broad outlook. No more there was in anybody else. Asquith was short, and hardly at his best. The wonder to me was that he could come up to the scratch at all, for I knew the huge load that had been upon his mind for the previous eight or nine hours. Balfour spoke in his usual pleasant and effective way for a short half-hour, mainly occupied with an interesting analysis of the conditions that are required to make representative government a success, ending in the conclusion that India satisfies

none of these conditions, and that our scheme, while securing none of the advantages, will expose India to all the drawbacks and disadvantages of representative government. With the Bill and the scheme he hardly dealt at all, and his criticism was purely superficial. It reminded me of what Gibbon politely said about Voltaire, "casting a keen and lively glance over the surface of history."

On the whole, sitting perched up over the clock in the Peers' Gallery, I felt as if I were listening to a band of disembodied ghosts — so far off did they all seem from the hard realities and perplexities with which we have been grappling all these long months. Though it would never do for me to say so, I must secretly admit that the thing compared very poorly with the strength and knowledge of the debates on the Bill in the H. of L. I found also, when the dinner hour arrived, that I had already, in less than a twelvemonth, acquired one inexorable propensity of every self-respecting peer; I *adjourned,* and after a modest meal at the Club, instead of returning to hear more speeches I went home to bed, where I did *not* dream of M—— C—— and other excellent men. Some day it will be *your* turn to listen to an Indian debate from the same perch; for I dare not suppose that we have finally settled the business. I will not ask you to send me an account down in the Elysian Fields, where I shall then be wandering at my ease.

April 7. — I ought by rights to have been off for a holiday and change of scene, but I have missed it, first by my wife being ill, and second by a series of Cabinets, with protracted discussion on important questions of Budget. I have managed to push our India Bill excellently forward. The pace may seem slack

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to you, but if you were familiar with the parliamentary ground, you would know that not a single available parliamentary hour has been lost. The Committee stage is to be the first day after the Easter holiday, and Buchanan thinks he can promise a pretty smooth passage. The moment the Bill is through the Commons I shall bring it up in the H. of L.

I don't wonder at your being a little impatient at the delay, and I am fully alive, as I have abundantly shown, to the mischief of delay in keeping the minds of your Indian subjects unsettled. Only I beg you to believe that these parliamentary affairs are not so easy as they may look; and not every S. S. would have had so much indulgence as has been shown to unworthy Me. So do not count me a Fumbler or a Slow Coach. I hope you enjoy the proceedings at Lahore and other places; your reception must be some recompense for your long and ceaseless anxieties. I saw that on one emblazoned inscription, Ripon, you, and I were promised a life in the Indian heart "through all eternity." Time is quite enough for me, and you are welcome to my share of the other, as well as your own.

April 15. — To my intense regret, Buchanan has been taken ill, and will have to give up work for some weeks. I am sorry for his own sake, for he is a thoroughly good fellow; only less sorry on account of our Bill. (To-day is Friday, and Committee is on Monday.) He knows it better than anybody; the H. of C. likes his honest and conciliatory ways; and even our little knot of critics are half ashamed to tease him. So it is a pity. Hobhouse, however [his successor], will do the work well, and I apprehend no particular difficulties.

April 23. — Our Bill got through Committee in the H. of C. last Monday. I sat perched up over the clock for nearly five hours. Sometimes work in Committee is really good and effectual deliberation, and nothing can be better. This time nothing could be worse. "Isn't it hideous!" said Percy to me in the course of the afternoon. When Sir F. B. rose from time to time, I perceived that the operation on our India Bill was merely a means of preventing the arrival of some other business to which the Opposition objected. We had a troublesome quarter of an hour to begin with, about turning deportation into a disqualification. Hobhouse was in charge, and made the very best of things. One or two smart, ignorant, and impudent free-lances of the Opposition talked about deportation (not one of them had ever read a word of the famous Regulation of 1818) just as if it were judicial, with charge and judge and jury and definite sentence; whereas the point of the Government is exactly that it is *not* judicial. It is astonishing what little difference confusion of mind makes. Then they rode the horse of the opinion of the G. of I. as if the view of the G. of I. should be decisive. Half an hour later, when it came to restoring clause 3, they rode the other horse, and counted the opinion of the G. of I. as nought. All's well that ends well, however, and by 10.30 the curtain fell.

I have had to join the Cabinet Committee about the Navy; Asquith, Crewe, Grey, and Haldane being the other members. In one respect it is a duel between Beresford and Fisher, and to see the two heroes seated at the same table (not a word exchanged between them) gives a dramatic look to things.

May 5. — We are through the H. of L. without a

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stain. A formal five or ten minutes will, I believe, clear the H. of C., and then nothing remains but the signification of H. M.'s assent. The last debate offered no remarkable features. Lord Roberts made a short speech; only a belated protest against Mr. Sinha's appointment. Nobody paid attention, for that is one glorious virtue in our political ways, that when a thing is done it is treated as done, and people listen no more.

Some 150 members of Parliament have written to Asquith protesting against Deportation. Asquith will give them a judicious reply, but you will not be able to deport any more of your suspects — that is quite clear.

May 13. — I will not now tease you by carrying on a controversy as to the position and arguments of your letter. In fact one single sentence of yours seems to me to admit all that any S. of S. could want. And that sentence sums up the whole matter. The G. of I. is no absolute or independent branch of Imperial Government. It is in every respect answerable to the Cabinet, as any other department is, and if the Cabinet, for reasons of its own, decides that no political disqualification shall attach to deportation, that ends the matter. You are mistaken in laying all the blame on Parliament. If the Cabinet had gone the other way, nothing would have induced *me* to assent. It is all very well to say good words of the G. of I., but you will hardly deny that if your Council could have had its own way, no Indian member would have taken his seat among them. No, nor if the Local Governments could have decided. Yet this is the step on which your own heart was most set. So, in short, you do not persuade me

that the G. of I. is always sure to be right from its knowledge of local conditions. If they — I mean the sort of men who — apart from yourself and Lord K. — constitute the public opinion that inspires the G. of I. — had known rather more of local conditions than they did, and seen deeper into their true significance, you and I should not have been brought face to face with all the difficulties. On the other hand, I am not at all disposed to belittle the authority and competence of the G. of I., but they are none the worse for a few stray beams of light from men who have had as good a chance as they, and a million times better, of studying the multifarious arts of political navigation.

May 21. — The immortal Bill is through, and will receive the royal assent in the beginning of next week. So my work in the field of Parliament is for this session over — I mean in respect of reforms. You may be surprised that so many as 104 were found to vote against agreeing with the Lords. The Irishmen were the main contingent, acting no doubt on their general principle that the other House is the enemy.

May 27. — A pretty heavy gale is blowing up in the H. of C. about Deportation, and shows every sign of blowing harder as time goes, for new currents are showing. On the last fusillade of questions at the beginning of the week, a very clever Tory lawyer, F. E. Smith, a rising hope of his party, and not at all a bad fellow, joined the hunt, and some of the best of our own men are getting uneasy. The point taken is the failure to tell the deportee what he is arrested for; to detain him without letting him know exactly why; to give him no chance of clearing himself. In spite of your Indian environment, you can easily imagine how

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taking is such a line as that, to our honest Englishmen with their good traditions of legal right; and you will perceive the difficulty of sustaining a position so uncongenial to popular habits of mind, either Whig or Tory.

I have a painful feeling of the want of all sense of proportion in my political friends, who never recognise the immense advance we have now made in the progressive direction, and repay all our labour in Reforms — Indian Member on your Council, two Indian Members on mine — by nothing but quarrelling on Deportation, as if that were the beginning and the end of our whole policy. You are no Ultra-Alarmist, no more am I, but it is really senseless for these politicians to argue as if India were Yorkshire, or even as if it were Ireland; such a want of imagination, and still worse, such flat ignorance of the facts of the case. The Oxford people have persuaded me to address some probationers there, at a dinner given to them at Magdalen on June 12. I think of improving the occasion by a few general observations, which may do some good here without doing any harm in India. But I hate speaking, and only wonder why I ever liked it.

June 17. — I am in much tribulation at having to part with Buchanan, but Fate insists. He has been laid up for nine weeks, and though he is now pronounced out of danger, there is no chance of his being able to return to the H. of C. for this session, whether that be a near or a distant date. He is a great loss. We could not leave the post vacant, with delicate questions like Deportation and Midnapur on our hands.

June 24. — The answer to the endless interroga-

tories about Deportation, with which we inspired the Prime Minister, has so far had a very good effect, and for the moment we have moderate peace in the H. of C. But on Monday Curzon opens fire in the H. of L. about Military Administration in India. This prospect causes more agitation and misgiving to Lansdowne than to me. From what Lord Roberts said to me a couple of nights ago, they fear that a battle-royal between Curzon and Midleton on the floor of the House is inevitable, though Lansdowne is working hard to compose matters. Unless I am much mistaken, our assailant will have the feeling of his hearers much against him. I wish I knew a little more of the soldier's business for the purposes of the debate, but a Minister, like a barrister, has to be ready for a brief on any subject. I confess that I have found the Lords a thoroughly reasonable and civil audience, but then, you know, I have never talked to them about Land, Church, or Sport.

I do not now answer your "secret" enclosure in your letter of June 1. Only I cannot delay my thanks to you, which are most genuine, for the tone of good comradeship in which you write.

July 2. — I had a long letter to you in my mind, but as I came out of my bedroom this morning I was greeted by a piece of dreadful news that for the hour blots out all else. It is indeeed horrible. Wyllie was one of the most attractive of all the men that I have ever worked with — always good-tempered and good-natured, obliging and helpful, and thoroughly master of the delicate and important matters that come within his province. It is truly pain and sorrow to me to realise that I shall see him no more.

Of the crime itself I have nothing to say but

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what to you is mere a, b, c. It is only a few hours since the murder was done, and the police may have something to find out. At the moment it looks like an act of individual fanaticism pure and simple. Just as you have always warned us that the day of bombs is not over in India, so I have long expected that the doctrine of the Murder Club would extend to Europe and the India Office.

July 15. — All that you say about the ways of Lieutenant-Governors fills me with sympathy, appreciation, comprehension, and holy rage. You have now three capable men below you — each of them bent in a more or less quiet way on having his head, and each entitled to have his views respectfully considered, and nine times out of ten probably all right, but the tenth time capable of bringing things into a dangerous mess. And then there is the weak man who is a greater nuisance and mischief than the strong uppish man. It strikes me as simply disgusting (pronounced with immense emphasis) that form, etiquette, usage, claims, should block the way to energetic and yet sensible government (for energy is not the same thing as sense) in a situation like ours in India to-day, and still more to-morrow. Do you know something said by Déak, the Hungarian statesman? "I can answer for to-day, I can pretty well for to-morrow, the day after to-morrow I leave to Providence." So do I.

July 20. — Two men of distinction came to see me yesterday — the distinction being about as different in degree and kind as the wit of man could conceive, Lord Roberts and B. (an Indian). B. nearly made me cascade with his compliments — their *Guru*, a Great Man, then (by noble crescendo) the Greatest Man since Akbar!!! I hope he'll balance the

little account between us two, by swearing that you are far Greater than Aurungzebe. After this dose, he went straight off to a meeting presided over by C——, and listened with silent composure to an orator denouncing me as no less of an oppressor and a tyrant than the Tsar of Russia!! Lord Roberts is always a good friend of mine in every way, but he claims to know Indian affairs and Indian people better than anybody, and in a certain sense his claim may be true, but he still hangs on the Mutiny time without consciousness of the hundred changes that are sweeping over the stage. You will find yourself astounded when you return home and see how common — nay, how universal — is this curious belatedness of mind, and especially among those who have, or think they have, a right to dogmatise about India. I was amazed to hear —— urge upon me that we should try Dingra privately [the murderer of poor Wyllie], so as to prevent the public dissemination of his poisonous froth. Excellent, I daresay — only to hang a man after a trial *in camera!!*

July 29. — The telegram (which is a trifle overfull and costs three hundred pounds) goes to-day before the best Committee that we could construct for the purpose. I have urged everybody to recognise the importance of being rapid, and I believe that when your dispatch arrives, it will find all in good trim for completion at once. Talk of completion, the H. of L. presented a striking dramatic scene last Tuesday, when Crewe moved the Second Reading of the South African Union Bill. Botha and Jameson on the steps of the throne; Milner on the cross-benches; the Lord Chancellor, Courtney, and myself the protagonists among pro-Boers; the Archbishop of Canterbury

giving his blessing in good taste and a fine spirit — altogether a grand historic close, worthy of a mighty Senate and an Imperial State in the best sense of that abused term.

August 6. — We are getting up the steam in preparation for your Regulations dispatch [under the Councils Act], expected on next Sunday. The opinion of the Law officers, as to your powers, was rather a blow. Perhaps it won't make much difference, except that it means a certain delay. Not too long, however, for my sailing orders now are, first, to press on the matter at all the speed consistent with decency, and second, to stretch any number of points in order to keep in line with the G. of I. I note all you say about the dangerous question of the Mahometans. R. and others are pretty sure to say we have broken our pledges, whatever you do. Though I am not less scrupulous than my neighbours, I incline to rebel against the word "pledge" in our case. We declared our view and our intention at a certain stage. But we did this independently, and not in return for any "consideration" to be given to us by the M's., as the price of our intentions. This is assuredly not a "pledge" in the ordinary sense, where a Minister induces electors to vote for him, or members of Parliament to support his measures in the H. of C., by promising that if they will, he will do so and so. We shall have done the best we can according to the circumstances and conditions with which we have to deal, and by which we may be limited. That strikes me as the common sense of the thing. Pray don't scold me for being a pure Sophist.

August 12. — I got a week's leave from Cabinets, and I am writing this from Skibo on the Moray

Firth, where we are staying with our best of friends, the Carnegies. The scenery is beautiful, the heather coming into full bloom, the sea-air delicious after dusty London, and the idleness as welcome as daylight. There are many Americans here, so it is like being abroad, or on an Atlantic liner. My host has lately made me immortal by giving the Manchester University £10,000 for a Chemical Laboratory on condition that they call it the J. M. Laboratory. Imagine what a peacock I am! In truth I am as little of a peacock as any barn-door fowl.

Morison is pertinacious up to the eleventh hour about his M. friends; insists on our pledges, and predicts a storm of M. reproach and dissatisfaction. It may be so. On the other hand, G. predicts that departure from the lines we agree upon in your dispatch, would provoke at least as much reproach and dissatisfaction among the Hindus. We shall therefore have a stubborn talk in Council, to which I shall not contribute more than two or three stubborn sentences. I am the least in the world of a Cromwellian, but I am beginning to understand in a way I never understood before, how impatience at the delays and cavillings and mistaking of very small points for very big ones at last drove Oliver to send his counsellors packing.

Now I must say a word about the vexatious subject of Deportation, and it may easily be a short word, because we both of us are only too well acquainted with all the general arguments, and both of us would be only too glad to be rid of the deported gentry. It is only a question of time. *When* can we prudently let them go? We ought to have some good moment and occasion. The very earliest

compatible with prudence, consistency, and common sense would be best, for reasons both of justice and of policy. When would such a moment be? The murder here has not made it easier. On the other hand, the failure of the Swadeshi procession gives good reason to believe that the mischief-makers have, for the moment, lost heart or lost power. Would not the public completion and announcement of your Regulations be an occasion? The release of our *détenus* at such a time would be a mark of confidence in our policy and position. When would that be? Two or three months hence, I suppose. I don't want to be importunate, but the tide of doubt is spreading pretty steadily into quarters where hitherto there has been no doubt. I told you, I think, how uneasy both Percy and F. E. Smith are. I understand that at least a dozen Unionist members would join in support of some move against deportation. Our own orthodox rank and file don't understaud indefinite detention. The Labour men would possibly go solid against us, and of course the Irishmen certainly would. This will make a very awkward phalanx. F. E. Smith told our Whip that the only reason why his friends held their hands was regard for the Secretary of State. We shall not be embarrassed for the fag-end of the session, but when the House of Commons assembles next year, we shall be unable to keep our feet if India remains pretty tranquil meantime. I do therefore very earnestly solicit the close attention of yourself and your advisers to the question. It will very soon be a live issue in this region, and serious consideration is really necessary.

August 26. — Yesterday I succeeded in getting

your Regulations through my Council in a very reasonable and satisfactory temper. I opened the business with a good-tempered but firm appeal to them to go hand in hand with the G. of I. They listened with patience and even more than patience, but when the time for voting came, and the question was put of accepting your views on official majority (still required on G.-G.'s Council), qualifications and Mahometan representation, five voted against you and me, and five voted in favour of your dispatch, so I threw the sword of my casting-vote into the scale.

So there you are — our last word, for the present at any rate. Only, if time permits, do look over the draft dispatch which I sent to you by the last mail. You may pick up some useful crumbs. I am relieved at not having to overrule my Council.

Morison tells me that a Mahometan is coming over here on purpose to see me, and will appear on Monday next. Whatever happens, I am quite sure that it was high time to put our foot definitely down, and to let them know that the process of haggling has gone on long enough, come what come may. I am only sorry that we could not do it earlier. It is, I repeat, an incidental relief to me to have got round the corner without any spill in my Council.

Your long extract from B—— to you is really of first-rate interest. It is surely as satisfactory as anything that we can expect in these turbid days. His diagnosis of the dangerous elements underground seems very just and sound. But he should certainly be warned not to count on deportation as a weapon to be freely resorted to; and as for "legislating on the lines of the Irish Crimes Act," it is pure nonsense.

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He seems to refer to Forster's Act (not Balfour's of 1887), and that was about the most egregious failure in the whole history of exceptional law. If I know anything in the world, it is the record and working of Irish Coercion since 1881, and the notion in the present parliamentary circumstances, and with me of all men in the universe as S. S., of our being a party to a new law authorising "detention without trial" is really too absurd to be thought of. The venerable Regulation of 1818 is not easily swallowed, and a new version of it is a dream that a shrewd man like B—— should be too wide awake to nurse in his head for a single minute. However, he evidently will not be in a hurry to stir for new engines of repression if he can possibly help it.

You will be glad to see that the Home Office are keeping up the hunt against the printer of the *Indian Sociologist*. The Attorney-General came to ask for my opinion. I had no hesitation in saying "Strike." I daresay it won't make any very great difference, but a prosecution is richly deserved, and it makes Government look decent. It occurs to some people that we might ask the French Government to deal with K——. But it is quite hopeless, and we should certainly be asked to remember John Bull's shelter and encouragement to Poles, Hungarians, Italian Carbonari, and all the other swarms of political refugees for the last eighty or a hundred years. The answer of the United States would be still more decisive. You could not be perfectly sure of a conviction even from a British jury. The vile murder of poor Wyllie has no doubt done a good deal to dissipate this sort of sentiment. Still Liberty of the Press is a powerful faith, and so it ought to be.

October 14. — Your telegram about Regulations has just been placed in my hands, and the last words of it positively make my hair stand on end — "postponement for another year"! If that catastrophe happens, we had better throw up the sponge. The delay would bitterly disappoint our Moderate allies — would not only disappoint but infuriate them — and would hand the game plump over to the Extremists. Then again "another year" will in any case see you out, and possibly may see the present Cabinet out, and a Cabinet installed who thoroughly dislike and distrust the whole scheme of policy. I cannot imagine an outcome more pregnant with disaster and danger, so I won't allow myself to contemplate such things, and I only wonder that the telegraphist could put the horror into words. I have sent the telegram to be examined by Sir Charles Lyall, and will possess my soul in patience until he reports. This process I am requesting him to perform with the utmost despatch, and I don't mean to let the grass grow under my feet. I trust that the above page of mine will prove to be a false alarm. I have had a considerable number of visitors within the last week or two, both military and civil.

About Deportees. I read your telegram to the Cabinet, and stated your case as strongly as I possibly could, gathering it not merely from the telegram but from your private letters. I said that I should be content with the release of *two*. The Cabinet, however, led by Grey, were against making two bites of a cherry, and were unanimous in pressing you to let out the whole batch when you launch the Regulations. Very sensible too. As for disallowance of candidatures, there should be no mistake about

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making deportation in itself a ground of disallowance. The H. of C. was explicitly told that H. M.'s Government did not intend this. You have general powers of disallowance, though they also will have to be very charily used, and you will have to bear clearly in mind your full responsibility to parliamentary opinion.

November 5. — I rather smile at your warning me not to take Gokhale and his letters to third persons too seriously or too literally. Have you not found out that I am a peculiarly cautious and sceptical being? Forgive my arrogance — but I might almost have been born a *Scot!!* But whether dealing with Parnell, Gokhale, or any other of the political breed, I have a habit of taking them to mean what they say until and unless I find out a trick. Parnell always, so long as we were friends or allies, treated me perfectly honourably. I will give you one or two interesting examples when we have that famous talk together, when we have such multifarious topics stewing for us.

If we ever have it? I am rather jaded, and I have a birthday of terribly high figure next month. I had promised myself a rest as soon as ever I got free of Reforms and Deportees. Unhappily I am not quite my own master for three or four weeks to come. They insist that I denounce the H. of L. to their faces — a pastime that would have given me lively satisfaction once, and I should have produced an hour's oration with the utmost ease. So I shall have to revive my memory of Pym, Hampden, Eliot, and King Charles. Then I'm bidden to Windsor for four days — very agreeable always, only not *rest.* So I shall not be clear before the end of the month.

November 9. — The ordeal of Regulations and

Rules has within the last fortnight been severe in this most sober of all offices. It is nobody's fault. Your Council and my Council, both of them have worked with as good a will as the most exacting taskmaster in the world could have desired. Egotism and Vanity — the two great pests of public as of private life — have, I do believe, stood at a minimum, or even sunk to zero, and everybody concerned has honestly done his best both at Simla and in Whitehall to make a good job of it. I am sorry that there have been any differences among us. I can only say that I have never tried to overrule my advisers, but, on the contrary, I've made it one of my maxims to keep in step with them all the journey. The process is no joke, and I have good standards by which to measure the difficulty. For when I compare the framing of our whole scheme of reforms, with the method in which a Cabinet frames and carries any great Bill, the difference is nothing short of stupendous. Here the Cabinet — a single and united body — settles the principles of the Bill, then refers it to a committee of that body; the committee threshes out details in consultation with all the experts concerned and at command; the draft Bill comes to the Cabinet, and it is again discussed both on the merits and in relation to parliamentary forces and parliamentary opinion. Compare that with what you and I have had to do: how many important dispersive bodies have, and must have, a voice; the G.-G. in C., the S. S. in C., Local Governments, and all the rest; the scheme not definitely settled by a body composed as a united whole, but starting from different points of view in every direction and seeing different aspects of the same thing. There is this to be said, however:

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when Whitehall and Simla come to an agreement, the matter is practically over; whereas a Cabinet has to fight its Bill through the two Houses, every point hammered at in Committee, with party feeling devoted to making the hammer as hard and powerful as possible.

I won't follow you into Deportation. You state your case with remarkable force, I admit. But then I comfort myself, in my disquiet at differing from you, by the reflection that perhaps the Spanish Viceroys in the Netherlands, the Austrian Viceroy in Venice, the Bourbon in the Two Sicilies, and a Governor or two in the old American Colonies, used reasoning not wholly dissimilar and not much less forcible. Forgive this affronting parallel. It is only the sally of a man who is himself occasionally compared to Strafford, King John, King Charles, Nero, and Tiberius.

November 18. — You know, without a single written word, all that I think and feel about the hateful incident of which my mind is full. [Bomb thrown at Lord and Lady Minto.] Both of you evidently met the thing with unbroken composure, as those who know you were quite sure that you would have been certain to do. Still, so horrid an outrage must leave a long after-shock, as you live it over again, and this may well need even more fortitude than the first blow. I tremble to think of the horror and havoc that would have followed, if the villainy had succeeded. Apart from the personal and domestic result — truly miserable as that would have been — it would really, say what we will, have given for times to come a new and sinister cast to the British rule in India. Mayo's death was bad enough,

but then it was single and isolated, whereas in this case the mischief would inevitably have been associated with a general movement in India. And, in spite of your magnanimous refusal to attach any political importance to the bombs, one cannot but feel that the miscreants who planned the outrage were animated by politics, if one can give the name of politics to such folly and wickedness. Anyhow, it was fine and truly generous of you to say that you stoutly resisted the idea that it represented anything like the heart of the general Indian population. Lord Roberts was in here the day after, and I read him your first telegram. He said, "Ah, Minto is an intrepid fellow! He hasn't a nerve in him!"

I was at Windsor the same night. The great people were eager for news of you, and everybody was full of admiration and sympathy for Lady Minto and you. The Reforms have been extraordinarily well taken by the whole of our Press here. Of course the writers of the articles don't know much about them in detail and on the merits, and even the *Times*, which does follow Indian affairs with remarkable attention and knowledge, makes a mistake or so that they might have avoided. I am very sure of one thing, and this is that if we had not satisfied the Mahometans we should have had opinion here — which is now with us — dead against us. Nothing has been sacrificed for their sake that is of real importance.

December 2. — Your last letter is one of the most interesting you have ever written me, and if my intellectual temperature were normal, you would tempt me into discussion. But you will make allowance for the battle that has been raging here (H. of L.)

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since you wrote it. I had to think of my oration, and then to let it off before as competent and critical an audience as could be found on the globe. It went very well, as Cawdor's generous words, and the loud cheers with which they were received, will show you.

I wish you could have seen the whole spectacle. It was one of the most brilliant and imposing that ever was seen. The temper of the debate was excellent. The speaking was well above the average, as if everybody knew he was handling the weightiest public business. Rosebery contributed a dramatic shock, when — after trouncing the Budget to their hearts' content and telling them that he held to every word he has said at Glasgow — he thought Lansdowne's move a blunder, and he would not vote. The most generally impressive speech was Balfour of Burleigh's, much ability, very direct and pointed, entirely disinterested and sincere, and with plenty of good words. The Archbishop of York made a maiden speech on our side, but so broad in scope and high in tone (with good *timbre* of voice, which goes far in these things) that the other people enjoyed it as much as we did. The Lord Chancellor and Henry James were a good deal more than a match for Halsbury and Ashbourne. Curzon, of course, defended the Opposition case with his usual force, but he was rather over-elaborate. Cromer was not too strong, and on the whole, I really think that it was Lansdowne who made the best of the case for his amendment [rejection of Budget].

The men named by the Cabinet-makers for *this* Office are Percy, Midleton, and Milner. If it should be the last, I do believe you will sometimes sigh,

with a passing breath, for the humble individual who now subscribes himself, etc.

December 6. — I won't follow you again into our Mahometan dispute. Only I respectfully remind you once more that it was *your* early speech about their extra claims that first started the M. hare. I am convinced my decision was best.

Your list of Honours seems all right, and I'll submit it in due course. I talked to the King about the case of ——, expecting that he would object to a man who is already G. C. (M. G.) sinking to a K. C. in another order. With his wonderful *expertise* in these matters, he found a way out of the difficulty, in the point that the Star of India is the older order. So I hope all will go well.

CHAPTER VI

WEAPONS FROM AN OLD ARMOURY

1910

January 19. — The Election is in full swing, and the exact numbers are still uncertain. But one or two cardinal facts are now assured.

1. Tariff Reform has got its quietus for the new Parliament at any rate; it would be impossible, in the face of the unmistakable antagonism of the great trading centres of the north.

2. The Unionist notion of a sweep has utterly evaporated.

3. The unhappy action of the H. of L. has brought its authors into much discredit, for everybody now sees that if they had left us to stew in the juice of what will be the extremely ugly Budget of 1910–11, they would have been much nearer the chance of an all-round win. Whether the decision to force us to the country now was Lansdowne's or Balfour's, it was a fatal error. Though I have the warmest admiration for Balfour's various gifts I have never been able to regard him as meant by the heavens for a long-headed party chief. He took over the Unionist party in excellent condition from Lord Salisbury. Then Chamberlain split his Cabinet, and difficulties became extreme. But he handled them as ill as

possible. By holding on in a broken craft, by evading any straight expression of his own opinion on the case raised by Chamberlain, he disgusted the country, and led his party into their awful catastrophe.

January 27. — This brings me to Deportees. The question between us two upon this matter may, if we don't take care, become what the Americans would call ugly. I won't repeat the general arguments about Deportation. I have fought against those here who regarded such a resort to the Regulation of 1818 as indefensible. So, *per contra*, I am ready just as stoutly to fight those who wish to make this arbitrary detention for indefinite periods a regular weapon of government. Now your present position is beginning to approach this. You have nine men locked up a year ago by *lettre de cachet*, because you believed them to be criminally connected with criminal plots, and because you expected their arrest to check these plots. For a certain time it looked as if the *coup* were effective, and were justified by the result. In all this, I think, we were perfectly right. Then you come by and by upon what you regard as a great anarchist conspiracy for sedition and murder, and you warn me that you may soon apply to me for sanction of further arbitrary arrest and detention on a large scale. I ask whether this process implies that through the nine *détenus* you have found out a murder-plot contrived, not by them, but by other people. You say, "We admit that being locked up they can have had no share in these new abominations; but their continued detention will frighten evildoers generally." That's the Russian argument: by packing off train-loads of suspects to Siberia we'll terrify the anarchists out of their wits,

and all will come out right. That policy did not work out brilliantly in Russia, and did not save the lives of the Trepoffs, nor did it save Russia from a Duma, the very thing that the Trepoffs and the rest of the "offs" deprecated and detested.

February 3. — Your mention of Martial Law in your last private letter really makes my flesh creep. I have imagination enough, and sympathy enough, thoroughly to realise the effect on men's minds of the present manifestation of the spirit of murder. But Martial Law, which is only a fine name for the suspension of all law, would not snuff out murder-clubs in India, any more than the same sort of thing snuffed them out in Italy, Russia, or Ireland. The gang of Dublin Invincibles was reorganised when Parnell and the rest were locked up and the Coercion Act in full blast. On the other hand, it would put at once an end to the policy of rallying the Moderates, and would throw the game in the long run wholly into the hands of the Extremists. I say nothing of the effect of such a Proclamation upon public opinion, either in Parliament here or in other countries. It may be necessary, for anything I know, some day or other, but to-day it would be neither more nor less than a gigantic advertisement of national failure.

We worked hard at your Press Act, and I hope the result has reached you in plenty of time. I daresay it is as sensible in its way as other Press Acts, or as Press Acts can ever be. But nobody will be more ready then you to agree that the forces with which we are contending are far too subtle, deep, and diversified, to be abated by making seditious leading articles expensive. There are important sentences

in your official telegram that show how much of the poison is entirely out of our reach. The "veiled innuendo" of which you speak — the talk about Mazzini, Kossuth, etc., — it *is* seditious no doubt, and it may point to assassination plainly enough in the minds of excitable readers. But a Lt.-Governor will have to walk warily before putting too strong an interpretation upon the theoretic plausibilities of the newspaper scribe. Neither I nor my Council would have sanctioned it, if there had been no appeal in some due form to a court of law, and you tell me that you would have had sharp difficulties in your own Council.

February 16. — I am vastly interested, in spite of my own tribulations, in your graphic picture of the first great Council. I do not wonder that your speech, which I have now read in full, was received with gratification and applause. I have to thank you for your handsome reference to myself. Some people here shake their heads about the Deportees, but not very much is said on the matter. To me the relief both privately and parliamentarily is nothing short of immense. Don't let us have any more of them on our hands if it can possibly be avoided.

March 9. — The Indian Budget seems to be favourably received in this country, though, as I expected, the tremendous rise on tobacco has caused a bitter cry to reach my ears from the cigarette manufacturers at Bristol and Liverpool — orders from India cancelled, people thrown out of work, the British soldier in India to pay threepence a week instead of a penny for his innocent joys, and so forth. I had a deputation, to whom, after a patient hearing, I put two short posers. (1) England, to satisfy her own noble

righteousness, insists on India sacrificing opium revenue. Now, you proceed to quarrel with us for filling up the immense gap by making the British soldier pay a penny or twopence a week more for his luxury. (2) If I say that the alternative was to make the Indians pay more for their *salt*, is that what your constituents would have liked? If you won't be quiet, I shall really have to come down to Bristol, and put my case before them, and I swear that I shall leave the platform without a murmur. So the good men laughed and took their departure. This morning brings a protest from great vendors of bottled ale in Edinboro'.

April 29. — You speak of Agra and Delhi and the Kurram. How I wish I were there, or almost anywhere else, after this long spell of feverish weeks! In my own case the weeks and their excitements have come to a sort of climax, by reason of the arrival on the stage of Lord Kitchener. It has set going, as I foresaw that it would, a tremendous clatter which may possibly swell. "The greatest man in the Empire — what are you going to do with him? Strong men — that's what we want!"

He came to see me on his arrival. I was a good deal astonished, for I had expected a silent, stiff, moody hero. Behold, he was the most cheerful and cordial and outspoken of men, and he hammered away loud and strong, with free gestures and high tones. He used the warmest language, as to which I was in no need of any emphasis, about yourself; it was very agreeable to hear, you may be certain. He has the poorest opinion possible of your Council, not as an institution, but of its present members. He talked about the Partition of Bengal in a way

that rather made me open my eyes; for, although he hardly went so far as to favour reversal, he was persuaded that we must do something in bringing the people of the two severed portions into some species of unity. We got on very well indeed — he and I — for nothing was said about his going back to India as Governor-General. At night he dined alone with Haldane, and there he expressed his *firm expectation* with perfect frankness, and even a sort of vehemence. Haldane told him that the decision would be mine; whatever my decision might be, the P. M. would back it (though, by the way, I hear that the P. M. personally would be much better pleased if the lot fell upon K.). I got him to dine with me one night; only Haldane and Esher besides. Curiously interesting. To-day I had an audience in high quarters, and found the atmosphere almost *torrid* in the same direction. However, the end of it was that I promised to turn all the arguments over again in my mind, until the holiday comes to an end four weeks from now. In spite of strong opinion of his own, the King parted from me with singular kindness and geniality.

May 12. — The stroke apprehended in my last letter to you [death of King Edward] has fallen with startling rapidity. The feeling of grief and sense of personal loss throughout the country, indeed throughout Western Europe, is extraordinary and without a single jarring note. It is in one way deeper and keener even than when Queen Victoria died nine years ago, and to use the same word over again — more personal. He had just the character that Englishmen, at any rate, thoroughly understand, thoroughly like, and make any quantity of allowance for. It was odd how he managed to combine regal

dignity with bonhomie, and strict regard for form with entire absence of spurious pomp. As I told you, I had an audience just a week before he died, and the topic was one on which we did not take the same view. It was the question of your successor, whether K. or not. He was very much in earnest, but not for an instant did he cease to be kindly, considerate, genial, nor did he press his point with an atom of anything like overweening insistence. Well, he is gone. Queen Alexandra took me to see him yesterday, where he lay as if in natural peaceful slumber, his face transfigured by the hand of kind Death into an image of what was best in him, or in any other great Prince. I had known him off and on in various relations since he was a boy at Oxford when I was; and it was moving to see him lying there after the curtain had fallen, and the drama at an end.

I want to bring a matter before you, on which I would fain have your cool and quiet consideration — *clemency of the Crown on this great occasion.* Would it be wise to do what Oriental monarchs have been wont to do on their accession — proclaim an *Amnesty?* If that were answered affirmatively, would it be better now, or at the Coronation next year? This is one of the things that can only be measured by elements of sentiment and imagination suitable to the occasion, and not by the everyday arguments of narrower expediency, which are the only proper guides in everyday administration. Will you think it over in the night-watches, if you are so unlucky as to have night-watches? Amid a hundred ceremonial distractions, believe me. . . .

June 1. — I am writing this modest scrap from

the Highlands, whither I have betaken myself to my kindest of friends at Skibo for the inside of a week, in search of change, quiet, and a mouthful of fresh air. The confusions of the last few weeks have been severe, as you may guess; and the two or three weeks ahead will be heavy. The Office will grind out its files with unabated speed. So I shall be to-day even more brief and unsatisfactory than usual. Of all work, broken work is the hardest, and mine has lately been too broken for anything.

The K. appointment has been quietly locked in the cupboard until next Monday, when the Ministerial machine will set to work again. I have diversified my fragment of a holiday by writing a short Memo., stating the whole case on both sides of it, with as perfect personal impartiality as possible, and winding up with my own conclusion. My whole point was that the impression made on India by sending your greatest soldier to follow Reforms would make them look a practical paradox. It will then be for Asquith to say whether he goes with me or not. If he does, then he will have to support that view in the Royal closet. If he does not, then the Indian Secretary will go scampering off, like a young horse which I am watching at this moment, joyfully frisking and capering in green pastures under my window. No more Arms — Traffic, Persia, Sanctions, Excess over Estimates, Education, Stores, Indents, Burmo-Chinese Frontier, Opium — think of such a transformation scene!! I shall take the liberty of sending you a copy of my Memo. by the next mail. You need not read more of it than you like, though I may covet your opinion of its soundness, when the time comes for you to be able to say something, when you can do it

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without involving yourself in responsibility for the result.

I grieve to see the death of Goldwin Smith in to-day's news. I wonder if you knew him in your Canadian days? He was a shining light to all of us young Liberals when I was a boy at Oxford. Certainly nobody wrote more perfect English, or was his equal — not even Dizzy himself — in the way of pungent controversy. I have the pleasantest image of him as my host at Toronto — a day after I had been your guest at Ottawa.

June 24. — I am rather amused — a grim sort of amusement — at what you report of your new member of Council. "The people of England do not understand the position here, and they must be taught to do so." I should like to put a Socratic question or two. Whom does he mean by the people of England? There are all sorts of people in England, but I suppose he includes both Houses of Parliament at any rate, containing a good score of men who have held high offices—the highest—in India, where they may be presumed to have picked up an idea or two. There are men who, whenever a cause arises, guide the people of England in their humble efforts to understand Indian positions. What is the evidence that the people of England just now do not understand India? What is the precise act, or failure to act, that demonstrates their ignorance, perversity, and incompetence? That everybody in England forms right judgments about India, who would pretend? But who would pretend that everybody in England "understands the position" here about *English* things? Why, one half of England is quite certain that the other half utterly misunderstands fiscal policy — whether the free-trader

or the protectionist! Yet who but a goose would deny that somehow England has understanding enough to conduct her own affairs, and to choose men capable of directing the conduct of Indian affairs, too? Then I am puzzled by the declaration that "the people of England must be taught to understand." By whom? What is the exact lesson? What is the process? *You*, at all events, will agree that for five years England has understood the position in India well enough to see you safely, prosperously, and successfully through your Indian difficulties, and through your manful attempts to overcome them. No Governor-General has ever had less reason to complain of parliamentary criticism, or of want of ministerial support, and a cordial welcome assuredly awaits your return.

August 19. — I wonder whether you were well acquainted with Lord Spencer? For some ten years he and I were very close friends, and we fought the hard cause of Home Rule side by side. Without his great authority and character the cause would have been even harder than it was. He was a noble fellow, such lofty simplicity; such sovereign and steadfast unselfishness; such freedom from the horrid vice of thinking of petty personal things amid the tide of great public issues. I shall always remember the silent disdain with which he and Lady Spencer passed through the social ordeal of 1886. He was the very finest type of what the old patrician system of this country could produce. I can hardly be more proud of anything than, as Sandhurst puts it to me in a note to-day, of the "affection and esteem" in which I was held by him. And it refreshes one to think that his sterling elements won for him the admiration of those

who — outside the miry bits of politics — knew him best in his own county and lived closest to him. Such a figure is a truly splendid encouragement to all of us. Perhaps you are one of the happy few who don't need it. For me, who have had a strenuous battle, with some perhaps not undeserved buffets, it is a pleasure to think that such a man was my friend.

September 1. — You will think me the laziest Minister that ever was, for I am completing my German holiday [Wiesbaden] by a few days in Scotland, with the disadvantage that here pouches follow me, whereas in Germany they were contraband. I am a good deal fresher than I was a month ago, but I will confess to you that if H. M. were, like old George III., to demand my seal, I should hand it to him with uncommon alacrity. Let me say that I thoroughly sympathise with your threat that you mean to bury yourself in your native heather, instead of figuring in the H. of L. If you could see the glorious sheet of heather that I am looking out upon from the Skibo window where I am writing this, you would promise yourself your present intention still more firmly. But you may find it harder than you expect. For, somehow or other, India is beginning to get a hold on public interest.

To-day Booker Washington comes to Skibo where I am staying, being a great friend of my host's. I had talks with him when I was in America six years ago. The future of the Negro in the U. S. A. has always profoundly interested and excited me, as well it might. What will the numbers amount to, twenty or fifty years hence? Terrible to think of!! Talk of India and other "insoluble problems" of great States, I

declare the American Negro often strikes me as the hardest of them all.

September 8. — Your letter (August 18), like the letters that have come from you all these years, is very good-natured and reasonable, though I believe I could make stout replies which should be not other than good-natured and reasonable. But these can wait. We can discuss at our leisure the mighty question whether parliamentary government is compatible with the sound administration of India; and whether the people of this country are at all likely to give up parliamentary government whatever the demands of India may be. Meanwhile, it is my lot to have to work with Parliament, whether I like it or not, and they will soon cut off my head if I leave them out of my daily account.

September 27. — I have just been reading in the *Times* a list of the gaiety and feastings with which you are to bid farewell to Simla. I trust you will have plenty of health and spirits to pull you through it all. It is no envious frame of mind that makes me thank the immortal gods that, when the clock strikes for my final departure from Whitehall, I shall fare forth solitary in a modest hansom. But I know, and am right glad to know, that all the excitement at Simla is the outcome of genuine and spontaneous regard and liking, and that is a thing better worth having than most of the prizes of public life. Everybody with any right to an opinion will agree how fully you are entitled, after five years of office, to the warm goodwill and admiration of all who have worked with you. So I beg you to enjoy your festal glorifications with a cheerful heart. I am much pleased with what you say about poor Spencer — one of the best political

comrades I ever had. Do not think it impertinent if I add that my latest fellow-worker has often recalled Spencer and his sterling quality to my mind. If ever there was a man to go bear-hunting with, it was he; and if ever I am engaged in shooting tigers I bargain that you accompany me.

By some strange and absurd impulse I promised —— to write something for the *Times*, about the new Life of Beaconsfield and I am now engaged in keeping my word. I find that my pen has got very rusty, or else I am less easily contented; anyhow it is uphill work. I have a considerable liking for Dizzy in a good many things: his mockery of the British Philistine, his aloofness and detachment from hollow conventions, and so forth. How on earth such a man ever became an extremely popular Prime Minister, I can never tell. Rosebery will one day write one of his excellent short books on Dizzy (whom he knew very well), and then we shall learn the secret, if there is one.

"And so," Lord Minto wrote to me in his last letter from India (October 26, 1910), "the story closes, so far as letters are concerned. It is a very curious one to look back upon, very full of incident and anxiety, but I hope we may claim without conceit, that much good work has been done, many dangerous rocks and snags avoided, and that there is a comparatively open sea before us. . . . Few people, so far as I can judge, could have differed so little upon big questions of policy and principles as you and I have. In fact, really, I think, we have hardly differed at all. About questions of actual administration, or rather of the interpretation of executive authority as it should be

wielded at a distance from a supreme Government, I know we do hold different views, and when we have done so, I have always told you my opinions and the reasons for them. We have certainly been through stormy times together, and after all it is the risks and dangers that strengthen comradeship. No one knows as well as I do how much India owes to the fact of your being Secretary of State through all the period of development, and I hope you will never think that I have not realised the generous support you have so often given me at my critical moments, or that I have not appreciated the peculiar difficulties that surrounded you at home."

To him I ventured to pay my public and authentic tribute at a feast held in his honour at the Mansion House.

"He had come from the Ganges, the Indus, and the Brahmaputra to the banks of the Thames. He could reflect with confidence that he had left behind him in India a high esteem, a large general regard, and a warm good-will that did not fall at all short of affection. That was what he knew to be the condition in which Lord Minto left India. The great tributary states and the native princes felt they had found in him a genial and sincere well-wisher. The Mahometans respected and liked him. The Hindoos respected and liked him. The political leaders, though neither Lord Minto nor he agreed in all they desired, had perfect confidence in his constancy and good faith. The Civil Service appreciated his courage, patience, and equanimity. He really got on consummately well with everybody with whom he had concern, from the Amir in the fastnesses of Afghanistan down to the Minister who, for the

moment, happened to be Secretary of State in the fastnesses of Whitehall."

As to any idle claim for priority and originality I am well content for my part to leave it where it was put by the *Times* after Lord Minto's death in 1914: "Viceroy and Secretary of State both seem to have come simultaneously to very much the same conclusions, and both worked in a spirit of cordial co-operation to carry out their joint ideas."

For the result we have the high authority of Lord Minto's successor since his return home. "Since the outbreak of the war," said Lord Hardinge, "all political controversies concerning India have been suspended by the educated and political classes with the object of not increasing the difficulties of the Government's task. In certain cases where drastic legislation was necessary, the Indian Government was able to pass it without the slightest opposition in the Imperial Legislative Council, which consists of 68 members, with an Indian representation of about 30, and a Government majority of only four. Speeches made by Indian members of the Council are striking testimony to their sense of increased responsibility. There is no doubt of the very considerable political progress of India. Even during the five and a half years of my stay there I noticed a vast political development. It is unquestionable that this improvement is an outcome of the reformation of the councils undertaken by Lord Morley and Lord Minto."

BOOK VI

A CRITICAL LANDMARK

TIME hath its revolutions; there must be a period and an end to all temporal things—*finis rerum*, an end of names and dignities, and whatsoever is terrene, and why not of De Vere? For where is Bohun? Where is Mowbray? Where is Mortimer? Nay, which is more and most of all, where is Plantagenet? They are entombed in the urns and sepulchres of mortality. — CHIEF JUSTICE CREWE, 1626.

CHAPTER I

A CRISIS IN PREROGATIVE

I

In November 1910 I resigned my post at the India Office, partly because I was tired, partly from a feeling that a new Viceroy would have fairer openings with a new Secretary of State; partly, too, that I might have a farewell chance of literary self-collection. Of the last little came, and perhaps it was not really so strong an impulse as I flattered myself that it would prove. Be that as it may, the Prime Minister pressed me to remain in his Cabinet, either as Lord President of the Council or Privy Seal, and I went to the Privy Council.

Before long the promised leisure was unhappily broken in upon. Lord Crewe, my successor at the India Office, fell out of health, and for some six months I returned to my old quarters, and for the same time was in charge of the House of Lords, involving the delicate task of conducting a Bill that was designed to clip their powers and to change their place in the constitution. In Grey's absences on short holiday, I had two or three good spells at the Foreign Office, including some of the famous ambassadorial reunions so sanguine and so delusive for settling Balkan questions. "I wish I knew for

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certain," I wrote to Lord Hardinge, "what I am, and who I am. I concentrate my mind on opium one day, on Bahrein the next, then on Morocco and Baghdad, then on Lansdowne's famous Bill in the Lords. You are quite familiar enough with the ground to be able to imagine it all."

One incident of these days I noted in a letter to the Viceroy, affecting a man who had all his life been much concerned in Indian matters: "I and many others are very sorrowful here to-day at the death of Alfred Lyall. You knew him, and his rare comprehension of India, and all its problems. He was too timid — or shall I say that his mind was too much on a constant poise — to be effective in most practical work. In the Council here I believe he never took anything like a lead. When Lansdowne came home (1894) and Kimberley was S. S. here, and we were at our wits' end for a new G.-G. (Norman having accepted and then withdrawn), at his own suggestion I mentioned Lyall. Kimberley was unfavourable. I do not think he would have made a good working G.-G. But he had many rare gifts of imagination and observation, and was one of the most delightful companions for man or woman that London has ever provided. My wife and I have known him for forty years!! He was then collector or commissioner in the Berars, and came to visit us on a lovely hill-top in Surrey, where I was labouring happily in my vocation.

"*May* 19. — Yesterday I sat next to the German Emperor at luncheon at Haldane's (Lord Kitchener on the other side of him), and it may interest you to know that H. M. opened our talk with vivacious thanks for the kindness that his son had received in

India. He was loud in particular recognition of the quality of the officer who attended him. I don't think I ever met a man so full of the zest of life, and so eager to show it and share it with other people. He looked a trifle older than when he was at Windsor three or four years ago. He talked to me about some recent book of Bishop Boyd Carpenter, which he liked so much that he had it translated into German, and in the evening often read pieces aloud to his ladies while they sat stitching and knitting. I said something of Harnack and of his negative effects. 'Not at all so negative,' he answered, 'since I got him to Berlin.' How much of his undoubted attractiveness is due to the fact of his being the most important man in Europe, who can tell? I had the same sort of feeling about one who was at the moment the most important man in the United States, when I stayed with him at the White House in Washington.

"I thought of you yesterday, when we had a consultation in Grey's room, so well known to you, about the Baghdad Railway ——, and above all Parker, who is extraordinarily well posted in that business. He had nearly killed himself in coaching me for my reply to Curzon a fortnight ago. The result of the deliberations will reach you to-day or to-morrow, and I daresay you will not much like it. The same people and journals who raised, what I always thought, the fatal howl in 1903, will cry out louder than ever, and perhaps with better reason.

"By the way, I came on a bit of Alfred Lyall's last night, which touches on this sort of business, and here it is:

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"The English in particular make almost annual additions to the ethnology of their empire. Undoubtedly an increasing border of territorial responsibilities must weigh on the minds of reflective men in all times and countries. St. Augustine looking out from his City of God over the still vast domain of Rome, debates the question whether it is fitting for good men to rejoice in the expansion of empires, even when the victors are more civilised than the vanquished, and the wars just and unprovoked. His conclusion is that to carry on war and extend rulership over subdued nations seems to bad men felicity, but to good men a necessity.

"You may like to read in a connected shape the speech of the German Chancellor about disarmament, arbitration, etc., which has made something of a sensation. So I venture to send you a print of the performance, as sent here by Goschen. The Chancellor might perhaps as well have chosen some other moment for pouring his cold douche, for after all the present wave of peace feeling all over the world is a sign of grace, and nobody need be at all afraid that it is the least likely to gain any effective mastery over the more infernal impulses of mankind. Still it is no bad thing to remind the world that there are real and hard difficulties at the back or in the front of our ideals, and especially that Germany is as always the very incarnation of the *esprit positif*, with a rooted distrust of gush. You know the French saying, and a fine saying it is, that great thoughts come from the heart — to which I am always for adding a little rider that is apt to scandalise my friends, 'Yes, but they must go round by the head.'"

II

The nation approached what might prove a critical landmark in its annals. Two questions of para-

mount importance had come to the front so far back as 1884, and they retained control in our politics during the thirty years of my parliamentary life. One was the admission of Irishmen to electoral power in the H. of C. on the same terms as the other nationalities of the United Kingdom by the Franchise Act of 1884. The second was the position of the House of Lords. The measure for limiting the veto of the Lords had been running its appointed course since the second of the two general elections of 1910. The proposal was that if a Bill passed the Commons in three sessions within two years, it should receive the Royal assent, notwithstanding the Lords' dissent. In substance it was Bright's plan that I had heard him propound at our Leeds Conference some thirty years before. The moment of its arrival in the Upper House was anxious, yet it was almost a relief to think that we should hear little more of the old threadbare catechism. Are we to do without a second chamber? Do you want to make a second chamber stronger or weaker than the Commons? Ought restriction of the veto to precede, accompany, or follow, reform in the composition of the second chamber? Was the Mother of Parliaments to slay offspring of such world-wide renown, by the foreign device of special Referendum as any vital disputes arose, away from Parliament and above it? What could compensate for the change from an elastic system of legal powers and practices consecrated by custom, to the rigidity of a written constitution? These and the other salients of the siege now being laid in final form to the great hereditary fortress, were left high and dry, and all was centred on the double practical question whether the creation of peers enough to swamp the Opposition

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was a firm and certain possibility, not mere bluff; and if so, whether wisdom and patriotism demanded of the Unionists in the House of Lords resistance at all hazards, or their retirement from a contest that must be futile, and might at the same time be dangerous to more than one sacred interest. The controversy was wound up in two consecutive days (Aug. 10, 11); in the second of them things came to their head. As I wrote to Simla in the summer:

> The best opinion seemed to be that Lansdowne and his friends would not fight the Veto Bill *à outrance*, but would wash their hands of it with as much dignity and common-sense as possible. The only alternative would be to read the Bill a second time; then move amendments with the certain knowledge that the H. of C. would reject every one of them, and so compel resort to 500 new peers. This might prove a very unpopular and risky proceeding, and they might well shrink. The country showed no sign of turning its favour in their direction, and might very easily be provoked into hot anger by aimless prolongation of the crisis.

The case turned out by no means so simple as this. Lord Lansdowne chose the wiser of the two alternatives, but a vigorous and angry attack upon his course rapidly developed itself, not only among irresponsible rank and file out of doors, but among colleagues and adherents on his own bench. It was, in truth, not really to be expected that cool political prudence should have things its own way. Cool political prudence cannot always count on good luck. Deep is history in man, even though he may seldom be alive to it. The pride of our great houses with historic name, the memories of ancient service, some princely associations, is wont to be cold and silent.

The temper of Jacobite and Legitimist did not last, and the aristocracy of England and Scotland had little resemblance to the infatuated and hateful French *émigré* nobles in their revolution. There was at least nothing ignoble, though everything that was unwise, in the heated wrath that now resisted the invincible obliteration of an imposing landmark. They made no attempt to philosophise, but they knew well enough that institutions may have a vast significance apart from machinery, and that with the abolition of their veto in making laws many a subtler and more cherished influence would in time fade and vanish. For Government this Unionist division opened a formidable prospect. On a vote that had taken place two days before on a different phase of the same question, ministers in the Lords could only muster sixty-eight; the resisters at any price would now evidently exceed this figure, unless we received Unionist reinforcement. They were led by the eminent man who for many years had filled the office of Lord Chancellor, and whose clear eye, power of plain statement, and vigour and probity of character, added to the humane attraction of a hale old age, had secured confidence for him in the school of conservative Thorough, not without genial appreciation on our own side. That Ireland should not make her appearance was impossible; this time not a hopeless suppliant, but a sinister and powerful sphinx. One of the most influential points in the case of the resisters was the assurance that the first use of the Veto Bill would be to force a Home Rule Act, without further appeal to the electorate. "You are forging an instrument of revolution," was the outcry, "at the bidding of a minority from Ireland; you are making

a great revolution in the Imperial Parliament for the sake of following it by another and a direr revolution, as to which the Lords have public opinion decisively with them." The connection of the Veto Bill with the Irish policy initiated in 1886 was direct, obvious, and unmistakable. For that policy there could be no hope, so long as the garrison and guns of the anti-Irish citadel were not dislodged. The Lords had for many generations sown the wind, now they were reaping what they took for whirlwind.

Debate is in theory argumentative contention: on this dangerous occasion argument was less important then temper. I do not mean temper in its worst political sense of wrong-headedness, conceit, obstinacy, passion, all in combination, venting itself in bad language. In this case the language was not excessive, and the mood was plain honest anger. The point was not to convince the opponent, but to run him through. The two warring Unionist sections were at least as incensed against one another as against ministers. The situation forced the position of the Crown into agitating and dangerous prominence, and this prominence naturally inflamed both resentment against Government and sympathetic concern for the young Sovereign.

On the first of the two afternoons Lord Crewe had spoken of the "natural reluctance" with which the King had assented to a possible creation of peers. For some hours this word held the field. It emboldened the resisters in fresh vehemence, and lent an imaginative force to that process of private conversion which was at least as effective among friends in the lobbies, as the cut and thrust of energetic duellists from the benches. The reasons brought

forward for allowing or not allowing the measure to pass were different, though the range could not be wide, but there was no difficulty in discovering that the vote for or against would be due less to reasons than to accident or caprice. One of the thousand advantages of the party system is that it reduces the capricious element. On the present occasion a party had gone to pieces, with the result that the constitution and the country only just evaded the very real peril to which they were this afternoon exposed.

Late in the evening of this first day an intimation was conveyed to me of uneasiness, lest the announcement of the King's acceptance of the advice to create peers had not been made with such distinct emphasis as to shake the obstinate and fixed disbelief of some, and the random miscalculation of ulterior consequences in others. The Prime Minister's statement in the Commons was unmistakable, but when the politician's mind is feverish, be he peer or commoner, he catches at a straw. The words "natural reluctance" were stretched into all manner of unnatural interpretations. To dispel these illusions, so pregnant with disaster, was rightly judged imperative if the Bill was to have a chance. The occasion for setting misunderstandings straight was evidently to be found in my coming reply to the questions that had been put in the first day's debate. Next morning accordingly I found words, despatched the formula for submission to the King, and received it back with his "entire approval."

The proceedings (Aug. 11) opened with a short speech from a peer who, without pretension to rhetorical arts, is always excellent both in handling

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an argument and in direct and spirited statement of a case without waste of words or time. This was indeed a case of business, if ever there was one. Lord Midleton confined himself to a blunt challenge to ministers to answer questions that had been addressed to them the day before, and he was backed by the loudly expressed sentiment of the House, now for a single moment unanimous. He had scarcely found his seat, before the most important among several important men in many fields of public action sprang rapidly from the cross benches to the table. Lord Rosebery's appeal and his demeanour bore every mark of sincere anxiety, and men felt that he had more than a desire to express merely personal interest, in his demand for a plain and instant statement: nothing short of this, he said, would be just either to the Peers or to the Crown. Of course I followed him without a moment's pause. Amid dead expectancy I assured the House that I only had not risen at once, because I had been given to understand through the ordinary channels that the Opposition desired to have a preliminary turn in which to thresh out their differences among themselves. At this bland apology, according to a picturesque reporter, a pale beam of the afternoon sunlight slanted through the open window and fell upon the Minister's face, lighting it up and revealing the depths of its expression. No wonder. At once I drew from my pocket and read out the short paper with the words accurately defining the terms of the Royal assent. The silence was intense; for a moment or two there was a hum of curiosity and dispute as to whether it had been this word or that. Then a member of the front bench opposite, rising at the table, eagerly begged me to repeat it.

No encore was ever more cheerfully granted, amid loud approval from the benches behind me, and perplexed silence in front. "His Majesty would assent to a creation of peers sufficient in number to guard against any possible combination of the different parties in Opposition, by which the Parliament Bill might be exposed a second time to defeat." I ventured to remind them of a sound and wide general truth, that dramas are made not by words but by situations. Our proceeding was no bluff; "every vote," said I, "given against my motion will be a vote for a large and prompt creation of peers." This unimpassioned but awakening clencher was to bring the anxious succession of acts, scenes, episodes, which had distracted Parliament and agitated the nation for so long, to a grand climax before the lights of the glittering and excited theatre were put out that night.

The speeches that followed, though some were made by leading men, were in the strain of altercation, hot or cold, rather than serious contribution. The one most reassuring for ministers of them all took no more than three or four minutes. It fell from the Primate, — the head of the hierarchy who have their seats in the House not by descent and birth, nor by election from Scotland or Ireland, nor by political or secular service, — a man of broad mind, sagacious temper, steady and careful judgment, good knowledge of the workable strength of rival sections. While those who were for conciliation and those who resisted smote one another, the Archbishop recalled both to the gravity of the issue. He admitted the course of the debate had made him change his mind. And what was it in the course of the debate that had produced an effect so rare? It was the callousness

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— he had almost said levity — with which some noble Lords seemed to contemplate the creation of 500 new peers; a course of action that would make this House, and indeed the country, the laughing-stock of the British Dominions beyond the seas, and of those foreign countries whose constitutional life and progress had been largely modelled on our own. Nothing could have been either more true or more apt.

It may be too much to say, as some did say, that no more exciting or dramatic scene had ever been beheld within the walls of the House of Lords. On the afternoon in 1640, for instance, when Pym appeared at its bar with his unexpected motion for the impeachment of Strafford, and Strafford came in with his "proud glooming countenance," the first scene of the coming tragedy must have had grim excitement of its own. The nineteenth century was happily not as grim in its politics as the seventeenth; but it was impossible for the House of Lords to pronounce judgment on its own supreme impeachment without a certain amount of public stir, emotion, curiosity, and disquiet.

The official leader of the Opposition quitted his bench and with his more important colleagues watched the portentous scene from the gallery over the throne. The peers who discarded his appeal — over a hundred in number, as appeared by and by when the moment of test arrived — did not abate the ardour of their defiance, and even the authoritative eloquence of Lord Curzon had been listened to by those around him with unconcealed impatience and reproach. The galleries were crowded to the doors with onlookers from the Commons, privileged

strangers, and peeresses as evidently capable of political passion and prepossession as if they already possessed the coveted suffrage.

As one who had taken part in a thousand parliamentary divisions I felt that the universal strain to-night was far more intense than any of them — even the historic night, five-and-twenty years before, when the House of Commons had thrown out the first Home Rule bill. On that occasion the House, excepting perhaps the then Prime Minister himself, had a good guess of what must be coming. To-night for the three or four hours between my crucial announcement in the afternoon, and the division at night, the result was still to all of us profoundly dark, and dark it remained in the dead silence only broken by the counting of the tellers, down to the very moment of fate. The political genus has been divided into two species, those of warm blood and of cold. To-night none were cold. Even in the middle of the division, during an accidental pause in the slow stream, the undaunted leader of the Die-hards whispered to our ministerial teller, "There! I knew that we should beat you!" I waited with interest for the vision of lawn sleeves, and the effect of the Primate's grave counsels upon his brethren. Was it possible that they might recall the archbishop who told Charles I., when his conscience wrung him against letting them cut off Strafford's head, that there was a difference between a private conscience and a public conscience, and that his public conscience as king might oblige him to do that which was against his conscience as a man? The distinction between the two sorts of conscience, between expediency and principle, might be thought to have a Machiavellian

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flavour, rather than ecclesiastical. To-night such spirit of scruple fortunately did not prevail.

When the numbers were called, the majority for Government was 17 — by so narrow a margin had the Crown, and Parliament, Cabinet, and the country all escaped the peril. The Ministerial party were only 80 in the majority, the Unionists 37, the Prelates 13. If less than half a score of these had changed their minds over their dinners and gone the other way the razor-edge could not have been crossed. The total vote was 243.

III

So far, at any rate, we had got on the long, difficult, and sometimes tortuous campaign described a generation before in a convenient fighting jingle, in which I was interested, about mending or ending the House of Lords. Perhaps I have already mentioned Harcourt's warning to me, that two institutions would never be either mended or ended; the House of Lords was one, and the other was the Pope of Rome. The scene that had excited such feeling was, to be sure, only the registration of a foregone conclusion in the country. I ventured to express my surprise in those days to a Unionist leader, that after the terrible blunder they had made in trying to overrule the Commons on a Money Bill in 1909, they immediately proceeded in their hour of discredit to a worse blunder still by advertising designs for a new fabric, — the most obviously difficult piece of business in the whole compass of political architecture, — a patent plan for grafting election on to heredity in a model second chamber, instead of sitting tight and waiting for events and some change

of wind. It is true that if nobody ever blundered there might be no politics; still decency and common sense demand that succession of blunders in a party shall not be too quick. "You would not think of such a thing as sitting tight," was the Unionist leader's reply, "if you could have seen the letters from our party agents, and their assurance that to hold to the hereditary principle was inevitable ruin." However this might be, the average Unionist critic was well contented with the last act on which our curtain dropped. "The House of Lords, taken as a whole," said one of these critics, "never showed itself more worthy of the confidence of the country, and of its right to exist. . . ." Everybody was well aware that, as Lord Rosebery put it, the old House that we had known was dead. The reform of 1832 had destroyed it as the substructure of a House of Commons resting on aristocratic influence and rotten boroughs. The repeal of the duties on corn had lowered rents, and the geographical transfer of wealth and the power of wealth from land in the south to the thronged home of a titanic industrial system in the north and west of the island, possibly with volcanic elements lying underneath, had changed the conditions of the old aristocracy from top to bottom. By some it has been held that the Settled Lands Acts of 1881–82 were what really undermined the old territorial aristocracy. This is for the historian to judge, and the real property lawyers. To-day the particular stages did not matter. What was pulling them down was the revolt of general social conscience against both the spirit and the obstinate actual working of the institution.

A peer of bookish turn confided to me in the

course of the evening how as he listened or did not listen he found himself musing over Carlyle's memorable glorification of Collins's nine volumes of the *Peerage of England*, his assurance to the Edinburgh students that "there is a great deal more in genealogy than is generally believed at present," and finally that "the English nobleman has still left in him, after such sorrowful erosions, something considerable of chivalry and magnanimity." Assuredly; and so most happily there is in each and all of our many social orders, classes, and callings. If anybody supposes that these two virtues are unknown, are not just as conspicuous among Lancashire weavers, or Northumbrian handicraftsmen, or Durham miners, or Scotch shepherds, then he has much indeed to learn about his countrymen. In the making and rejecting of laws, Lord Salisbury put the case too mildly when he said that the peers "approach politics in a spirit of good-humoured indifference." By no means true of laws affecting Ireland, or the Budget of 1909, or Land, or Church. Good-humoured indifference, to be sure, is the easiest thing in the world when you are sure of having your own way in anything you really care about.

It is easy to talk, as Macaulay does, of the higher and middling orders being the natural representatives of the human race. But are they the natural representatives of the needs of the human race? Have the higher and middling orders no prejudices, interests, indolence, of their own, to deaden their perception of Rousseau's resplendent commonplace: "'Tis the people that compose the human race; what is not people is so small a concern that it is not worth the trouble of counting"? Bright put the

same civilising truth in homelier words when he reminded us that great halls and baronial castles do not make a nation; the nation in every country dwells in the cottage. This is the cardinal thought that, under whatever name and in whatever apparel, guides and inspires Benthamism, Socialism, Scientific Economy, Rationalism, Liberalism, political Positivism, even Christianity, and all the other multitudinous struggles in the world for moral renovation of human government. The philosophy is easy; not so easy for generations of men and electors to be born over again; not so the readjustment of machinery in a settled community with ancient roots and its mainsprings of action established and accepted.

IV

From a great constitutional occasion, let me note an extremely small one. In the autumn of 1911 the absence of the King for the purpose of celebrating in his Indian dominions the solemnity of his coronation, was the occasion of a constitutional novelty serious in name, but with nothing suspicious or formidable in substance. In the Hanoverian times the administration of the kingdom in the sovereign's absence was entrusted to fourteen or a score of Lords Justices. Among them were always included the Archbishop, the Chancellor, and the Lord President of the Council.

It was now thought that these three, with the addition of a prince of the blood, would suffice, under the style and title of Counsellors of State. With entire confidence in the fidelity of his right trusty and well-beloved cousins and counsellors the King by Order in Council did by most especial grace, certain

knowledge, and mere motive nominate, appoint to, summon, and hold the Privy Council. The change in numbers was accompanied by change in powers, partly by extension, partly by limitation. The early Commissions down to the last approved by Order in Council, September 1821, are much fuller in providing for all the details of administration, civil and military, within the competence of the persons named. The Council of State in 1911 was unique in empowering it "to do in Our behalf any matter or thing which appears to them necessary or expedient to do in Our behalf in the interests of the safety and good government of Our Realm." On the other hand, the older instruments conferred on the Lords Justices the power of dissolving Parliament. The new body was not to dissolve Parliament; nor was it in any manner to grant any rank, title, or dignity of the peerage. The first was the only power of the King in Council of which his delegates were deprived. I detected no guilty ambition to expand our prerogative. I believe we executed our business with dispatch and attention, but undeniably we had nothing half so important to decide as the first Council of state in 1650, when they sent Cromwell on his expedition to Ireland.

CHAPTER II

A WORD OF EPILOGUE

For I protest that I malice no man under the sun. Impossible I know it is to please all, seeing few or none are so pleased with themselves, or so assured of themselves, by reason of their subjection to their private passions, but that they seem diverse persons in one and the same day. — SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

MORE than once when the Parliamentary yoke was light, we spent our days in a Surrey upland well known to me for many a long year past. Here is a note of musing on one of these very late occasions: —

In the late Sunday afternoon, took my usual walk with little Eileen (a four-footed favourite) to the top of Hindhead and the four-square cross, set up by a judge of weight and name in his day, with the deep words carved on its four strong faces: *Post Tenebras Lux: In Luce Spes: In Obitu Pax: Post Obitum Salus.* Bethought me, not for the first time, of the tomb of the Cardinal in the Capucin church at Rome, *Pulvis et umbra et nihil.* Our English judge, I think, has the better music, and as most will say he has too the better sense. It was the hour of Dante's ever adorable passage — *era già l' ora che volge il disio ai naviganti* — that lent its first line to Gray's *Elegy,* and was well caught by Byron — the hour when they who sail the seas hear the evening bell afar, and are pierced

BOOK VI.

with yearning in their hearts at thought of the tender friends from whom they had been that morning torn away. No angelus across the waves reached my Surrey upland, but the church bells ringing out with pleasant cheerfulness for evening service from the valley down below, recalled the bells of Lytham where in the quiet churchyard in the wood by the Lancashire sea-shore are the remains of those who began my days. A vaguely remembered passage of Chateaubriand floated into my mind about church bells: how they tell the world that we have come into it, and when we leave it; into what enchanted dreams they plunge us — religion, family, native land, the cradle, the tomb, the past, the future. We cannot in truth be sure that the dreams of twilight and the evening bell will always savour of enchantment; they are the moments that waken retrospect, and the question whether a man's life has been no better than the crossing of a rough and swollen stream on slippery stepping-stones, instead of a steady march on the granite road.

The poets are not all of one mind as to the impressions natural to the evening scene. One of them, Emily Brontë, who compressed some deep thoughts in scattered verse, finds the picture a messenger of Hope.

> Hope comes with evening's wandering airs,
> Winds take a pensive tone, and stars a tender fire,
> And visions rise, and change, that kill us with desire.

More common, I should think, is the other effect. People recall faces that time has made half indistinct, and "clouded forms of long past history."

Once I was asked by Chamberlain to procure for

him an autograph of Tennyson's, and the poet complied by a lovely line:

> Cold upon the dead volcano sleeps the gleam of dying day —

one of the most perfect he ever wrote, in music, in light and colour, feeling, aptness of image for a mortal's epilogue "sixty years after." In sending on the autograph, I could not resist the passing temptation of copying a later line from the same poem, with a harmless aptness of its own for any strenuous political warrior:

> Love your enemy, bless your haters, said the Greatest of the great.

In case no thoughts or fancies of my own should be thick-coming, I had started with a little good book in my pocket, that had been for uncounted ages the stand-by of great men and small men, swept by "the eager and tumultuary pursuits" of the life political. Happily was Mill, my chief master, designated by an illustrious contemporary as the saint of Rationalism. Frederick Myers, a writer of our time distinguished in prose and verse — himself as far removed as possible from sympathy with any of the schools of the Unknowable — declared Marcus Aurelius, the crowned philosopher of ancient Rome, the friend and helper of those who would live in the spirit, to be the saint of Agnosticism. With patient and penetrating gaze he watches the recurrent motions of the universe, not sure whether it is all entanglement, confusion, dispersion; or is it unity, order, providence? Is it a well-arranged cosmos, or chaos? The secret of his riddle between gods on one hand and atoms on the other a secret remains, impossible for human faculty to find out. His moral stands good in

either case. If all is random, be not random thou: if things are ordered once for all following in due sequence, then accept necessity with reverence, trusting the external fate that rules. By other critics M. Aurelius, beautiful character as he is, has been found to have about him "something melancholy, circumscribed, and ineffectual." He has not, they say, the magic buoyancy and inspiration that might have come to him from the new-born religious faith of which he was the persecutor. If it be true that most men and women of a certain cultivation outside the churches to-day find their moral stay in the wisdom of Goethe, the gospel of M. Aurelius in the second century easily lends itself to the gospel of *Entsagen, Entbehren,* Renunciation, Resignation, in the nineteenth. Too boldly has it been said that if you seek the Sublime you only find it in the Hebrew, but we may admit that the Talmud here has a sublimer version of one of the overwhelming commonplaces of human existence than either Roman or German. "Life is a shadow, saith the Scripture, but is it the shadow of a tree or a tower that standeth? Nay, it is the shadow of a bird in its flight. Away flieth the bird, and there is neither bird nor shadow."

At best a man's life is so short. Labour for bread fills most of his waking hours; it dulls by monotony, or exhausts by strain, or both. Who can wonder that in our daily battles the combatants constantly use the same word in totally different senses, have taken little trouble to master its full meaning, to unravel all the relevant implications that a word or a proposition carries along with it? Yet after all loose logic is not enough to turn men into

somnambulists. Needs of life and circumstance are the constant spur. One of the stiffest and strongest of utilitarian teachers in well-known words declared a man's life to be a poor thing at best, after youthful freshness and curiosity had gone by, though this did not prevent the intense vivacity of his moral inculcations of justice, labour, exertion for the public good, against self-indulgence and sloth. Under the more powerful influence of this philosopher's immediate descendant, happiness as a life of rapture was scouted, but we were taught that happiness is to be found in an existence made up of few and transitory pains and various pleasures, with active predominant over passive, and above all with no livelier expectation from life than life is capable of bestowing.

Wise students will not all of them too readily forget the desolating sentence of Gibbon, greatest of literary historians, that history is indeed little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind. Reasons for remembering are only too vivid, but as we pass we have a right to quarrel with the two words "little more." Whatever we may say of Europe between Waterloo and Sedan, in our country at least it was an epoch of hearts uplifted with hope, and brains active with sober and manly reason for the common good. Some ages are marked as sentimental, others stand conspicuous as rational. The Victorian age was happier than most in the flow of both these currents into a common stream of vigorous and effective talent. New truths were welcomed in free minds, and free minds make brave men. Old prejudices were disarmed. Fresh principles were set afloat, and supported by the right

reasons. The standards of ambition rose higher and purer. Men learned to care more for one another. Sense of proportion among the claims of leading questions to the world's attention became more wisely tempered. The rational prevented the sentimental from falling into pure emotional. Bacon was prince in intellect and large wisdom of the world, yet it was Bacon who penned that deep appeal from thought to feeling, "The nobler a soul is, the more objects of compassion it hath." This of the great Elizabethan was one prevailing note in our Victorian age. The splendid expansion and enrichment of Toleration and all the ideas and modes that belong to Toleration was another. In my various parleying with the Catholic clergy in Ireland, I was sometimes asked in reproachful jest what my friend Voltaire would have said. As if Voltaire's genius did not include more than one man's share of common sense, and as if common sense did not find a Liberalist advance, for instance, in the principle of a free church in a free state!

A painful interrogatory, I must confess, emerges. Has not your school — the Darwins, Spencers, Renans, and the rest — held the civilised world, both old and new alike, European and transatlantic, in the hollow of their hand for two long generations past? Is it quite clear that their influence has been so much more potent than the gospel of the various churches? *Circumspice.* Is not diplomacy, unkindly called by Voltaire the field of lies, as able as it ever was to dupe governments and governed by grand abstract catchwords veiling obscure and inexplicable purposes, and turning the whole world over with blood and tears to a strange Witches' Sabbath? These were queries of pith and moment indeed, but for some-

thing better weighed and more deliberative than an autumn reverie.

Now and then I paused as I sauntered slow over the fading heather. My little humble friend squat on her haunches, looking wistfully up, eager to resume her endless hunt after she knows not what, just like the chartered metaphysician. So to my home in the falling daylight.

APPENDIX

PROCLAMATION OF THE KING-EMPEROR TO THE PRINCES AND PEOPLES OF INDIA

THE 2ND NOVEMBER 1908

IT is now 50 years since Queen Victoria, my beloved Mother, and my August Predecessor on the throne of these realms, for divers weighty reasons, with the advice and consent of Parliament, took upon herself the government of the territories theretofore administered by the East India Company. I deem this a fitting anniversary on which to greet the Princes and Peoples of India, in commemoration of the exalted task then solemnly undertaken. Half a century is but a brief span in your long annals, yet this half century that ends to-day will stand amid the floods of your historic ages, a far-shining landmark. The proclamation of the direct supremacy of the Crown sealed the unity of Indian Government and opened a new era. The journey was arduous, and the advance may have sometimes seemed slow; but the incorporation of many strangely diversified communities, and of some three hundred millions of the human race, under British guidance and control has proceeded steadfastly and without pause. We survey our labours of the past half century with clear gaze and good conscience.

Difficulties such as attend all human rule in every age and place, have risen up from day to day. They have been faced by the servants of the British Crown with toil and courage and patience, with deep counsel and a resolution that has never faltered nor shaken. If errors have occurred, the

agents of my government have spared no pains and no self-sacrifice to correct them; if abuses have been proved, vigorous hands have laboured to apply a remedy.

No secret of empire can avert the scourge of drought and plague, but experienced administrators have done all that skill and devotion are capable of doing, to mitigate those dire calamities of Nature. For a longer period than was ever known in your land before, you have escaped the dire calamities of War within your borders. Internal peace has been unbroken.

In the great charter of 1858 Queen Victoria gave you noble assurance of her earnest desire to stimulate the peaceful industry of India, to promote works of public utility and improvement, and to administer the government for the benefit of all resident therein. The schemes that have been diligently framed and executed for promoting your material convenience and advance — schemes unsurpassed in their magnitude and their boldness — bear witness before the world to the zeal with which that benignant promise has been fulfilled.

The rights and privileges of the Feudatory Princes and Ruling Chiefs have been respected, preserved, and guarded; and the loyalty of their allegiance has been unswerving. No man among my subjects has been favoured, molested, or disquieted, by reason of his religious belief or worship. All men have enjoyed protection of the law. The law itself has been administered without disrespect to creed or caste, or to usages and ideas rooted in your civilisation. It has been simplified in form, and its machinery adjusted to the requirements of ancient communities slowly entering a new world.

The charge confided to my Government concerns the destinies of countless multitudes of men now and for ages to come; and it is a paramount duty to repress with a stern arm guilty conspiracies that have no just cause and no serious aim. These conspiracies I know to be abhorrent to the loyal and faithful character of the vast hosts of my Indian subjects, and I will not suffer them to turn me aside from my task of building up the fabric of security and order.

Unwilling that this historic anniversary should pass without some signal mark of Royal clemency and grace, I have directed that, as was ordered on the memorable occasion of the Coronation Durbar in 1903, the sentences of persons whom our courts have duly punished for offences against the law, should be remitted, or in various degrees reduced; and it is my wish that such wrongdoers may remain mindful of this act of mercy, and may conduct themselves without offence henceforth.

Steps are being continuously taken towards obliterating distinctions of race as the test for access to posts of public authority and power. In this path I confidently expect and intend the progress henceforward to be steadfast and sure, as education spreads, experience ripens, and the lessons of responsibility are well learned by the keen intelligence and apt capabilities of India.

From the first, the principle of representative institutions began to be gradually introduced, and the time has come when, in the judgment of my Viceroy and Governor-General and others of my counsellors, that principle may be prudently extended. Important classes among you, representing ideas that have been fostered and encouraged by British rule, claim equality of citizenship, and a greater share in legislation and government. The politic satisfaction of such a claim will strengthen, not impair, existing authority and power. Administration will be all the more efficient, if the officers who conduct it have greater opportunities of regular contact with those whom it affects, and with those who influence and reflect common opinion about it. I will not speak of the measures that are now being diligently framed for these objects. They will speedily be made known to you, and will, I am very confident, mark a notable stage in the beneficent progress of your affairs.

I recognize the valour and fidelity of my Indian troops, and at the New Year I have ordered that opportunity should be taken to show in substantial form this, my high appreciation of their martial instincts, their splendid discipline, and their faithful readiness of service.

The welfare of India was one of the objects dearest to the heart of Queen Victoria. By me, ever since my visit in 1875, the interests of India, its Princes and Peoples, have been watched with an affectionate solicitude that time cannot weaken. My dear Son, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess of Wales, returned from their sojourn among you with warm attachment to your land, and true and earnest interest in its well-being and content. These sincere feelings of active sympathy and hope for India on the part of my Royal House and Line, only represent, and they do most truly represent, the deep and united will and purpose of the people of this Kingdom.

May divine protection and favour strengthen the wisdom and mutual good-will that are needed, for the achievement of a task as glorious as was ever committed to rulers and subjects in any State or Empire of recorded time.

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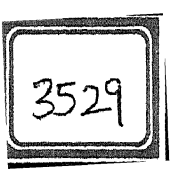
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